

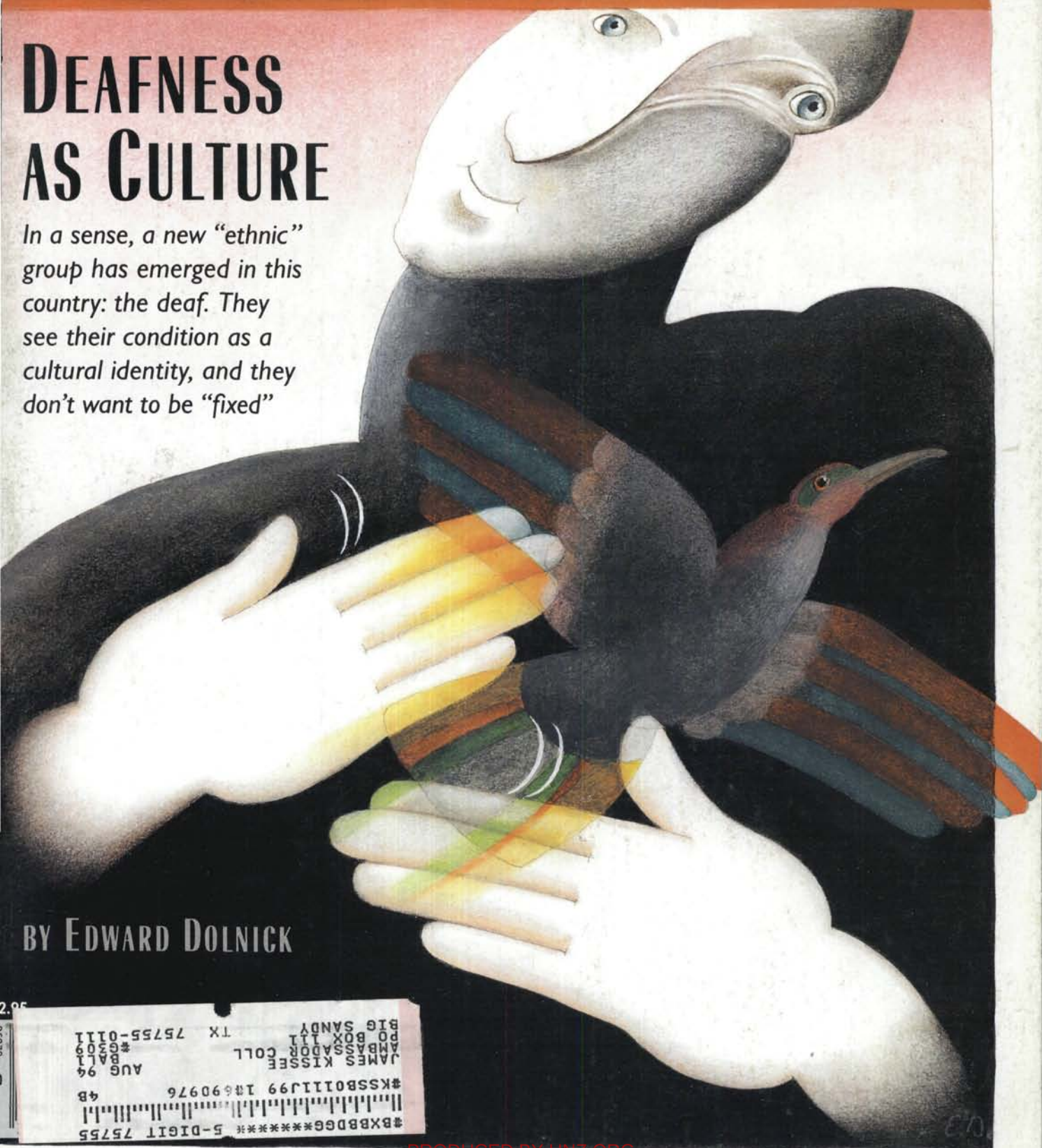
The Atlantic

A POST-COLD WAR FOREIGN POLICY / FICTION BY JOHN SAYLES

DEAFNESS AS CULTURE

In a sense, a new "ethnic" group has emerged in this country: the deaf. They see their condition as a cultural identity, and they don't want to be "fixed"

BY EDWARD DOLNICK



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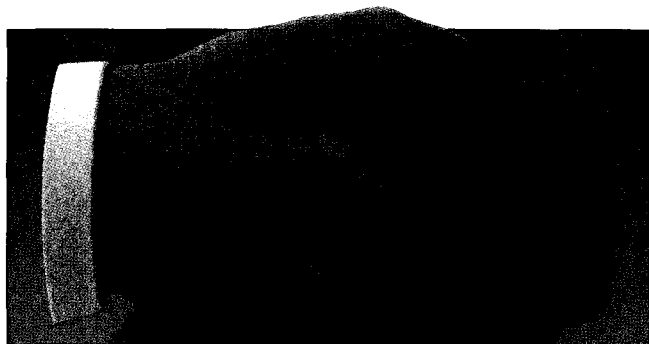
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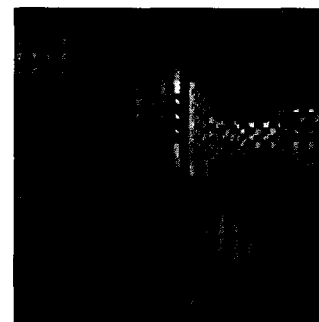




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Increasingly, the deaf see themselves not as handicapped or disabled but simply as members of a distinct cultural and linguistic community—one that should be nurtured and preserved. The author writes, "The surprise is not simply the unfamiliarity of the views; it is that, as in a surrealist painting, jarring notions are presented as if they were commonplaces."

by EDWARD DOLNICK

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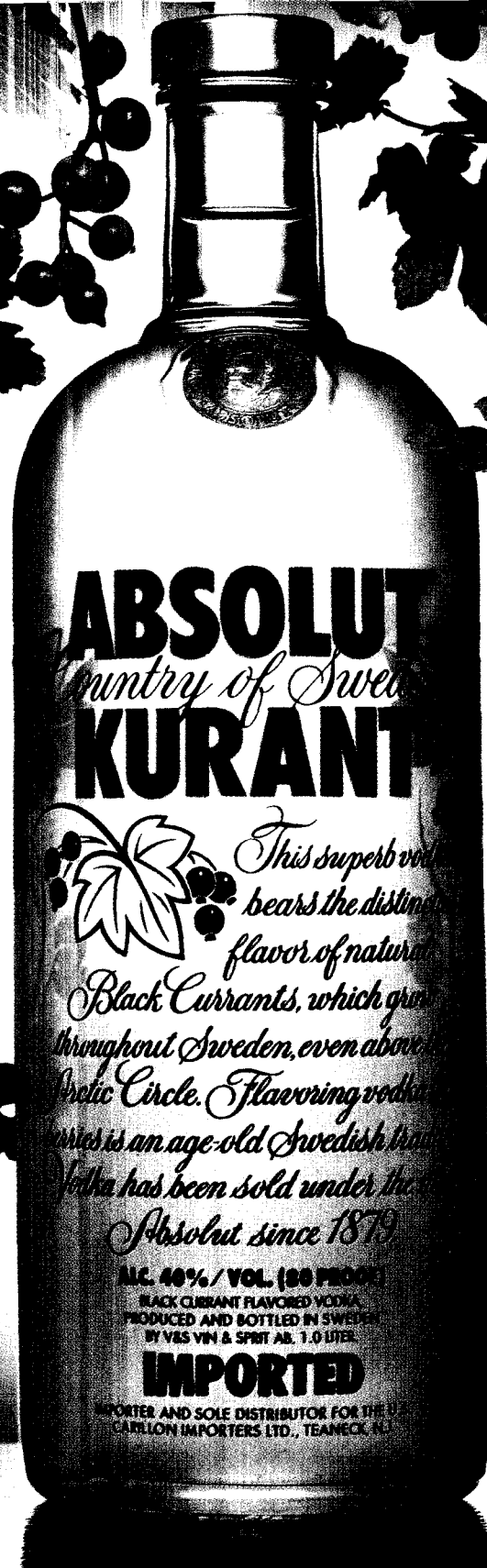
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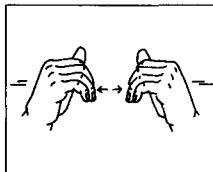
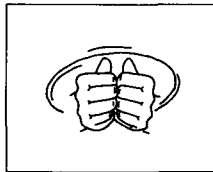
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EDWARD DOLNICK'S COVER STORY in this issue, "Deafness as Culture," is on one level about a physical condition and how those who have it—and also those who don't—respond to it. But as Dolnick makes clear, on another level it is about something deeper, something that is not uniquely American but is without question *especially* American.

That is the issue of separateness versus inclusion, of identification with the part versus identification with the whole. It is the issue of how to calibrate the rights and responsibilities of both the minority and the majority. It is the issue that subtends questions not only of race and ethnicity but also of religion and gender, and of other concerns ever more sharply defined, down to the level of "special interests." In a way, as Thornton Wilder observed in "The American Loneliness," an essay that appeared in these pages some forty years ago, it is an issue that Americans face even as individuals—when the "group" involved is themselves alone. Wilder wrote of Americans as oscillating between a sentimental loneliness and a proud loneliness, the former deriving from a sense of victimhood, the latter from a sense of boundlessness.



The tension between together and apart is a theme that writers have been exploring in *The Atlantic Monthly* from the beginning. The magazine was founded, by abolitionists, at a moment when that tension was about to lead to civil war, and the editors took the "together" side on the questions of

both Emancipation and Union. *The Atlantic* returned to the theme repeatedly in ensuing decades, as immigrants arrived on our shores by the millions. Scores of back issues reveal that no one point of view emerged as dominant. The tension between irreconcilables in the larger society is captured in our pages. Sometimes the rhetorical prominence of an issue takes a reader by surprise—as, for example, the concern voiced a century ago, shortly after Utah was admitted to the Union, over whether Mormons could actually be integrated into American life. One wonders whether current debates over political correctness will one day

likewise seem as irretrievably distant.

Old tensions may die, but there seems never to be a shortage of new ones to take their place. Edward Dolnick's article reminds us that when new ones do, there is usually much beneath the surface of which we should take pains to become aware.

—THE EDITORS

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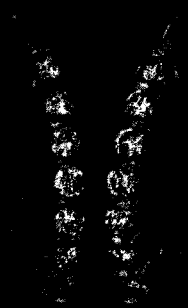
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*Because she never
gives away my punch line.
Or waistline.*

*And doesn't comment when
I attempt the crossword
puzzle in ink.*

*Because tomorrow is our
Anniversary.*

*And I promise she'll
have stars in her eyes.*



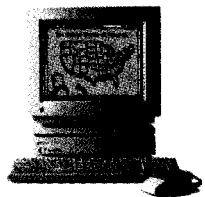
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



RE-HEARING BERNSTEIN

As a longtime associate of Leonard Bernstein's, and as editor of the newly revised and expanded *Leonard Bernstein's Young People's Concerts*, I was much taken by David Schiff's evaluation of Bernstein as teacher in "Re-hearing Bernstein" (June *Atlantic*). There are, however, some sticking points.

Of course Bernstein's children "play an important role" in an "attempt to protect his future reputation." However, it seems hardly necessary to describe their efforts as "pre-emptive." What does Schiff mean?

Though it becomes clear that Schiff is not faulting Bernstein's *Kaddish* Symphony for having "sinned through shameless borrowing of melodic material from Copland, Mahler, and Berg," his language is misleading. That the big tonal tune in the third movement of *Kaddish* resembles a theme from Copland's *Appalachian Spring* is beside the point, since Bernstein's melody evolves organically from a twelve-tone row he planted in the first movement.

And, by the way, the borrowings can work both ways. If Copland's *Music for the Theatre* is, according to Schiff, a model for Bernstein's *Fancy Free*, then Bernstein's *West Side Story* is a model for Copland's *Music for a Great City*.

Schiff rightly points out that one of the two main lines of Bernstein's development is his "Jewish style." How curious, then, that Schiff makes no mention of some of Bernstein's largest essays in the Jewish vein, all relatively late works: the suites from the ballet *Dybbuk* (an undeservedly neglected work), *Halil*, Concerto for Orchestra (*Jubilee Games*), and the powerful Yiddish song in Arias and Barcarolles.

The picture caption on page 57 is wrong. *The Infinite Variety of Music* was not a Young People's Concert but from the so-called "adult" series titled Lincoln Presents.

JACK GOTTLIEB
New York, N.Y.

I applaud David Schiff for his thoughtful analysis of Leonard Bernstein's career. But it always galls me when serious critics treat Broadway musicals as if the composer were the only creative force (occasionally in collaboration with a director or a choreographer).

West Side Story, for example, succeeds in no small part because of its sensitive book by Arthur Laurents (far from "boring" recitative) and, more important, because of the perfectly calibrated lyrics of the young Stephen Sondheim. Schiff mentions Sondheim only in passing and ignores Laurents altogether.

Schiff even goes so far as to attribute "a knowledge of the legal system and psychoanalysis and a sophisticated political awareness" in the lyrics of "Gee, Officer Krupke" to Bernstein. The lyrics may well be "improbable" for the Jets (although Schiff admits that as an adolescent he loved to sing them), but they were not written by Bernstein. Why, I wonder, is it always "Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Oklahoma!*," but never "Bernstein and Sondheim's *West Side Story*"?

MARK GALLAHER
Fellsmere, Fla.

GARBAGE PROBLEMS

Allen Hershkowitz's solution to the garbage problem—"How Garbage Could Meet Its Maker" (June *Atlantic*)—is based on a false premise and a failed demonstration. State and local governments spend \$10 billion of tax money a year on the management of municipal solid waste, not the \$30 billion cited in the article. Hershkowitz failed to note that 25 percent of households and 90 percent of commercial enterprises already pay direct fees for their garbage; for them solid waste is not a taxpayer expense. And with his system, who would pay for collecting and disposing of food wastes, yard trimmings, small-animal carcasses, demolition debris, clothing, footwear, carpeting, appli-

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ances, and dirt, which make up nearly half the contents of municipal waste landfills?

Why does Hershkowitz recommend Germany as the solid-waste model for our country? Germany has a population density eight times as great as ours jammed into an area the size of Montana. Nearly 60 percent of our packaging is for food and beverages. In Germany food and drink—measured as a share of private consumption expenditures—are 68 percent more costly than in the United States. Germany's new special collection-recycling-disposal system for packaging discards is failing. The net cost of managing the system has now risen to \$475 per ton collected, a rate four and a half times what Americans pay for their municipal waste.

Our state and local governments spend 80 percent more for sewage than for solid waste. Does Hershkowitz recommend that city governments transfer the cost of managing this waste to the farmers who produce the food? It would make about as much sense as his garbage idea.

JUDD H. ALEXANDER
*Author of In Defense of Garbage
Quechee, Vt.*

Allen Hershkowitz offers a simple solution for funding America's garbage collection. He believes that manufacturers should assume responsibility for the cost of the ultimate disposal of their products, which would create incentives for them to reduce packaging and would ensure that the product's ultimate disposal cost is built into the price of the product, "thereby transferring the cost of garbage disposal from the taxpayer to the consumer." The flaw in this logic is crucial. I quote Hershkowitz: "As economic units, taxpayers and consumers are not identical. I am always a taxpayer. But I am only sometimes a consumer. . . . Economic logic dictates that my waste-disposal costs should reflect the amount of garbage I generate." By this logic taxpayers should pay school taxes only when their kids are in school or the costs of a fire department only when their home is burning.

LAWRENCE H. SAWYER
Minneapolis, Minn.

Allen Hershkowitz replies:

If our Founding Fathers thought it was okay to adopt certain political

processes from France and England, nations that were then and remain socio-economically and demographically different from the United States, I see no reason why we can't consider adopting ideas about garbage management from Germany, one of the world's strongest economies. Perhaps Judd Alexander would like Americans to learn about garbage management from Peru or Mexico, where impoverished children and their families live on landfills, scouring the debris for a few items to sell or eat. Mr. Alexander's estimate of what it costs to operate the German system is one among many I've heard; they range from "it costs less" to "\$2,000 per ton." In fact most of the Germans I speak with say that no one yet knows the true costs because it is much too early to assess how the infrastructure will evolve given these new price signals. However, although I admire Germany's economically logical efforts to internalize the cost of waste disposal to consumer-products companies, adjusting the details of implementation to accommodate unique circumstances in the United States only makes sense.

Americans did indeed spend \$30 billion managing municipal solid waste last year. Moreover, the \$10 billion spent by state and local governments fails to include an equivalent taxpayer expense associated with the federal write-off of state and local taxes associated with garbage disposal. Thus even using Mr. Alexander's formula the estimate would have to be at least \$20 billion, not \$10 billion. As for non-composted food, yard waste, and "small-animal carcasses" (this last, along with kitty litter, is the favorite nonrecyclable of recycling opponents), the disposal of these would still have to be paid for through traditional means.

Regarding the remarks of Lawrence Sawyer: As far back as Jefferson it was recognized that our democratic government depends on an educated citizenry. We all depend on our government to function, and function democratically, whether or not we have a child in school. This is why taxes from everyone justifiably pay for universal schooling. In contrast, the ability of our government to function democratically does not depend on government's managing our garbage as a subsidy to private industry. Financing garbage management is clearly something that can be turned over to the private sec-

tor, especially if in so doing we correct the distorted price signals that now encourage the generation of wastes. As for taxpayers' financing the fire department, we don't pay simply to have the fire put out when our home is burning. We pay for fire prevention as well, an unending community vigilance that bears no relationship whatsoever to externalities imposed on the community by private-sector managers.

VOODOO POLITICS

I was disheartened to read Lawrence E. Harrison's article on Haiti, "Voodoo Politics" (June *Atlantic*). One hardly expects to see *The Atlantic* used as a soapbox for tired disinformation, but that is unfortunately what Harrison has given you. Harrison once again revives the attack—which was thought dead and gone along with the Bush Administration—on Haiti's ousted President, Jean-Bertrand Aristide, for "countenancing, if not provoking, intimidation of parliamentarians, and. . . [for] his encouragement of violence, particularly . . . the lynching of opponents by 'necklacing' them with burning tires."

Harrison cites Kenneth Roth, of Americas Watch, who said shortly after Aristide's downfall, "By our count there were at least twenty-five cases [of necklacing under Aristide]," although Aristide had said there were none. Thus Aristide is set up not only as a terror monger but as a liar as well.

Astonished by the high number of political assassinations alleged, since I had heard of none, I went back to the Americas Watch report on human-rights conditions during the Aristide administration, a report compiled on Roth's watch, and which Harrison should certainly have read. That report states that in eighteen of the twenty-five "mob lynchings" under Aristide, "the victims were civilians believed by the crowd to be common criminals." (In Haiti, as in other Latin American countries, common criminals surprised in the act are sometimes summarily executed by the community.)

In addition, in cases where the lynchings may have been political (seven of the twenty-five remain), the Americas Watch report states, "We cannot hold Aristide responsible for inciting reprehensible actions by his followers since the violent crowds acted quite sponta-

neously." These "violent crowds" are the people whom Harrison characterizes as Aristide's "goons," thereby implying that they worked for and were commanded by Aristide, although no responsible group has ever made such a charge.

The coup against Aristide has long been accepted as the work of Haiti's economic elite in cooperation with the country's notoriously corrupt and drug-trafficking army. Harrison implies that the coup had a far wider base than this. He tries to make the coup sound democratic, and the Aristide government authoritarian, when actually it was the other way around.

His "first intimation" that support for the coup was "broader" than just that of the military and the elite, Harrison says, was when he heard that Jean-Jacques Honorat (who ran the human-rights center on which Americas Watch unfortunately relied heavily in its reporting) was to be Prime Minister. But Honorat had long been known for his friendships within the military and for his obsequious loyalty to a generation of Haitian politicians allied with the elite, so the fact that he was selected to front for a military regime should not have been surprising.

Harrison believes that Honorat's presence in the post-coup government reveals something positive about the nature of the coup. I beg to differ. Ostensibly a human-rights champion, Honorat as Prime Minister presided over the systematic arrest, torture, and execution of hundreds of Aristide supporters, and never once complained about the human-rights abuses being perpetrated. I would suggest that his selection by the military reveals something negative about Honorat.

A member of the Organization of American States team that interviewed Haitians after the coup to begin the process of negotiating Aristide's return, Harrison says that most of the people the OAS spoke with claimed that Aristide had undermined the "constitutional autonomy of the military and the judiciary." (The military, by the way, is not constitutionally autonomous under the liberal 1987 constitution.) Of course, most of the people the OAS saw were military men, lawyers and judges (almost universally corrupt in

Harrison suggests that in order to bring down the post-coup government, the United States should have denied Haiti economic aid, instead of imposing economic sanctions. Denial of aid, he points out, was the method used in dealing with the odious regime of François "Papa Doc" Duvalier. Harrison suggests that at the same time, we could have expanded our humanitarian exports to nongovernmental organizations, as we did under Duvalier. This method of supporting the Haitian economy while supposedly bypassing

the pockets of the regime's torturers and executioners was so effective under Papa Doc that he reigned without U.S. aid from 1963 to 1973 and died in office, a bloody dictator to the last. So much for that pressure.

Now on to Harrison's grand analysis: He pooh-poohs "dependency theory," which argues that the advanced countries got rich by exploiting the poor countries." But, he writes, "the collapse of Marxism-Leninism, in which dependency theory is rooted . . . [has] left the theory in tatters." As if the fall of a wall somewhere 4,000 miles away could somehow invalidate what is, after all, a very local,

hemispheric concept. As a former director of USAID in Haiti, Harrison should know all about the nexus of dependency, foreign aid, economic interests, and political interference. "If Haiti is not a victim of imperialism," Harrison asks, "how can its tragic history be explained?" Answer: But it is, and it can't. Because Harrison is an agent of that old imperialism, he is unable to bring himself to view it objectively.

Instead, he blames Haiti's problems on its African roots and religion. Voodoo, Harrison tells us, "is little con-



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Haiti), and parliamentarians (a nice word for the bunch of hooligans, blowhards, and sycophants who came into the legislature in corrupt local elections at the same time that Aristide was elected in an internationally monitored nationwide election). Among others, Raphael Dufour, then the French ambassador, objected to the anti-Aristide makeup of the OAS interviewees, who, he said, had been hand-picked by the U.S. embassy and the Haitian army. Harrison is no doubt aware of this, but fails to mention it.

cerned with progress. It explains the events that affect people's lives as the consequence of the actions, often capricious, of a pantheon of hundreds of spirits. . . . Propitiation often takes the form of animal sacrifices. . . . [It] is not a religion that concerns itself with ethical issues." This could not be more inaccurate—but how would Harrison know, since the only source he cites who has modern firsthand knowledge of voodoo is an American Baptist missionary?

Voodoo is, in fact, a complex belief system in which the gods either plague or bless, according to worshippers' behavior within the community. It is, as Harrison says, "a highly conservative force"—but so is the Catholic Church and, indeed, the later and latest Protestant sects. Religion is rarely a force for change, even among white people.

For better or for worse, Aristide is the complicated package in which hope for the Haitian people comes wrapped. His safe and peaceful return to Haiti would be the international community's best way of indicating its commitment—if it has one—to democracy in Haiti.

AMY WILENTZ
National Coalition for Haitian Refugees
Consultant, Americas Watch
Author of The Rainy Season: Haiti
Since Duvalier
Albany, N.Y.

As an American of African descent, I was insulted by Lawrence Harrison's piece "Voodoo Politics." An assessment of the situation in Haiti based upon reading that article is akin to an analysis of Africa based on impressions gained from watching Tarzan movies.

Harrison evidently doubts that a nation founded by people of African descent might have objective reason to feel exploited at the hands of its most powerful hemispheric neighbor, the United States. The history of African slavery in our hemisphere, and the position of blacks since independence and abolition, would support this perception, but Harrison conveniently writes his article in a contextual vacuum. Only a very naive person could believe that there has been no significant hemispheric "redlining," on the basis of race, of Haiti and other countries. Part of that context is being a small Creole- and French-speaking black nation in a hemisphere whose engine is white supremacy and the pitiful pursuit

of privileges associated with being white. Black people did not bring themselves from Africa to be chattels in a colony called Haiti, and up to the present they have collectively simply done the best they could to improve a fundamentally horrific situation.

MARIAN E. DOUGLAS
Washington, D.C.

Lawrence Harrison provided one of the more balanced analyses I have seen of Haiti's human-rights problem. There has been ample reporting on the pervasive human-rights abuses since the 1991 coup—and the situation has been truly atrocious, resulting in a generalized, systematic repression of civil society by the military. But little has been written about President Aristide's record, which, as Harrison describes, is the key to understanding why Haiti's opposition politicians across the political spectrum and its commercial class are so resistant to allowing Aristide to return. They fear for their lives.

Because he was democratically elected, Aristide has become an international symbol of democracy; but Aristide was no democrat and showed little interest in establishing a rule of law. Following a fact-finding investigation in Haiti by the Puebla Institute, a private lay Catholic human-rights group, I testified before Congress that Aristide governed as a populist demagogue, appealing directly to Haiti's impoverished masses through fiery oration that inflamed class resentment and at times condoned mob violence.

In his report of January 31, 1992, the United Nations' special rapporteur on Haiti, Marco Tulio Bruni Celli, also concluded:

An open confrontation was brought about between the partisans of representative democracy and those who from [Aristide's] Lavalas movement, favored so-called 'direct' democracy. This reduced the authority of democracy and curbed freedoms and fulfillment of State pledges in regard to the promotion and respect of human rights. . . . His [Aristide's] tendency to govern through direct democracy transgressed the nature and the principles of the 1987 Constitution, which he had sworn to obey and to enforce.

Perhaps the greatest shortcoming of President Aristide's Government in the human rights field has been precisely its interpretation and un-

derstanding of the working of the democratic system. Mass violence leads to irrational action and even irrational crime. Freedom of thought, to criticize, to act in accordance with one's own ideas and opinions are fundamental human rights that may be suspended only in specific circumstances of emergency or danger.

Pro-Aristide mobs intimidated the legislature, affected the outcome of a political trial, threatened the critical press, and lynched or attempted to lynch prominent critics of Aristide, such as the Vatican's envoy (who survived) and Rev. Sylvio Claude, the human-rights proponent and Christian Democratic leader (who did not survive). Aristide encouraged this violence and these undemocratic tactics.

To use one of his own favorite metaphors, Aristide "turned the tables"—instead of the religious base communities it was the Catholic hierarchy, with whom he has long-standing differences, that was persecuted. Rather than left-wing activists, the right was suppressed. Rather than indigents, the elites were terrorized.

What this shows is just how endemic and deeply rooted political violence, lawlessness, and injustice are in Haiti. No leader, even a democratically elected one, will be able to ensure respect for human rights without first establishing strong democratic institutions, a rule of law, civilian control, governmental checks and balances, a flourishing civic society, and, as Harrison asserts, a democratic political culture.

NINA SHEA
President, Puebla Institute
Washington, D.C.

On one score, at least, Lawrence Harrison is correct: Aristide would certainly win a free election if it were held today. Why? If Haiti "is not a victim of imperialism," why is the anti-imperialist candidate so popular? I fear that Harrison's answer to this question would be formulaic: Aristide's popularity is yet another marker of Haitians' defective culture, a culture based on voodoo and "psychological" problems (unresolved Oedipal conflicts). How else to explain such ingratitude in a country that has long benefited from our unswerving attempts to "encourage democracy and due process?"

PAUL FARMER
Boston, Mass.



Lawrence E. Harrison replies:

With respect to the extent of Jean-Bertrand Aristide's responsibility for either countenancing or provoking lynchings with burning tires, I refer Amy Wilentz once again to the words of Kenneth Roth, as reported in *The New York Times*: "The biggest problem is not that Aristide did nothing to stop these [twenty-five] incidents. . . . But in the last couple of months of his presidency, he actually gave two speeches encouraging [the lynchings]."

If I understand her correctly, Ms. Wilentz is saying that mob lynching of common criminals doesn't particularly trouble either her or Aristide. If Roth is right, Aristide bears a considerable responsibility for the lynching not only of the seven (by Ms. Wilentz's count) political opponents but also of the victims "believed by the crowd to be common criminals."

Ms. Wilentz is wrong in concluding that "these 'violent crowds' are the people whom Harrison characterizes as Aristide's 'goons'" —that is, the people who had threatened and roughed up opposition legislators. Several of the parliamentary opponents of Aristide with whom the OAS team negotiated in late 1991 and early 1992—including one I have known for several years—told us that individuals or groups of toughs had either threatened them or actually pushed them around. The parliamentarian I knew, a centrist, genuinely feared for his safety.

If it is true that Jean-Jacques Honorat "had long been known for his friendships within the military and for his obsequious loyalty to a generation of Haitian politicians allied with the elite," then one has to wonder why this

was not brought to the attention of the American Bar Association before the ABA honored him with an award, why Honorat received Ford Foundation support, and why he was generally regarded as one of Haiti's more effective and professional promoters of human rights before the coup—whatever his comportment may have been after it.

Ms. Wilentz is incorrect in her assertion that most of the people the OAS saw were military men, lawyers and judges, and parliamentarians. (The local election of deputies and senators

Raphael Dufour's assertion that the list of OAS interviewees "had been handpicked by the U.S. embassy and the Haitian army" is nonsense. The program was put together by the OAS representative in Port-au-Prince with guidance from the secretary general of the OAS in Washington, who was under explicit instructions from the OAS Foreign Ministers to effect the immediate return of Aristide to power.

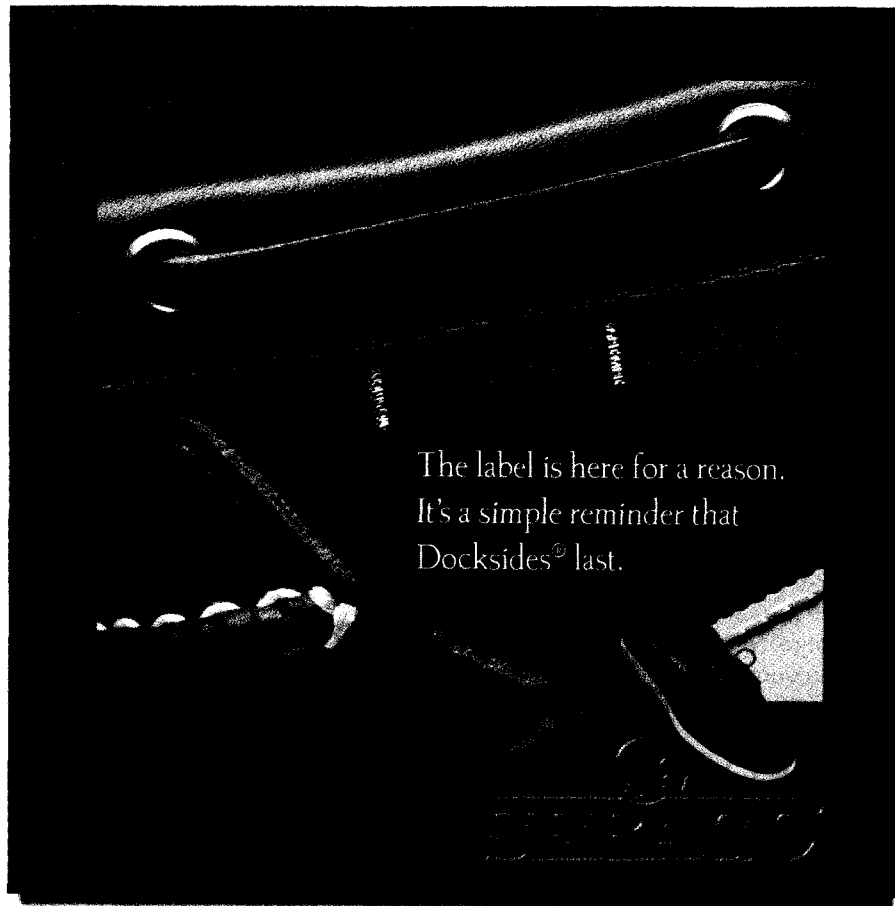
I should perhaps mention that the OAS team leader, Augusto Ramírez Ocampo, was, as Colombia's Foreign Minister, one of Latin America's most

outspoken critics of U.S. policy in Central America in the 1980s, and that the team also included Edwin Carrington, a Trinidadian career diplomat who is now the secretary general of the Caribbean Community; Sonia Picado, a Costa Rican lawyer who is the head of the Inter-American Institute of Human Rights; and John Biehl, a Chilean who is an adviser to the former Costa Rican President and Nobel laureate Oscar Arias. I might add that I am a lifelong Democrat.

Ms. Wilentz is ill informed about dependency theory.

It is not "a very local, hemispheric concept." Dependency theory used to be popular in Europe, Africa, and Asia, as well as Latin America. For example, a few years ago I lectured to students in Kwangju, Korea, who were as "dependencista" as any I have encountered in the universities of Latin America or the United States.

The collapse of communism in Eastern Europe is very relevant to the collapse of dependency theory throughout the world, because "dependency" is rooted in the Marxist-Leninist theories of colonialism and imperialism. When it



which Ms. Wilentz describes as "corrupt" took place simultaneously, in December of 1990, with the "internationally monitored" presidential elections. About a third of the elected "hooligans, blowhards, and sycophants" were Aristide supporters.) Most of the people with whom we met were politicians, including several who either were formerly or are still associated with Aristide. We also met with numerous businessmen and with professionals, labor leaders, representatives of the media, Aristide supporters, and the Aristide cabinet.



became apparent that the Soviets had engaged in a pernicious imperialism of their own, that poor countries like Taiwan and Korea *could* strike it rich exporting to the world market, and that the nationalistic economic policies counseled by the *dependencistas* led down a blind alley, dependency theory lost credibility with all but a few left-fringe diehards. Recently one of the early gurus of dependency, the Brazilian Fernando Henrique Cardoso, publicly expressed embarrassment about his former views. Symbolic of dependency theory's demise is the North American Free Trade Agreement initiative by Mexican President Carlos Salinas de Gortari, which ten years ago would have been viewed by many Latin Americans—and U.S. *dependencistas*—as placing one's head in the mouth of the lion.

Ms. Wilentz appears to be unfamiliar with the extensive literature on the relationship between religion and progress, or the lack of it—for example, Max Weber's *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*, Gunnar Myrdal's *Asian Drama*, and the numerous contemporary studies of the link between Confucianism (an ethical code, not a religion) and the East Asian economic miracles.

Ms. Wilentz fails to distinguish between race and culture. Racist theories argue that human behavior is largely determined by genes and that more-successful groups and nations have “better” genes. I find such theories repugnant. Culture is something people learn, largely in childhood, from their parents, teachers, religious leaders, and peers. Culture changes, as is apparent from the contrast between the former slave colony Haiti and the former slave colony Barbados.

In response to Marian Douglas, I can understand why some Haitians feel “exploited at the hands of [their] most powerful hemispheric neighbor, the United States.” But that reaction is an emotional one, based not on historical reality but on the fact that the United States is rich and powerful while Haiti is poor and weak—ergo, there must be some connection between the two facts. But history tells us that the United States has not enjoyed any significant economic benefit from its relationship with Haiti, while Haiti has enjoyed some very significant economic benefits from the United States—not

only the hundreds of millions of dollars of aid, but also the immigration, legal and illegal, to the United States of hundreds of thousands of Haitians, many of whom remit funds to their relatives in Haiti.

It is certainly true that the United States, and many Latin American countries, “redlined” Haiti following its independence in 1804 to deter the spread of the slave rebellion. But the consequence was to distance the United States from Haiti, not to facilitate Haiti's exploitation. Is it the fault of the United States, which promoted education during the occupation earlier in this century and has actively supported education programs during the past twenty years, that the large majority of Haitians are illiterate? If in fact we live in “a hemisphere whose engine is white supremacy,” how does Ms. Douglas explain democratic, literate, and prosperous Barbados, also a former slave colony, one that was a good deal poorer than Haiti two hundred years ago?

Aristide would win another election chiefly, I believe, because most poor Haitians believe that he will redistribute wealth in their direction, and also because he is seen as a foe of Haiti's traditional institutions, which bear so much responsibility for the country's impoverishment and the abuse of its people. Redistribution is a message of liberation theology, and it was a message of his 1990 campaign.

TUSK, TUSK

After reading “Tusk, Tusk” (April *Atlantic*), Kenneth Brower's review of Raymond Bonner's book *At the Hand of Man: Peril and Hope for Africa's Wildlife*, I wondered if Bonner's book was really just an “edifice of ad hominem attacks” on certain environmentalists, as Brower contends. After carefully reading Bonner's book, however, I wondered if Brower had read it at all.

Brower complains that readers “learn nothing at all about elephant behavior, society, [or] lore” from the book, because Bonner “is not equipped for it, as an observer or as a writer.” Brower tells us that “some authors are both” reporters and writers, “but Bonner is not one of them.” Bonner's prose fails “to give much pleasure” and is “totally without humor” and, worst of all, his “elephants are faceless.” Not only is

Bonner's writing style abysmal, but his “ignorance in environmental matters is profound.”

I doubt that Bonner's editors at *The New York Times* and *The New Yorker* would agree with that critique. Bonner, a self-described liberal, argues on moral, economic, cultural, and, yes, even ecological grounds. His argument is that Africans should be free to *use* their wildlife for economic gain. He argues that such economic use makes good conservation sense. Once Africans are given a stake in their wildlife resources and are allowed to reap the rewards of being good stewards, then and only then will African wildlife be valued and conserved on a substantial basis. All Brower has to say is that “sustained utilization has seldom been sustainable.” Generally, the reason for failures in wildlife conservation is that those who exploit wildlife have no proprietary interest in not overexploiting the resource.

Reactionary environmentalists get confused when political liberals argue on such grounds. When a would-be friend makes the case that property rights and economic utilization are actually the key to—rather than the scourge of—successful conservation, those who think that man must be segregated from nature to protect it become disoriented. It is as if Copernicus were saying “The sun, stupid, the sun.” When the center of one's ideological universe is shifting, as it is in wildlife conservation today, invariably there will be accusations of blasphemy.

IKE C. SUGG

Competitive Enterprise Institute
Washington, D.C.

Kenneth Brower replies:

Raymond Bonner's argument, as Ike Sugg paraphrases it, is indeed that “Africans should be free to *use* their wildlife for economic gain.” This utilitarian view of wildlife—of nature—is what the environmental movement, from its inception, has been struggling against. What is disheartening about Bonner's book is the way its ninety-year-old argument takes us back to square one. But suppose that Mr. Sugg is correct in his antediluvian notion. Suppose the best use of wildlife is economic gain. What neither he nor Bonner quite seems to grasp is that Africa's wildlife is in cataclysmic decline. In a decade or two, if things don't change,

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there will be no African wildlife left for any use whatsoever. The solution they propose—more exploitation—is wonderfully counterintuitive and completely wrong.

Of course Africans should benefit from Africa's wildlife. No conservationist I know argues otherwise, or fails to see how crucial a more equitable distribution of the benefits is to the success of conservation in Africa. This is not fresh thinking, as Bonner and Sugg seem to believe. There is nothing at all new in it. But Africans will benefit most from wildlife that is just that, wild *and* alive. The pelt of a lion, dressed, is worth a small fraction of what it earns in tourist dollars with a living lion inside. Rhinoceros horn is more valuable attached to a rhino, elephant tusk to an elephant. *This* is the money that we should try to distribute more equitably in Africa, not pelt or horn or ivory money.

The ivory ban does not tell Africans what to do with their resources. Africans are free to do, and they are doing, with their resources as they like. The ban is a statement by the civilized world (and all key African nations are signatories) that the best place for ivory is on the elephant—that you may chop it off *but we won't buy it*.

MUTI AT SALZBURG

I read with disbelief Matthew Gurewitsch's bald assertion ("Salzburg Speculation," April *Atlantic*) that Riccardo Muti "has conducted opera at Salzburg for twenty consecutive seasons to deserved rapturous praise," a neat bit of revisionist history that surely sent the late Maestro von Karajan spinning in his grave.

In fact Muti has conducted opera only ten summers there since 1971—having been noticeably absent for ten years following what was generally agreed to be a "premature" debut in *Don Pasquale* (1971–1972). Only with the success of *Così fan tutte* in the early 1980s did he have any continued operatic presence at the Salzburg Festival, conducting there from 1982 to 1985 (*Così*) and again from 1988 to 1991 (*Clemenza di Tito*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Così*). He would seem to have burned his bridges there in last summer's walk-out.

Although he has bought a house in the same suburb of Salzburg where

Karajan lived, and has granted that it would be hard to dispute that he "covets Karajan's mantle," to the extent that such a mantle exists or can be transferred it has clearly already gone to Claudio Abbado (who in 1995 will add the direction of the Salzburg Easter Festival to his Berlin Philharmonic job).

KENNETH HUNT
New York, N.Y.

Matthew Gurewitsch replies:

A source I had no reason to mistrust was mistaken and Kenneth Hunt is correct as to the dates of Riccardo Muti's operatic appearances in Salzburg. If, however, Muti's *Don Pasquale* in 1971 did not please every taste, it did result in invitations to lead both the revival the following season and also one of the jealously guarded symphonic concerts. According to information supplied by the festival, Muti returned to the Salzburg concert podium every year thereafter except 1978; he is expected again this summer. As to burned bridges, Mr. Hunt may have heard by now that Gérard Mortier, the artistic director of the festival, has invited Muti back for new productions of Berlioz's *La damnation de Faust* in 1995 and Mozart's *Idomeneo* later on. Finally, I said not that Muti covets Karajan's mantle but that many people (not I) suspect that he does. Recognizing quite rightly that no such mantle exists, Mr. Hunt might consider that Muti recognizes this too.

ADVICE & CONSENT

In his reply to Gisela Webb's critique of his article "Islam and Liberal Democracy," Bernard Lewis is correct—but doesn't go far enough (Letters to the Editor, May *Atlantic*). To support her charge that Israel is a "half-baked" democracy, Webb claims that "Israel insists on Jewish identity as a prerequisite for citizenship." That should come as a surprise to Israel's approximately 800,000 Arab citizens, most of whom are Muslim (the rest are Christian and Druze). Far from being half-baked, Israel affords an extraordinary amount of democracy and freedom, particularly given the omnipresent threat it faces from hostile Arab countries. It is disappointing to read that Webb is responsible for the education of young people.



Who corrects her misstatements in the classroom?

MARK LEVENSON
Portland, Oreg.

In *The Atlantic's* 745 Boylston Street for April, the following line appears: "The Republicans, of course, went on to use 'family values' as a code for anti-feminist and anti-gay positions." This assertion, elevated to the level of common knowledge by the parenthetical "of course," is not only a cliché but also false.

The family-values agenda of the Republican campaign, immediately set upon by the feminist and gay lobbies for distortion, was basically a call for what should have been termed "traditional values"—the type of values that teach children respect for parents, teachers, the law, and their siblings. Children brought up in such an environment later make good citizens who hold down jobs, raise children of their own, don't commit wanton violence, and respect our social institutions.

The Republican position was simply that the children of single (often poor) mothers, despite these women's best efforts, were being ill prepared for normal ("traditional") adult life, owing to a lack of responsible, providing fathers and a stable home life of the kind that most often follows from the traditional parenting arrangement. Government, it was claimed, had contributed to this problem by encouraging female-headed, fatherless households, and change was needed in this area.

Disagreements with the homosexual and feminist movements over the proper composition of a family are, in fact, permissible. Such disagreements, however, do not constitute the anti-homosexual or anti-woman sentiment that you imply. The family-values agenda was not insidious and did not seek to wrest from gays or women their basic civil rights. Simply put: *There was no need for Republicans to employ a "code" during the discussion of this issue, because their position was absolutely legitimate.*

It is my guess that you could not bring yourselves to validate the family-values position of the Republican campaign with your cover story, so you took the low road and attempted to undercut it in an editorial by repeating the popular lie.

PHILIP D. ROBBEN
Scarsdale, N.Y.

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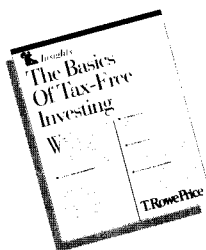
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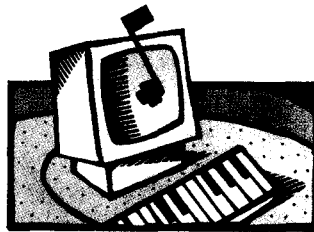
GOVERNMENT

September 18, the 200th anniversary of the day President Washington laid the cornerstone of the U.S. Capitol building, and the beginning of commemorative events that will extend to the year 2000, the bicentennial of Congress's first meeting in the building. In preparation for the anniversary the Statue of Freedom was lifted by helicopter from its perch atop the Capitol dome last May for refurbishing; it will be returned sometime this month. Also this month the Cold War History Study presents a progress report to Congress. The project aims to catalogue the material artifacts of the Cold War—from financial records of military contractors to missile silos to antenna towers in the Alaskan wilderness—and to decide which should be preserved for posterity.



DEMOGRAPHICS

September 7, business will start picking up today at dating services across the country, many of which report a roughly month-long surge in enrollment after Labor Day. Professional matchmakers offer various theories for this burst of activity, among them the tendency to take stock at the end of a season or a quarter; the realization by many single people that with summer over, they are likely to spend more time at work and are thus less likely to meet new people on their own; and a desire by singles to meet someone with whom to spend the approaching holidays. Steve Penner, the president of the Boston-based service LunchDates, also credits a "back-to-school mentality," observing that those responsible for the September rush are typically well-educated professionals.



ARTS & LETTERS

The Beethoven Bibliography Database goes on line this month from the Ira F. Brilliant Center for Beethoven Studies, at San Jose State University, making Beethoven the only composer with a data base devoted to his life and works. Accessible through The Internet, a global computer communications network, it will put musicians and Beethoven scholars in touch with bibliographic citations for original scores and for some 3,000 of the more than 22,000 books, monographs, dissertations, and journal articles that have been published about the composer since he received his first print notice, at age 12—a communiqué from his teacher to *Magazin der Musik*, praising his musical accomplishments and comparing him to a more famous child prodigy, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. The remainder of the citations are scheduled to be on line by the end of the century.

ENVIRONMENT

September 26, at 8:15 A.M., eight scientists who have lived in an elaborate fishbowl for the past two years will emerge. The designers of Biosphere 2 (the earth is Biosphere 1), a three-acre complex of greenhouses, laboratories, and living quarters in the Arizona desert, have striven to create a closed system that can be sustained without infusions of water, food, or air. Biosphere 2's first "mission" was plagued with problems, including the brief departure of one Biospherian for emergency medical treatment, and the

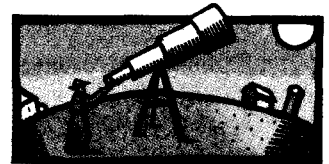


need to provide supplemental oxygen, and as a result the effort was widely derided as a failure. Biosphere 2's frank commercialization—the site includes a hotel, a restaurant, and a conference center—has put others off. And yet a vast amount of unique information has been collected which may have important implications for space and undersea exploration and ecology. A new crew will start a mission in about six months; in the meantime, the complex will remain sealed, but workers will pass through its airlock to maintain equipment and to tend and possibly change the plants and animals inside.



HEALTH & SAFETY

Clinics across the United States this month begin enrolling postmenopausal women—eventually as many as 160,000—in what will be the nation's largest preventive-medicine study ever. The 15-year, \$625 million Women's Health Initiative, sponsored by the National Institutes of Health, will evaluate methods of preventing cardiovascular disease, osteoporosis, and breast and colorectal cancers—the leading causes of death and disability among postmenopausal women. Clinicians have traditionally excluded women from medical studies (except for those concerning reproduction), assuming that the male body is the norm and that menstruation-related hormone changes or pregnancy would skew test data; as a result, drugs that have never been proved safe for women are often prescribed for them. With women now making up three fourths of nursing-home inhabitants and having a one-in-eight chance of developing breast cancer, the need for broad-based women's health research is finally attracting attention.



THE SKIES

September 6, Jupiter, Mars, and the bright star Spica form a small triangle in the western sky just after sunset. 21, Venus, rising shortly before the Sun, is in close conjunction with another very bright star, Regulus. 22, at 8:22 P.M., the Autumnal Equinox: Fall begins. 30, Full Moon, also known this month as the Fruit or Feasting Moon. Because this is the Full Moon closest to the equinox, it is also called the Harvest Moon.

25 YEARS AGO

André Malraux, writing in the September, 1968, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "Having lived in the shifting realm of feeling and imagination which is that of all artists, then in the realms of combat and of history—having known, at twenty, an Asia whose death struggle threw new light on the meaning of the West—I have experienced time and again, in humble or dazzling circumstances, those moments when the mystery of life appears to each one of us as it appears to almost every woman when she contemplates a child's face and almost every man when he contemplates the face of death. In the multifarious forms of that which drives us on, in all that I have seen of men's struggle against humiliation, and even in that sweetness which one can scarcely believe exists on this earth, life, like the gods of vanished religions, appears to me at times as if it were the libretto for some unknown music."



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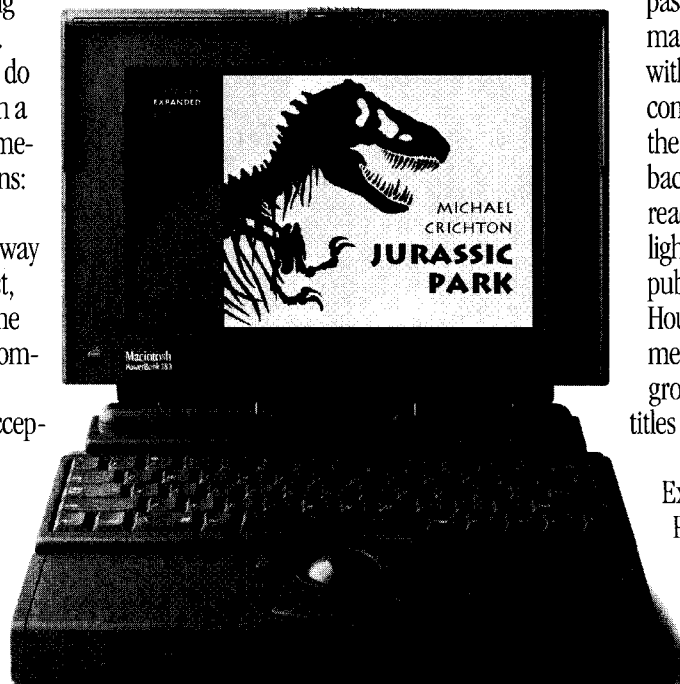
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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

Forced to Have Fun

Vacations with kids

WHEN OUR daughter was not quite three, we took her to Disneyland. We were worried she might be too young, but we were staying in Los Angeles and we couldn't think of anything else to do, so why not? When we asked her later what her favorite part of Disneyland had been, she said, "The horse." It turned out that she meant the coin-operated merry-go-round in front of the Kmart where we had stopped briefly on our way to Anaheim.

You can never tell what's going to make an impression on a child. One of the few things I remember about the 1964 World's Fair, to which my parents took my sister and me when she was six and I was nine, was getting caught in the closing doors of a Manhattan sub-

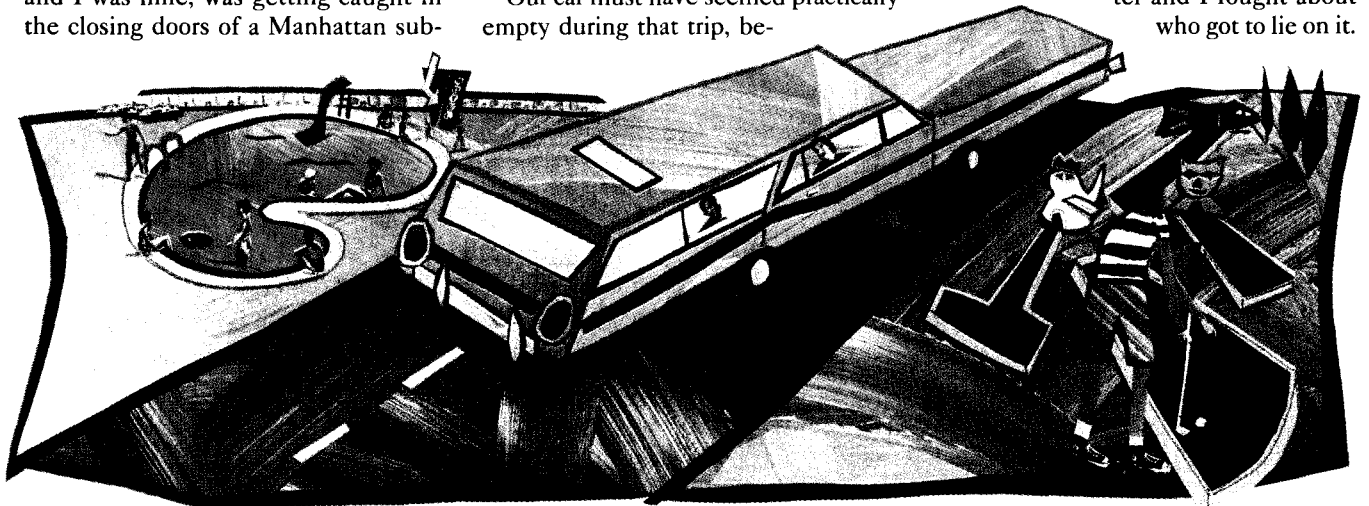
way train. I wasn't scared. I just had the vaguely happy feeling that I was going to be getting a lot of attention pretty soon. It was the same feeling I had had a year or two earlier when, more or less on purpose, I had fallen through the thin ice at the edge of a pond while skating.

Like virtually all the vacations I took as a child, that trip to the World's Fair was a car trip. We lived in Kansas City, and getting to New York took two full days. I have fond memories of the car. It was a 1964 Buick Skylark station wagon, and it had a little window in the roof above the back seat. My sister and I were excited about the prospect of looking at the tops of skyscrapers through that roof window. The car also had brown vinyl seats on which it was easy to make lick lines. A lick line is a saliva boundary, drawn with your finger, that shows your sister exactly how close to you she can get without being punched. (This was in the days when almost no one wore seat belts, so trespassing was a problem.) Maintaining a lick line requires contributions from both parties, as in the famous Robert Frost poem about walls.

Our car must have seemed practically empty during that trip, be-

cause we had left my one-and-a-half-year-old brother at home. The summer before, though, we had taken him with us to northern Michigan in a car that was smaller and didn't have air-conditioning. Also, a college-aged baby-sitter had come with us. How did we survive? Last year my wife and I briefly considered taking both our cars on a 250-mile trip to Martha's Vineyard, because we didn't see how we could possibly cram ourselves, our two kids, and all our stuff into just a minivan.

The best part of traveling in a car is getting out of the car and checking into a motel. After a long day's drive nearly everything about a motel seems interesting and life-affirming. Once, when I was seven or eight, my sister and I talked our father into letting us try the vibrating bed in our motel room. He put in a quarter, and the bed began to shake. It also began to make a sound that was like the sound of a vacuum cleaner being fed slowly into a Cuisinart. The control box didn't have an off switch; it was wired directly into the wall and couldn't be unplugged. The bed either shook all night or seemed to shake all night, and my sister and I fought about who got to lie on it.





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DESPITE THE logistical difficulties, I like traveling with children. It forces you to do the things you really enjoy (buying souvenirs, going to Disneyland, eating at Wendy's) and to skip the things you really don't (going to plays, touring the wine country, looking at art). Keeping your kids from slitting each other's throats compels you to find activities that are actually interesting, as opposed to merely sounding like the kinds of activities people engage in when they are on vacation.

Traveling with children also reminds you that you can find fun almost anywhere you go. Some of my happiest va-

cation memories involve a trip my family took with several other families when I was ten or eleven years old. We all stayed in a nice motel, went swimming, played miniature golf, and so on. The really great thing about the trip was that the motel was only ten miles away from where we all lived. Driving there took fifteen minutes. Nobody had to throw up or go to the bathroom, and nobody asked when we would be there. The kids had an entire motel to run around in, and the parents had plenty of time for cocktails. The next day, before lunch, we went home.

—David Owen

ORION PRESS/PACIFIC STOCK



Homes in outlying areas, where there was less war devastation, show the old way of life

OKINAWA

After the Volcano

Okinawans have endured centuries of foreign domination, and have yet to recover fully from the battle for their island in the Second World War's closing days

NOT UNTIL a friend and neighbor on a lonely dirt road in Connecticut began sharing a few memories of his fighting on Okinawa as a nineteen-year-old Marine did I have the slightest notion of what the United States unintentionally did to the island during the Pacific War, or what it inten-

tionally continues to do. Least of all did I know anything about the natives, or suspect that the war has never really ended for them. Prior to those conversations with my neighbor Okinawa to me was just the name of a place where American fighting men had displayed tenacity and valor.

Last November, twenty years after Okinawa's reversion to Japan, a loving reproduction of Shuri Castle was dedicated in the city of Shuri, the old capital of the once-independent island nation. Shuri Castle and its antecedents had been the seat of Okinawan Kings for seven centuries, until Japan abolished the monarchy and seized the "Piece of Rope on the Horizon" (as "Okinawa" is sometimes translated) in 1879. The castle was demolished during the Battle of Okinawa, in the spring of 1945.

The largest battle in history involv-

ing forces at sea, in the air, and on land took the lives of some 3,000 people on an average day. The total number of deaths, most of which occurred on land, was more than 250,000—for a territory about the size of Long Island. Whatever has been and will be said about Japanese industriousness, diligence, and capacity to endure, those qualities were never more mightily marshaled than in the defense of the unlucky island. After a few sorties in the Philippines, nearly the entire Japanese kamikaze effort was directed against the American fleet offshore, the most powerful armada in the history of warfare. The U.S. Navy lost more men there than in any other engagement in the Atlantic or the Pacific. On the ground—actually, underground, in networks of reinforced caves, tunnels, and many-storied bunkers—the Japanese defenders had much better fortifications and were equipped with far more artillery than on Iwo Jima, where the fighting had ended two weeks earlier. But this hardest and most destructive of all the Pacific struggles received much less notice in the United States.

Other events that spring—President Franklin Roosevelt's death, within two weeks of the American landing; the first decisions of Harry Truman, Roosevelt's little-known successor; the meeting of U.S. and Soviet troops on the Elbe, followed by V-E Day and the discovery of Hitler's bunker and ever more Nazi death camps—pushed news of the combat on Okinawa to the inside pages. In any case the battle was reported more like a hard-fought football game than like eighty-two days and nights of almost unimaginable savagery and misery.

But how to explain the current ignorance, which exists even among the well-traveled and the widely read? What accounts for our extraordinary lack of interest in not only the historical but also the present significance of Okinawa? The occasionally generous but generally shameful twenty-seven-year U.S. occupation of "The Nation of Constant Courtesy," as Okinawa was called in ancient China, ended with the island's reversion to Japan in 1972, but Okinawa remains the site of the greatest concentration of American military bases outside the continental United States. As the lessee of vast tracts of land on the chronically overcrowded island and the

owner of sleek missiles there, the United States now affects local life only marginally less than it did when it was the occupier—and still shows scant thought or concern for its involuntary hosts.

TO THE FEW Americans who do know Okinawa as more than a distant former battleground, the island's past seems all the more intriguing because so little has been written about it in English. Okinawa is the largest and most populous island of the Ryukyu chain, having half the Ryukyus' land mass and serving as their political, economic, and cultural center. When U.S. intelligence agents began planning the invasion, forty-nine years ago, they learned that the Ryukyu Islands were among the world's least-explored inhabited areas. Very few foreigners, especially Westerners, lived in the strategically valuable chain, which arcs down from Japan almost to Taiwan. Although most Americans continue to associate Okinawa with Iwo Jima, the two islands share little except geography. Iwo Jima was a garrison island with no civilian population whatever, whereas there were some half a million people on Okinawa in 1945. (There are about 1.3 million today.)

For centuries the Okinawans were the Venetians of the East, developing a distinctive culture until they were ruthlessly subjugated by the Japanese. Hundreds of years of invasions and exploitation by feudal lords from Kyushu, in southern Japan, eroded Okinawa's dominance in maritime trading and reduced the island to terrible poverty. In the late nineteenth century Japan finally took formal control of the Ryukyus, wresting them from benign Chinese patronage (Okinawa had been a Chinese tributary). It quickly instituted a policy of Japanization that was severe and often brutal, and that continued during the war. In the 1920s the Okinawans were finally given voting rights similar to those of the Japanese, but Okinawa remained the poorest of the country's forty-

seven prefectures, and, Japanization notwithstanding, the islanders remained largely unassimilated. Colonizers in all but name, the Japanese considered Okinawans, who were of mixed Chinese, Japanese, and Micronesian ancestry, to be lazy, stupid, backward, and racially inferior, as demonstrated by their lack of devotion to the Emperor and lack of dedication to *bushido*, "the way of the warrior." Okinawans were often called "little brown monkeys" and made to suffer simply because they weren't Japanese.

Subtropical Okinawa still differs from Japan in so many ways that Western visitors who arrive from Tokyo or Osaka tend to feel startled the moment they deplane. Culturally, the island has retained a blend of characteristics from ancient Japan, Malaya, Micronesia, and China. (A prehistoric land bridge between Okinawa and the Asian continent is thought to have existed.) Its arts— theater, music, pottery, flamboyant textiles—are sweetly comic and full of sunshine. Its social rules and mores are far

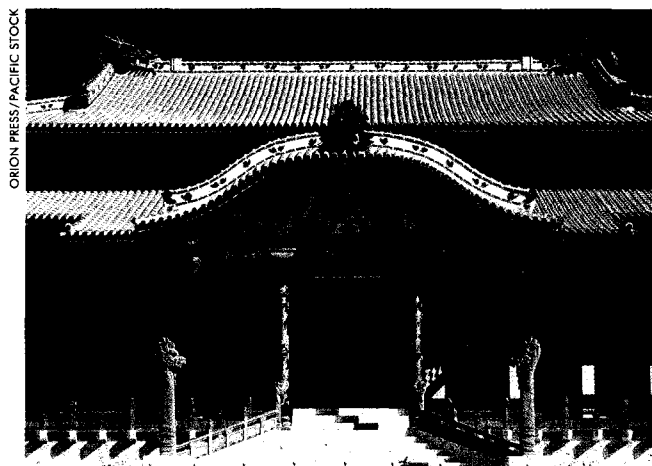
less rigid than those of the Japanese; one can go to an Okinawan party and have unqualified, unguarded *fun*. Its natives—racially tolerant, uncommonly relaxed, lacking the notion of being in any way superior—have acquired some Japanese habits in business and communications but few in their personal lives. I, like most visitors, found the general atmosphere to be unusually easygoing and amiable.

During the hundreds of years when Japan kept itself sealed off from foreigners and their influences, Okinawans welcomed ships with a hospitality that astonished passengers and crews. One Englishman spoke for almost all visitors before Japanization began in earnest when he reported that the Okinawans' most prominent characteristics were "their gentleness of spirit and manner, their yielding and submissive disposition, their hospitality and kindness, their aversion to violence and crime." A seventeenth-century Dutch scholar noted that

the inhabitants . . . are a good-natured, merry sort of people, leading an agreeable, contented life, diverting themselves after their work is done, with a glass of rice beer, and playing upon their musical instruments, which they for this purpose carry out with them into the fields.

Those observations come from one of the very few books in English about the island, George H. Kerr's excellent *Okinawa: The History of an Island People*.

Another foreigner summed up his admiration for the natives by speaking of their "singular humanity"; most chroniclers mentioned a natural devotion to the arts, even among farmers, and an absence of hostility and weapons. Today's visitor to Japan still finds that the Japanese tend to keep a *gaijin* ("foreigner," literally "outsider") at arm's length. But Okinawans are at ease with all manner of foreigners, for whom they make room in their bars and shops without the slightest fuss or pretension. I never felt anything



A rebuilt Shuri Castle (above) and a more typical scene (below)



but comfortable as a visitor there.

The open nature of the Okinawans should not suggest, however, that they are blissfully happy, or that they had a perfect society during their golden age, when early visitors began recording their impressions. In those days a strict caste system locked poor farmers, with their tiny plots of land, into supporting an elaborate court establishment modeled on the Chinese one. Then and later the elite were often both selfish and self-destructively submissive, as during the years of the harshest Japanization, when Okinawa's first newspaper proclaimed that "even our manner of

pillboxes that the American invaders believed they must destroy all they could. Most families lost their tombs, their houses for the completion of life's cycle, and with them a sense of purpose. The emotional disorientation was enormous.

The physical scars, in contrast, are glaring. The battle reduced most buildings to ash, including virtually every structure larger than a private house, and also virtually every cultural treasure, landmark, and record. For years afterward islanders were too impoverished to erect more than shacks made of crates, tar paper, and other refuse

est concentration of man-made beauty was on the grounds of Shuri Castle, on a hill above the old capital, toward the southern end of the island. Although modest by Chinese and Japanese standards, the royal complex was generally considered Asia's loveliest, for its delicacy, serenity, and glorious vistas. Other castles were grander, other settings more impressive, but Shuri Castle's structure and its site overlooking the sea and gentle, undulating hills made it unique. "How can we find in Japan such a perfect combination of nature and culture?" asked a Japanese artist who visited in 1938. "What city is surrounded by beautiful hills and water on all sides and contains a dream-filled castle inside, as well as well-maintained palaces, temples and houses of historic value?"

This was the exquisiteness that was occupied by Japanese troops in 1879 and that was destroyed, to the last magnificent shade tree, by the American "typhoon of bombs and steel," as Okinawans call the 1945 American bombardments. The hilltop was razed so completely that postwar observers doubted that anything would ever be built on the site again. The just-completed castle is a monument to the beauty of the old one. And an earlier reproduction of the Shurei Gate, or Gate of Courtesy (through which Japanese conquerors marched and Commodore Matthew Perry led a pompous, threatening procession during a disgraceful stopover at Okinawa on his mission to open Japan in 1853), is a monument to the Okinawan ethic and heritage. No people more deserve to be called peace-loving.

IF DISTRUST OF everything military isn't inherent in the Okinawan people, it has been acquired through most of their remembered and recorded history, which is essentially a series of epidemics, typhoons, and foreign invasions. The American military establishment that now dominates much of Okinawan life is an unlikely if predictable imposition on an island that had no weapons for hundreds of years.

Weaponry began to come in when the Japanese annexed the island, and the flow increased when they fortified it in preparation for the American invasion. If the months of battle were grotesque for the American participants, they were



A memorial to some of the Okinawans whose lives were claimed by the war

sneezing should be the same as that of Japanese main-islanders." And present-day Okinawans, who include a full share of schemers and toadies to both Washington and Tokyo, have many of the quirks and problems of poor relatives who feel themselves relegated to inferior status by those who happen to be more advanced and prosperous than themselves.

Casual visitors are unlikely to see the psychological scars of 1945 caused by the wholesale destruction of Okinawan culture. The foundation of the island's family-oriented religion and spiritual life was the tombs—the landscape's most noticeable man-made feature—that proliferated on the steep hillsides. Earthly life was considered a passage to those beautiful little structures, where the spirits of the newly deceased joined those of their ancestors. But the Japanese army converted so many tombs into

from the vast American bases. Later, still too poor to return to their traditional building materials of wood, paper, and tiles, they resorted to the cheapest and quickest substitute: concrete imitations of the U.S. military structures that they saw everywhere around them. (Most saw them at a distance: for many years natives without passes were not permitted to approach the bases.) Thus one of the world's most graceful architectures was replaced by one of its ugliest, and because Okinawa had grown more crowded than ever, large tracts became eyesores of cheap shops and garages.

Other stretches of land retain the beauty that has enchanted visitors for centuries. From the emissaries of ancient Chinese Emperors to Ernie Pyle, travelers praised the splendid combinations of mountain and sea, natural and cultivated landscapes. The great-

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far more so for the Japanese, whose dead were roughly ten times as numerous. But the greatest price was paid by civilians, whose dead—some 150,000, a third of the population—exceeded the fatalities of both armies together. In fact, many more Okinawans died than did residents of Hiroshima or Nagasaki. The Okinawans are hardly the first people to endure a martyrdom of geography, but few have suffered more, with less recognition.

It was chiefly that lack of recognition of the Okinawans' plight that condemned them to continue paying heavily for the war. The United States made no attempt to use the Japanese home islands as one big military base after 1945, but that is what was done to Okinawa, practically speaking, during the American occupation. The lack of public interest enabled the Pentagon to treat the island as a fiefdom, often with deplorable results. Immediately after the Japanese surrender, Okinawa became a dumping ground for U.S. military refuse and a Siberia for unpopular or unruly military personnel. Exile to

the barren battleground was a punishment; the plum jobs and promotion opportunities were in Tokyo. Well after neon had returned to Japan, and after the U.S.-Japan rapprochement (General MacArthur dubbed the Emperor "the First Gentleman of Japan" and entertained him and members of the imperial household), starving, scavenging Okinawans lived in miserable poverty, many of them ravaged by malaria, and all in deep shock after the cataclysm. Tokyo assured Washington that U.S. commanders would have freedom of movement and activity on the island; indeed, occupation policy on the four main islands was far gentler and more generous. George Orwell could not have imagined a sharper irony or a greater injustice.

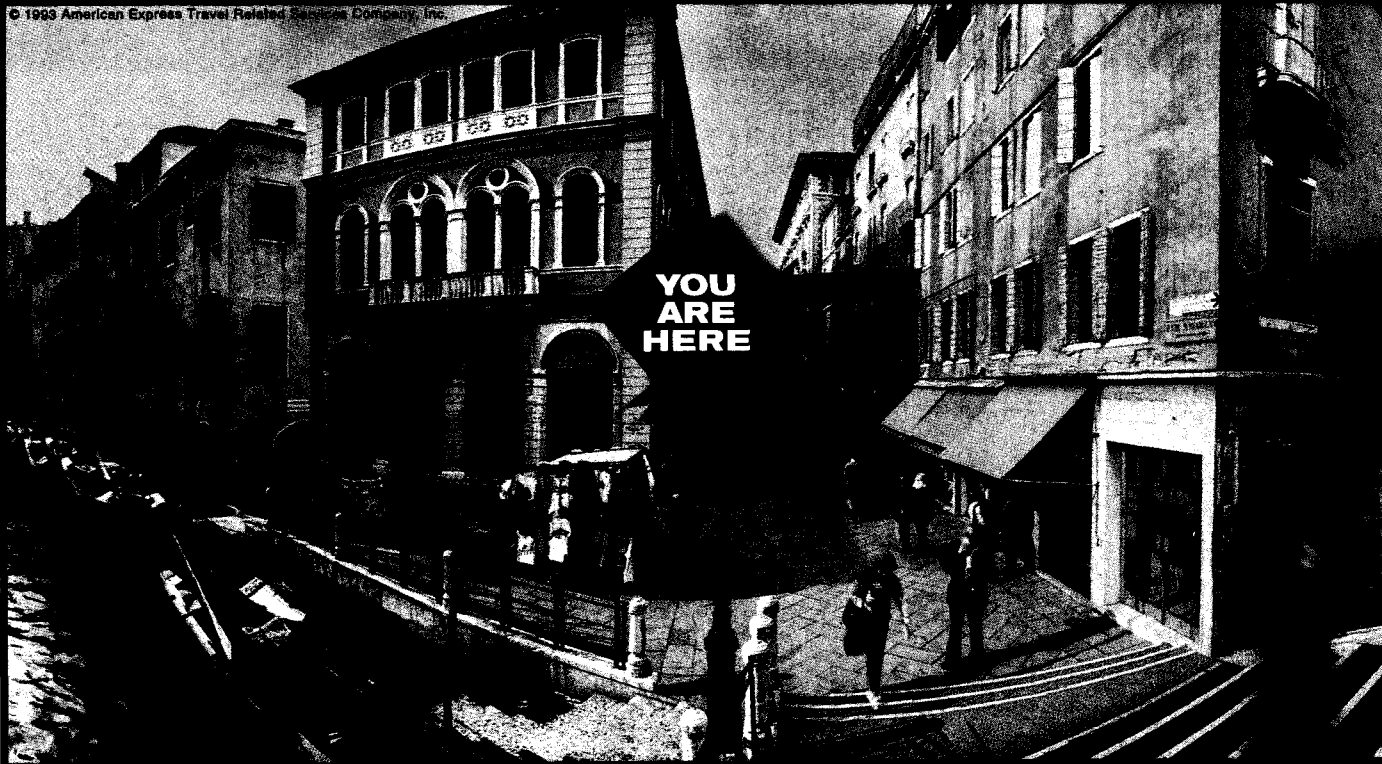
TOO LITTLE has changed. American installations still occupy some 20 percent of the island, including much of the prized plains and plateaus. This is equivalent to a foreign power's occupying one of the four Japanese home islands, or ten of

the most valuably located American states. More than half the bases used by Americans in Japan are on tiny Okinawa, as are three of the bases of the Japanese Self-Defense Force. Mile after mile of base fences flank Okinawa's major roads. Like some modern version of feudal estates, vast airfields and military housing complexes occupy the choicest sites. Much of the most fertile farmland, which has always been in critically short supply, lies under concrete runways.

The base rights were assigned by the Japanese-American Defense Treaty, without consulting the Okinawans. Japanese and American veterans who return to the island as tourists are struck by the apparent irony of the Rising Sun and the Stars and Stripes flying side by side from lofty flagpoles. More than an irony, however, the cozy flags symbolize the latest phase in the old pattern of rank exploitation of the docile, inoffensive islanders.

Current Washington strategists believe that there is good reason to maintain the bases; Okinawans feel that

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other powers' strategic calculations are precisely what has caused them centuries of suffering. Pentagon planning is influenced by sentiment: after the loss of so much American blood on and around the island (some 72,000 casualties, including more than 12,000 missing and dead), there is an understandable reluctance to depart. But after the loss of so much more Okinawan blood, Okinawan anti-base activists insist that their feelings should matter more. And it is their land, of course.

It's hard to imagine a people who would not resent the appropriation of one fifth of their land for hated use by a foreign power, particularly where every usable acre has always been precious. With their long history of tolerance, compromise, and pacifism (a history in some ways opposite to the expansionist histories of both Japan and the United States), Okinawans have reason to take special exception to the carousing servicemen on the ground and the screaming jets in the air which regularly disturb their lives. The overpowering military presence, which some Penta-

gon planners want to expand in order to compensate for the closing of bases in the Philippines, makes them shudder. Our presence might be less onerous if it could be shown to benefit the Okinawans. But they are convinced that it only harms them and courts further catastrophe.

The overriding lesson of 1945 is that, far from protecting them (the Japanese army had loftily promised to protect them from the American devils), military bases on their land lead to disaster. Prophetic dissidents of the 1930s warned that maintaining Japanese armed forces on the island would invite invasion by foreigners with whom the Okinawans themselves had no quarrel. Well before the collapse of communism, Okinawans meekly asked what the current bases were protecting them *from*. They fear the bases far more than any potential enemies—of which they have none.

Needless to say, some Okinawans make a good living from rents and bars, but most of them passionately want us to quit or at least substantially shrink

the bases and leave them in peace. The passion is rarely expressed. A native base employee who once confessed to a Marine officer that "we like you but we wish you weren't here" spoke for the vast silent majority, to judge by recent surveys.

He meant that he wished the officer were there not in his military capacity but as a tourist: the last irony is that Okinawans genuinely like foreigners. Polls support the observation of travelers that Okinawans tend to be much more comfortable with Americans than with Japanese. But what should Americans feel in the presence of Okinawans? One need not have known the resentment of Eastern Europeans during their years of oppression by the Soviet military presence to make comparisons, or to feel shame. On the land-poor island, the sight of sprawling military golf courses alone is enough to prompt cheerless questions: What are we doing there *now*? When will Okinawa be left in the peace it desires and deserves?

—George Feifer



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who don't always sightsee eye to eye.



TECHNOLOGY

MUDroom

Anyone with a computer, a modem, and a connection to computer networks can plug into word-based "virtual reality" games, sometimes with disturbing consequences

“VIRTUAL reality,” as most people understand the phrase, refers to a computer-simulated three-dimensional world of sight and sound into which participants wearing electronic helmets and gloves can project themselves. It’s an exciting field with many promising applications, but realizing them will require over-

coming major obstacles of design and expense, and another decade or more may pass before image-based VR touches many people’s lives in a significant way.

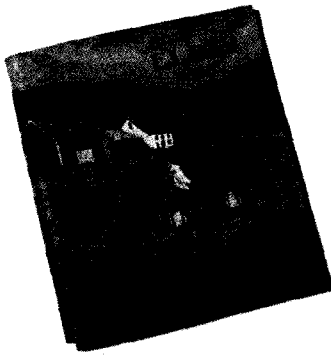
In the meantime, another kind of VR has already had such an impact. Almost overlooked in our fascination with the vistas conjured up by image-based VR, this more modest form typically deals in nothing but words. If the image-based version is analogous to television or movies, then the other VR suggests books or radio. Pavel Curtis, a computer scientist at the Xerox Palo Alto Research Center, who has created a popular model of word-based VR, goes so far as to predict that even after image-based VR becomes commonplace, text-based VR will continue to thrive, precisely because working in its medium is so much simpler. Word-based VR programs, called MUDs—for “multi-user

dimensions” or “multi-user dungeons”—are accessible without charge to anyone possessing a computer, a modem, and a connection to one of hundreds of computer networks around the world. About 300 MUDs are currently accessible through the worldwide amalgam of computer networks known as the Internet; on Curtis’s MUD alone more than 8,000 players from at least thirty countries have registered since it began operation, in October of 1990. Though most MUDs have not been in existence as long as Curtis’s, the total number of regular MUD players is already in the tens of thousands. MUDs are popular even though the keyboard commands required to maneuver around in them are initially bewildering to all but experienced programmers, and require many hours to master.

One phrase that sums up the allure of MUDs is that they are “laboratories for exploring identity.” Each MUD is an imaginary world, created over time by its players. Reflecting the predilections of the hacker subculture, many MUDs embody themes drawn from science fiction or Arthurian legend: A MUD called TrekmUSE is based on the *Star Trek* television series. Another popular MUD, PernMUSH, is modeled after Anne McCaffrey’s *Dragonriders of Pern* fantasy novels. Still another, called Nuclear War, depicts a world seventy-five years after a nuclear holocaust. But MUDs can have other themes, too: DragonMUD, at three years old probably the longest-running MUD on the Internet, is set in twelfth- to nineteenth-century London, and all of FurryMuck’s characters are furry, cuddly animals. Curtis’s MUD, called LambdaMOO, is a mere house, now grown to more than 4,200 rooms, whose nucleus faithfully reflects the floor plan of Curtis’s real-life residence.

Players circulate within each MUD, using assumed names, providing descriptions of themselves that vary from moderately to wildly fanciful, often even misrepresenting their sex or claiming to have none. Shielded by anonymity and distance from most consequences of their actions, they frequently behave on MUDs in ways they would not in real life. A shy woman may try being a flirt, or a computer nerd may portray himself as suave and sexually aggressive; one player describes the character he portrays on MUDs as “the person I want to become.” Sometimes players create sev-

L.L. Discoveries



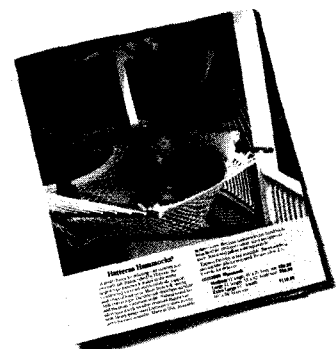
L.L. Change of Season



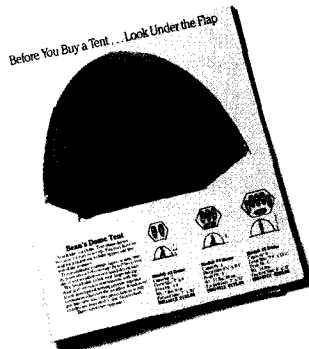
L.L. Places to Go



L.L. People to See



L.L. In the Shade



L.L. Outdoors



L.L. Indoors



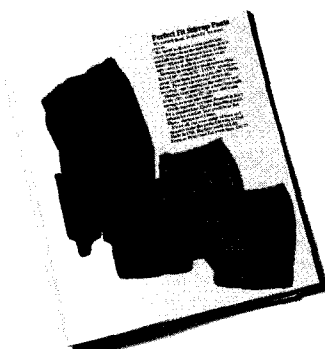
L.L. Outback



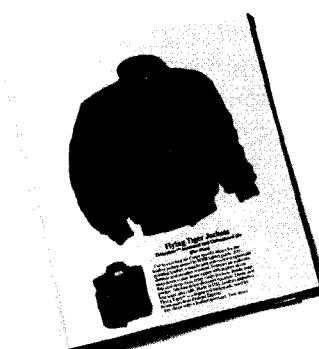
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the players are in different rooms, they can still converse by "paging" each other. Again, players can do more than talk: I've played roulette in LambdaMOO's casino, and in the mud-wrestling pit I was inundated with substances ranging from Jell-O to old editions of the *National Enquirer* (in honor of my profession). Perhaps more gratifying, MUDders can create environments reflecting their own tastes and personalities. Players from the United Kingdom have invested a dozen rooms on LambdaMOO with the spirit of Wales: the rooms, including several pubs, contain such features as a crackling hearth fire, a bubbling teakettle, meandering cats, and a banner proclaiming "*CYMRU AM BYTH!*" ("Wales forever!"). What players can do, at least in the virtual sense, is limited chiefly by the breadth of their imagination and programming skill.

To Brenda Laurel, a researcher at Interval Research Corporation, in Palo Alto, and the author of *Computers as Theatre*, MUDs' most compelling quality is their capacity for combining interactivity and self-representation. "A big difference between MUDs and even interactive television is that in the interactive television model there is no self-representation: I'm not there," she says. "I get to buy things and maybe I get to vote on things, but I don't represent myself through the medium to other people. So it's still partaking of a broadcast mentality—that is, one person produces content, many people consume it. MUDs are a dramatic counterexample in that they are primarily about self-representation and they are a one-to-one, few-to-few, one-to-few, or few-to-one kind of medium.

"There is a tremendous need for environments like this, where we have the hope of knowing and understanding other participants as individuals and not just as elements of, say, an election poll, and where we spread our wings and begin to construct things together. Once you see how hungry people are for this, you can forgive the relative triviality of subject matter on MUDs at this moment."

IN *The Second Self: Computers and the Human Spirit* (1984), Sherry Turkle, a professor in the Department of Science, Technology, and Society at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, portrays hackers as socially awkward, intensely individualistic, and

accustomed to finding satisfaction only in their mastery of computers. She writes,

The hacker culture appears to be made up of people who need to avoid complicated social situations, who for one reason or another got frightened off or hurt too badly by the risks and complexities of relationships.

The generalization probably applies to a majority of MUDders; what's poignant is that by playing on MUDs, many are taking their first cautious steps into complicated social arenas. In many cases, in fact, MUDs seem to promote socialization. The adolescent who, emboldened by his anonymity, greets women with a bluntly sexual invitation finds that he is often rebuffed, sometimes angrily, and develops a different strategy for striking up friendships with women. A person who fears rejection because of a physical handicap, appearance, age, or race discovers in MUDs a haven, where what a person chooses to present of himself is the sole factor in the response he receives. An engineer at a computer-hardware company who calls herself Marcia even attributes her recent promotion to the social skills she developed as a "wizard"—a volunteer MUD administrator whose tasks include mediating disputes among players. "I never thought I was good with people, because engineers are never told that," Marcia said recently. "By playing on the games, I found out that I'm really pretty good at leading and administering. So I took a lot of those skills back to my work, and ended up creating a department that I now manage."

Hackers aren't the only ones who gain social skills by participating on MUDs. Christian Sykes is no nerd: he's twenty-three, married, and a philosophy major at the University of Kansas, and he characterizes his computer aptitude as "mild." He played on MUDs long enough to become bored with them, so as "a performance art piece" he decided to find out whether he could portray a woman convincingly. Many males who impersonate females on MUDs are easy to detect, because they behave not as real women do but rather according to the fantasies of late-adolescent males, responding with enthusiasm to all sexual advances, sometimes in quite explicit terms. Thus you don't have to be brilliant to determine that,

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say, a LambdaMOO character called FantasticHotBabe ("Your eyes marvel at her perfectly firm breasts . . .") is a male. Sykes was determined to be more sophisticated. He kept the description of his female character simple and as consistent with his own appearance as possible. When women on the MUD spoke among themselves about boy-friends, menstruation, or even gynecological problems, he drew upon lore gleaned from his wife and female friends to contribute persuasively to the conversation. After a while he added another fillip to his ruse, casually revealing that his character, "Eris" (named, appropriately enough, after the Greek goddess of discord), was bisexual. That provoked "lots of curiosity," Sykes says. More intriguing, Eris's confession prompted another player to contemplate, for the first time without self-condemnation, the possibility that he was bisexual. Sykes calls that "an odd side effect" of his experiment.

Sykes's major discovery, however, was the extent of sexual harassment of women. Though not one person suspected Sykes's hoax, he abandoned it after four months, because he could not write programs in the MUD without being interrupted by male advances. "The chief thing I learned," he says, "is simply how irritating some men can be." Revealing the truth didn't end Sykes's problems, because one male player who apparently had a crush on Eris became so irate that he tried to get Sykes banished from the MUD.

The fury of Eris's "suitor" demonstrates the double-edged sword of MUDs: the anonymity that shields players from the consequences of their ill-conceived acts also makes it easy for players to be deceived. When MUDders possess limited social skills or great emotional vulnerabilities, they're at risk, perhaps just as much as in real life.

MUD DEVELOPERS believe that MUDs are in their infancy, with rules of behavior and even future applications still largely uncharted. Randy Farmer, a co-creator of several MUDlike environments and a partner in Electric Communities, a Palo Alto company attempting to create an "electronic society," says, "Right now MUDs are wild frontier towns being held together by a bunch of homesteaders." The evidence, moreover, is that most of the



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Where's the
gorilla?

After the show,
we just headed down
Broadway and fell into
this charming cappuccino
place. We were both still
full from dinner, but we
couldn't resist. Cozy little
booths. A jazz ensemble.

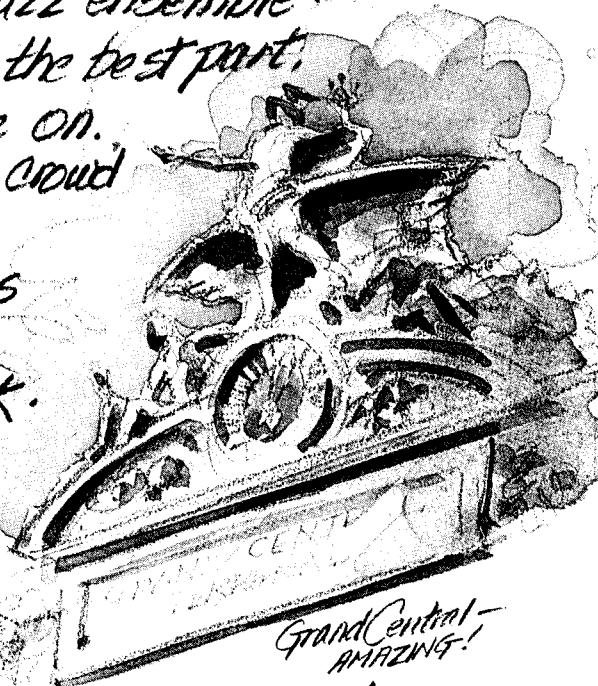
What a find! Oh, the best part,

they had this singer come on.

She was great. She had the whole crowd
singing. Then, she passed the mic
around and we all sang solos. It was
hysterical. We stayed till 1:45 in
the morning. And walked back.

There was this guy selling
paintings a few blocks
from our hotel. And
wouldn't you know, after
5 months of searching for

something for the kitchen wall, we found it
in 2 minutes. You should've seen us. I don't know
what was bigger, the painting or the grins on
our faces. And all I kept thinking was



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homesteaders prefer an ordered domain: although many MUDs last for no more than a few months, those that survive tend to evolve rules of conduct and even forms of self-government. For example, LambdaMOO players build so many new structures that unchecked growth would eventually overload the host computer; as a result, a player initially may add only a few structures, until an "architecture review board" consisting of around twenty players decides whether he shows enough creativity to be allowed to add more. DragonMUD holds regular town meetings, at which issues as volatile as a case of "virtual rape" have been discussed. Farmer believes that MUDs will evolve until they are electronically interconnected; then they'll face issues similar to those that face contending nation-states. At that point, he predicts, "the people who will be managing the large systems will have degrees in economics and international relations, not computer science."

Some MUDs are already specialized. One ambitious model in science education is MicroMUSE, based in a computer at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's artificial-intelligence lab. MicroMUSE is meant to be nonviolent, noncompetitive, and collaborative, and it welcomes participants as young as six years old. Though participants use pseudonyms, as on other MUDs, they must provide their real names when registering, so that offenders can be identified and, if necessary, banished. Perhaps because its atmosphere is so tranquil, MicroMUSE attracts more women than do most other MUDs.

MicroMUSE's major installation is Cyberion City, a simulated twenty-two-mile-long cylindrical space station in orbit around the earth. Cyberion City is designed to behave according to the laws of physics, and it incorporates such features as gravity, both plant- and machine-generated oxygen, glass radiation shields, and artificially produced twenty-four-hour-long day-night cycles. Among its attractions are a simulated rain forest designed by a Boston University graduate student in environmental studies; an adventure based on C. S. Lewis's *Chronicles of Narnia*, which was written by a Harvard graduate student in artificial intelligence; and a *Wizard of Oz* adventure created by an eight-year-old boy in collaboration with Barry Kort, a forty-eight-year-

old educational-technology researcher at Bolt Beranek and Newman, in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Kort, one of MicroMUSE's founders, says that such child-adult collaborations are at the heart of its purpose. Many adults who participate on MicroMUSE play a coaching role, sometimes providing the guidance that children have failed to receive from parents and teachers. "We see tremendous breakthroughs in kids who were stuck, basically because they weren't getting accurate feedback," Kort says. "When we provide the missing function, they zoom right along, and gain not only scholastic development but maturity."

Another promising MUD application is in providing a virtual meeting hall for far-flung professional colleagues or corporate employees. Pavel Curtis, of Xerox PARC, says, "Right now you go to a conference and you sit down at dinner with the five people in the world who really do your kind of work, and the next day you all go home and it's a year before you meet again. Well, a MUD is the place where you can meet the rest of the year." To that end Curtis is working with David Nichols, at Xerox PARC, and Dave Van Buren, an astronomer at the California Institute of Technology, to develop a MUD for the international astronomy community. The MUD, which Van Buren expects to be running by late this year, will possess a library containing prepublication versions of astronomy-journal articles. It will probably be divided not into rooms but into stellar regions, so that an astronomer looking for, say, a photograph of a nova in a particular galaxy would enter the appropriate MUD galaxy chamber to look up the real-life location of the photograph and could then signal that site to transmit the photograph electronically to the astronomer's computer. The MUD may also possess astronomical tools, including a simulated telescope that would be used to estimate the best time to look at particular objects in the sky.

Curtis is also working on a sound- and video-enhanced MUD environment. Each computer connected to the system would possess a microphone and speaker, and most sites would also have video cameras. Participants would move around inside the MUD by typing computer commands, as they do in a conventional MUD, but they would be both audible and visible to one another.

The advantages are obvious, since voice and image convey many more layers of information than typed words. In addition, the shift to voice would overcome one of the most annoying features of MUDs, which is that after a player types a statement, he waits, sometimes for many seconds, while the computer transmits his words and his respondent types a reply. When many people are conversing in the same virtual room, the computer can lag half a minute or longer.

Curtis's prototype, called the Jupiter Project, is a simulated version of the Xerox PARC building where he works. While sitting at his computer terminal he can enter the virtual common room within the MUD, thus signaling his willingness to chat. Another Xerox PARC researcher, working at home or even at the center's sister building in Cambridge, England, while logged on to the MUD common room can then start a conversation with Curtis. If the conversation turns into a professional discussion, the two researchers might move to one of their virtual offices to continue it in privacy. "One of the key goals of the Jupiter Project is to foster casual interaction between people who are geographically separated," Curtis says. "If I'm working at home, or if I'm separated from you just by a stairway, I'm not a part of what's going on here. But if we make a virtual space where people can have a chat, maybe it will turn into a real professional interaction. That kind of thing is invaluable, and it's the thing that is missing from current telecommunications mechanisms."

That missing space is what Brenda Laurel's colleague Lee Felsenstein calls "the agora"—the meeting place where people have always told each other stories—and the need for it is what all MUDs, from *Nuclear War* to the Jupiter Project, address. "What's different is that now we're participating in collective narrative activity in a world where our communities are too spread out and too overpopulated, and the traditional gathering places are disappearing," Laurel says. "The market isn't a farmers' market where you know people, it's a Safeway; people aren't going to church like they used to; only the picturesque town in New England still has a town meeting. So where is the agora for the global community? The answer has to be, On the net."

—Jacques Leslie

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a rare experience.

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they'd never known
before they met,
yet
something they knew
would
go on forever.

A unity
that existed
between them.
That
even when
they were apart,
they
were together.

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and
Company, where
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have helped
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dreams for
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one hundred
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Well-meaning efforts to integrate deaf people into conventional schools and to help them learn to speak English are provoking fierce resistance from activists who favor sign language and an acknowledgment that the world of deafness is distinctive, rewarding, and worth preservation

DEAFNESS AS CULTURE

BY EDWARD DOLNICK



IN 1773, ON A TOUR OF SCOTLAND AND THE HEBRIDES Islands, Samuel Johnson visited a school for deaf children. Impressed by the students but daunted by their predicament, he proclaimed deafness "one of the most desperate of human calamities." More than a century later Helen Keller reflected on her own life and declared that deafness was a far greater hardship than blindness. "Blindness cuts people off from things," she observed. "Deafness cuts people off from people."

For millennia deafness was considered so catastrophic that very few ventured to ease its burdens. Isolation in a kind of permanent solitary confinement was deemed inevitable; a deaf person, even in the midst of urban hubbub, was considered as unreachable as a fairy-tale princess locked in a tower. The first attempts to educate deaf children came only in the sixteenth century. As late as 1749 the French Academy of Sciences appointed a commission to determine whether deaf people were "ca-

pable of reasoning." Today no one would presume to ignore the deaf or exclude them from full participation in society. But acknowledging their rights is one thing, coming to grips with their plight another. Deafness is still seen as a dreadful fate.

Lately, though, the deaf community has begun to speak for itself. To the surprise and bewilderment of outsiders, its message is utterly contrary to the wisdom of centuries: Deaf people, far from groaning under a heavy yoke, are not handicapped at all. Deafness is not a disability. Instead, many deaf people now proclaim, they are a subculture like any other. They are simply a linguistic minority (speaking American Sign Language) and are no more in need of a cure for their condition than are Haitians or Hispanics.

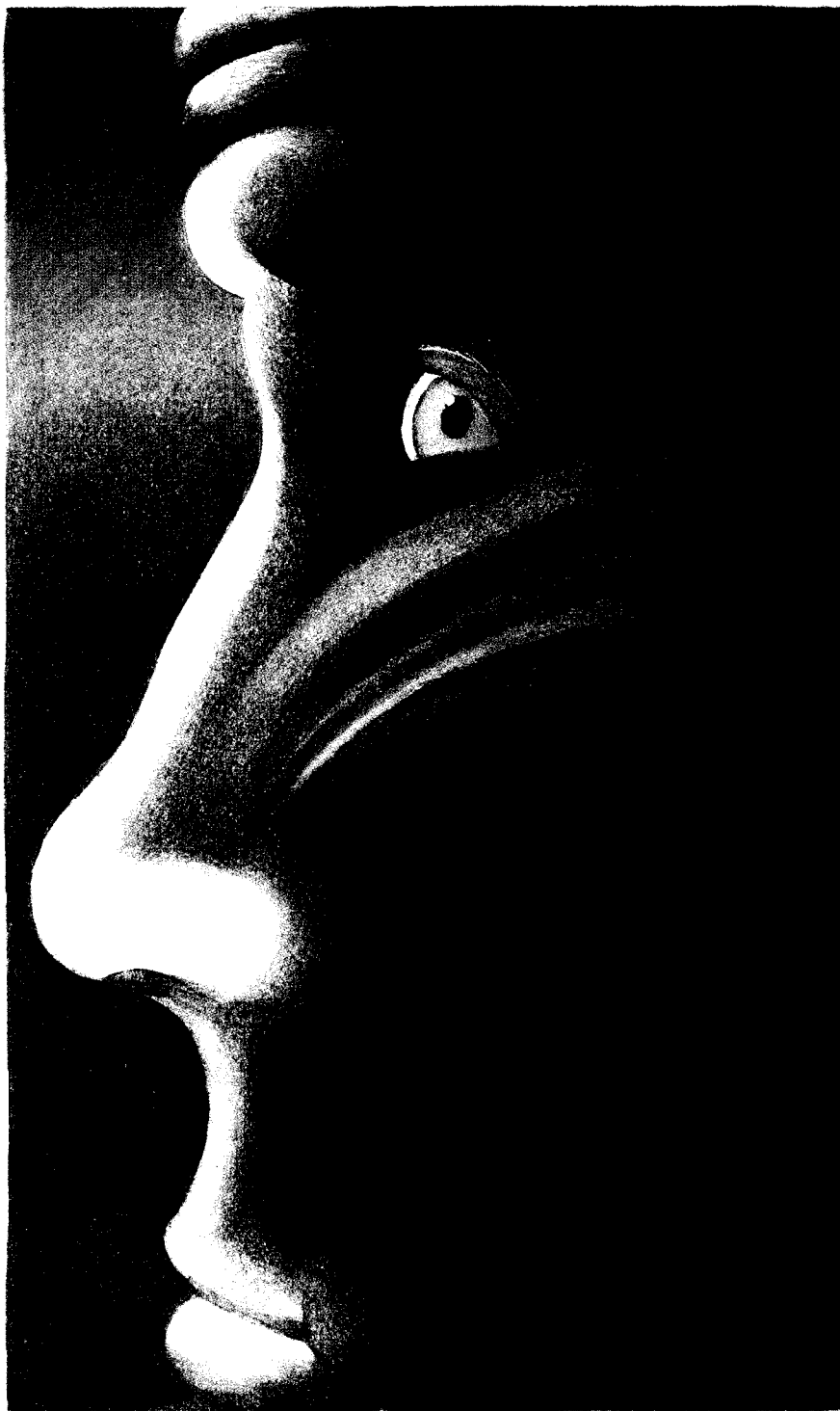
That view is vehemently held. "The term 'disabled' describes those who are blind or physically handicapped," the deaf linguists Carol Padden and Tom Humphries

write, "not Deaf people." (The upper-case D is significant: it serves as a succinct proclamation that the deaf share a culture rather than merely a medical condition.) So strong is the feeling of cultural solidarity that many deaf parents cheer on discovering that their baby is deaf. Pondering such a scene, a hearing person can experience a kind of vertigo. The surprise is not simply the unfamiliarity of the views; it is that, as in a surrealist painting, jarring notions are presented as if they were commonplaces.

The embrace of what looks indisputably like hardship is what, in particular, strikes the hearing world as perverse, and deaf leaders have learned to brace themselves for the inevitable question. "No!" Roslyn Rosen says, by shaking her head vehemently, she *wouldn't* prefer to be able to hear. Rosen, the president of the National Association of the Deaf, is deaf, the daughter of deaf parents, and the mother of deaf children. "I'm happy with who I am," she says through an interpreter, "and I don't want to be 'fixed.' Would an Italian-American rather be a WASP? In our society everyone agrees that whites have an easier time than blacks. But do you think a black person would undergo operations to become white?"

The view that deafness is akin to ethnicity is far from unanimously held. "The world of deafness often seems Balkanized, with a warlord ruling every mountaintop," writes Henry Kisor, the book editor for the *Chicago Sun-Times* and deaf himself. But the "deaf culture" camp—Kisor calls it the "New Orthodoxy"—is in the ascendancy, and its proponents invoke watchwords that still carry echoes of earlier civil-rights struggles. "Pride," "heritage," "identity," and similar words are thick in the air.

Rhetoric aside, however, the current controversy is disorientingly unfamiliar, because the deaf are a group unlike any ethnic minority: 90 percent of all deaf children are born to hearing parents. Many people never meet a deaf person unless one is born to them. Then parent and child belong to different cultures, as they would in an adoption across racial lines. And deaf children acquire a sense of cultural identity from their peers rather than their parents, as homosexuals do. But the crucial issue is that hearing parent and deaf child don't share a means of communication. Deaf children cannot grasp their parents' spoken language, and hearing parents are unlikely to know sign language. Communication is not a



gift automatically bestowed in infancy but an acquisition gained only by laborious effort.

This gulf has many consequences. Hearing people tend to make the mistake of considering deafness to be an affliction that we are familiar with, as if being deaf were more or less like being hard of hearing. Even those of us with sharp hearing are, after all, occasionally unable to make out a mumbled remark at the dinner table, or a whispered question from a toddler, or a snatch of dialogue in a movie theater.



To get a hint of blindness, you can try making your way down an unfamiliar hall in the dark, late at night. But clamping on a pair of earmuffs conveys nothing essential about deafness, because the earmuffs can't block out a lifetime's experience of having heard language. That experience makes hearing people ineradicably different. Because antibiotics have tamed many of the childhood diseases that once caused permanent loss of hearing, more than 90 percent of all deaf children in the United States today were born deaf or lost their hearing before

they had learned English. The challenge that faces them—recognizing that other peoples' mysterious lip movements *are* language, and then learning to speak that language—is immeasurably greater than that facing an adult who must cope with a gradual hearing loss.

Learning to speak is so hard for people deaf from infancy because they are trying, without any direct feedback, to mimic sounds they have never heard. (Children who learn to speak and then go deaf fare better, because they retain some memory of sound.) One mother of a deaf child describes the challenge as comparable to learning to speak Japanese from within a soundproof glass booth. And even if a deaf person does learn to speak, understanding someone else's speech remains maddeningly difficult. Countless words look alike on the lips, though they sound quite different. "Mama" is indistinguishable from "papa," "cat" from "hat," "no new taxes" from "go to Texas." Context and guesswork are crucial, and conversation becomes a kind of fast and ongoing crossword puzzle.

"Speechreading is EXHAUSTING. I hate having to depend on it," writes Cheryl Heppner, a deaf woman who is the executive director of the Northern Virginia Resource Center for Deaf and Hard of Hearing Persons. Despite her complaint, Heppner is a speech-reading virtuoso. She made it through public school and Pennsylvania State University without the help of interpreters, and she says she has never met a person with better speech-reading skills. But "even with peak conditions," she explains, "good lighting, high energy level, and a person who articulates well, I'm still guessing at half of what I see on the lips." When we met in her office, our conversation ground to a halt every sentence or two, as if we were travelers without a common language who had been thrown together in a train compartment. I

had great difficulty making out Heppner's soft, high-pitched speech, and far more often than not my questions and comments met only with her mouthed "Sorry." In frustration we resorted to typing on her computer.

For the average deaf person, lip-reading is even less rewarding. In tests using simple sentences, deaf people recognize perhaps three or four words in every ten. Ironically, the greatest aid to lip-reading is knowing how words sound. One British study found, for example, that the average deaf person with a decade of practice was no better

at lip-reading than a hearing person picked off the street.

Unsurprisingly, the deaf score poorly on tests of English skills. The average deaf sixteen-year-old reads at the level of a hearing eight-year-old. When deaf students eventually leave school, three in four are unable to read a newspaper. Only two deaf children in a hundred (compared with forty in a hundred among the general population) go on to college. Many deaf students write English as if it were a foreign language. One former professor at Gallaudet, the elite Washington, D.C., university for the deaf, sometimes shows acquaintances a letter written by a student. The quality of the writing, he says, is typical. "As soon as you had lend me \$15," the letter begins, "I felt I must write you to let you know how relievable I am in your aid."

Small wonder that many of the deaf eagerly turn to American Sign Language, invariably described as "the natural language of the deaf." Deaf children of deaf parents learn ASL as easily as hearing children learn a spoken language. At the same age that hearing babies begin talking, deaf babies of parents who sign begin "babbling" nonsense signs with their fingers. Soon, and without having to be formally taught, they have command of a rich and varied language, as expressive as English but as different from it as Urdu or Hungarian.

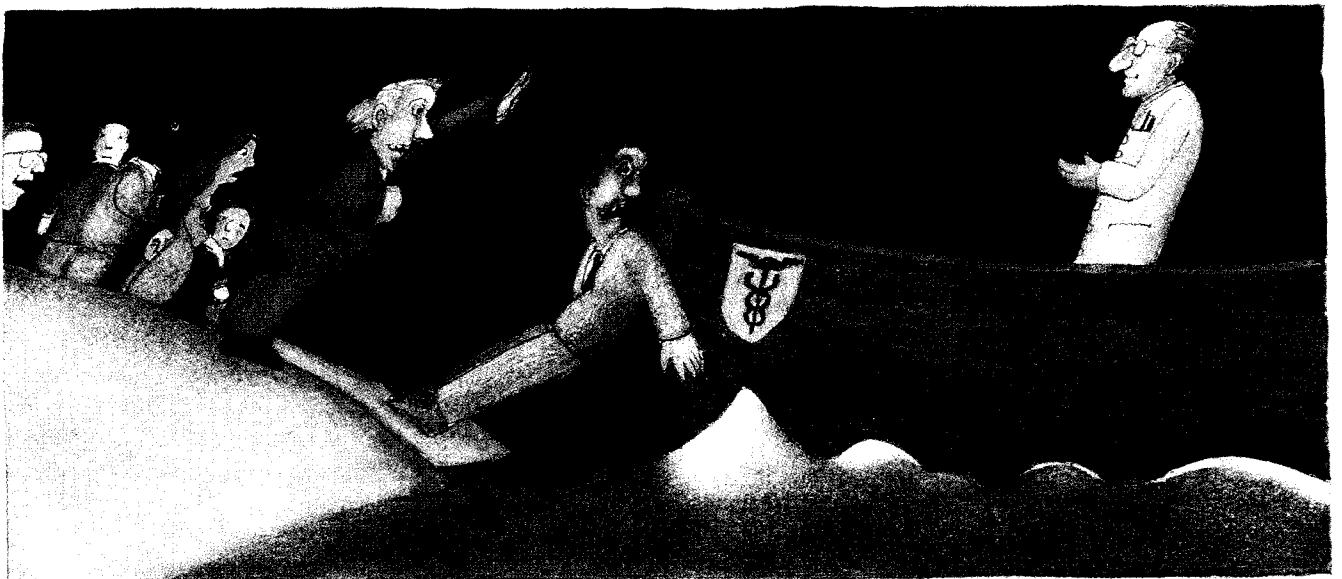
At the heart of the idea that deafness is cultural, in fact, is the deaf community's proprietary pride in ASL. Even among the hearing the discovery of ASL's riches has sometimes had a profound impact. The most prominent ally of the deaf-culture movement, for example, is the Northeast-

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ern University linguist Harlan Lane, whose interest in the deaf came about through his study of ASL. When he first saw people signing to one another, Lane recalls, he was stunned to realize that "language could be expressed just as well by the hands and face as by the tongue and throat, even though the very definition of language we had learned as students was that it was something spoken and heard." For a linguist, Lane says, "this was astonishing, thrilling. I felt like Balboa seeing the Pacific."

Until the 1960s critics had dismissed signing as a poor substitute for language, a mere semaphoring of stripped-down messages ("I see the ball"). Then linguists demonstrated that ASL is in fact a full-fledged language, with grammar and puns and poems, and dignified it with a name. Anything that can be said can be said in ASL. In the view of the neurologist and essayist Oliver Sacks, it is "a language equally suitable for making love or speeches, for flirtation or mathematics."

ASL is the everyday language of perhaps half a million Americans. A shared language makes for a shared identity. With the deaf as with other groups, this identity is a prickly combination of pride in one's own ways and wariness of outsiders. "If I happened to strike up a relationship with a hearing person," says MJ Bienvenu, a deaf activist speaking through an interpreter, "I'd have considerable trepidation about my [deaf] parents' reaction. They'd ask, 'What's the matter? Aren't your own people good enough for you?' and they'd warn, 'They'll take advantage of you. You don't know what they're going to do behind your back.'"





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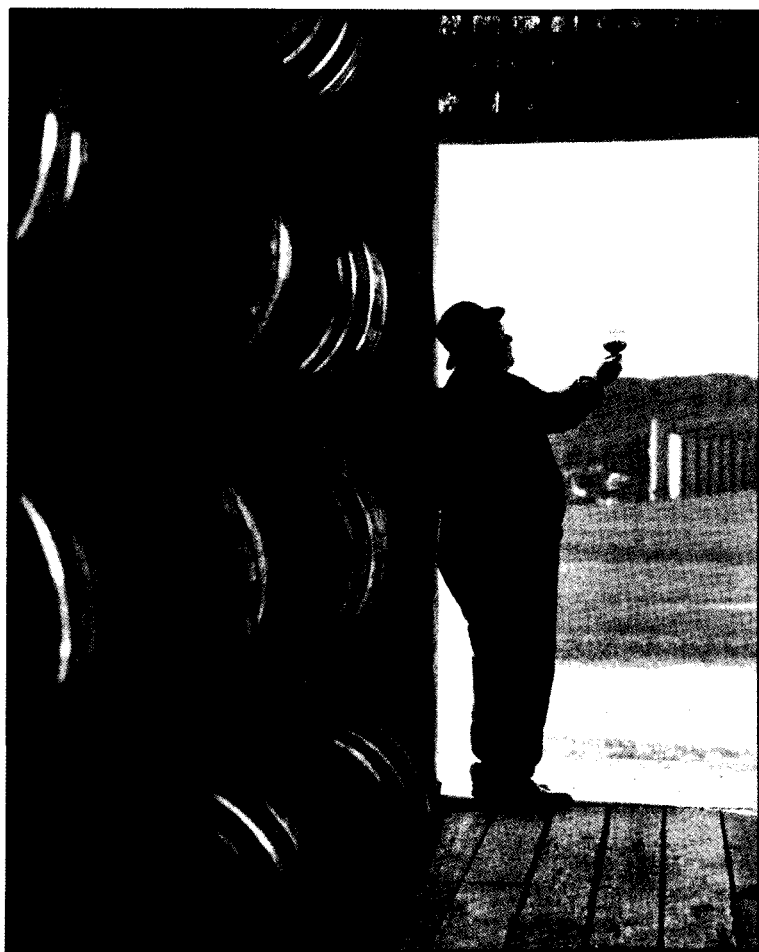
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~ Booker Noe



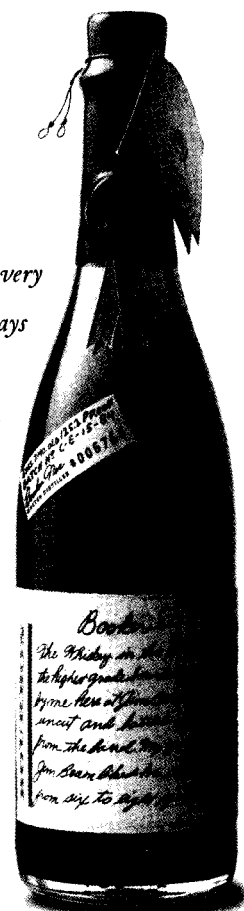
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IN A WAREHOUSE on the grounds of Kentucky’s legendary Jim Beam distillery, there strolls one very contented man. His name is Booker Noe. He is the grandson of Jim Beam “Himself.” And he spends his days making what a lot of people are calling the very best bourbon whiskey there is.

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It’s obviously not a mass-produced whiskey. In fact, each bottle of Booker’s is hand-labeled then hand-sealed with hot wax, after which a tag is hung around its neck indicating its own unique proof and age. The label is written in Booker’s own hand, and, as a final touch each bottle is placed in its own wooden gift box.

Booker clearly takes pride in Booker’s Bourbon. “I just hope you’ll get half as much pleasure from my natural proof whiskey as I do,” he says. “Because I think Booker’s is the best bourbon on earth. Or, considering that the angels always get a share, the best bourbon anywhere.”



Blind men and women often marry sighted people, but 90 percent of deaf people who marry take deaf spouses. When social scientists ask people who are blind or in wheelchairs if they wish they could see or walk, they say yes instantly. Only the deaf answer the equivalent question no. The essence of deafness, they explain, is not the lack of hearing but the community and culture based on ASL. Deaf culture represents not a denial but an affirmation.

Spokespeople for deaf pride present their case as self-evident and commonsensical. Why should anyone expect deaf people to deny their roots when every other cultural group proudly celebrates its traditions and history? Why stigmatize the speakers of a particular language as disabled? "When Gorbachev visited the U.S., he used an interpreter to talk to the President," says Bienvenu, who is one of the directors of an organization called The Bicultural Center. "Was Gorbachev disabled?"

Uneasy Allies

DESPITE THE CLAIMS MADE IN ITS NAME, though, the idea that deafness is akin to ethnicity is hardly straightforward. On the contrary, it is an idea with profound and surprising implications, though these are rarely explored. When the deaf were in the news in 1988, for instance, protesting the choice of a hearing person as president of Gallaudet, the press assumed that the story was about disabled people asserting their rights, and treated it the same as if students at a university for the blind had demanded a blind president.

The first surprise in the cultural view of deafness is that it rejects the assumption that medical treatment means progress and is welcome. Since deafness is not a deprivation, the argument runs, talk of cures and breakthroughs and technological wizardry is both inappropriate and offensive—as if doctors and newspapers joyously announced advances in genetic engineering that might someday make it possible to turn black skin white.

Last fall, for example, *60 Minutes* produced a story on a bright, lively little girl named Caitlin Parton. "We don't remember ever meeting [anyone] who captivated us quite as much as this seven-year-old charmer," it began. Caitlin is deaf, and *60 Minutes* showed how a new device called a cochlear implant had transformed her life. Before surgeons implanted a wire in Caitlin's inner ear and a tiny receiver under her skin, she couldn't hear voices or barking dogs or honking cars. With the implant she can hear ordinary conversation, she can speak almost perfectly, and she is thriving in school. *60 Minutes* presented the story as a welcome break from its usual round of scandal and exposé. Who could resist a delightful child and a happy ending?

Activists in the deaf community were outraged. Implants, they thundered in letters to *60 Minutes*, are "child

abuse" and "pathological" and "genocide." The mildest criticism was that Caitlin's success was a fluke that would tempt parents into entertaining similar but doomed hopes for their own children. "There should have been parades all across America," Caitlin's father lamented months later. "This is a miracle of biblical proportions, making the deaf hear. But we keep hearing what a terrible thing this is, how it's like Zyklon B, how it has to be stopped."

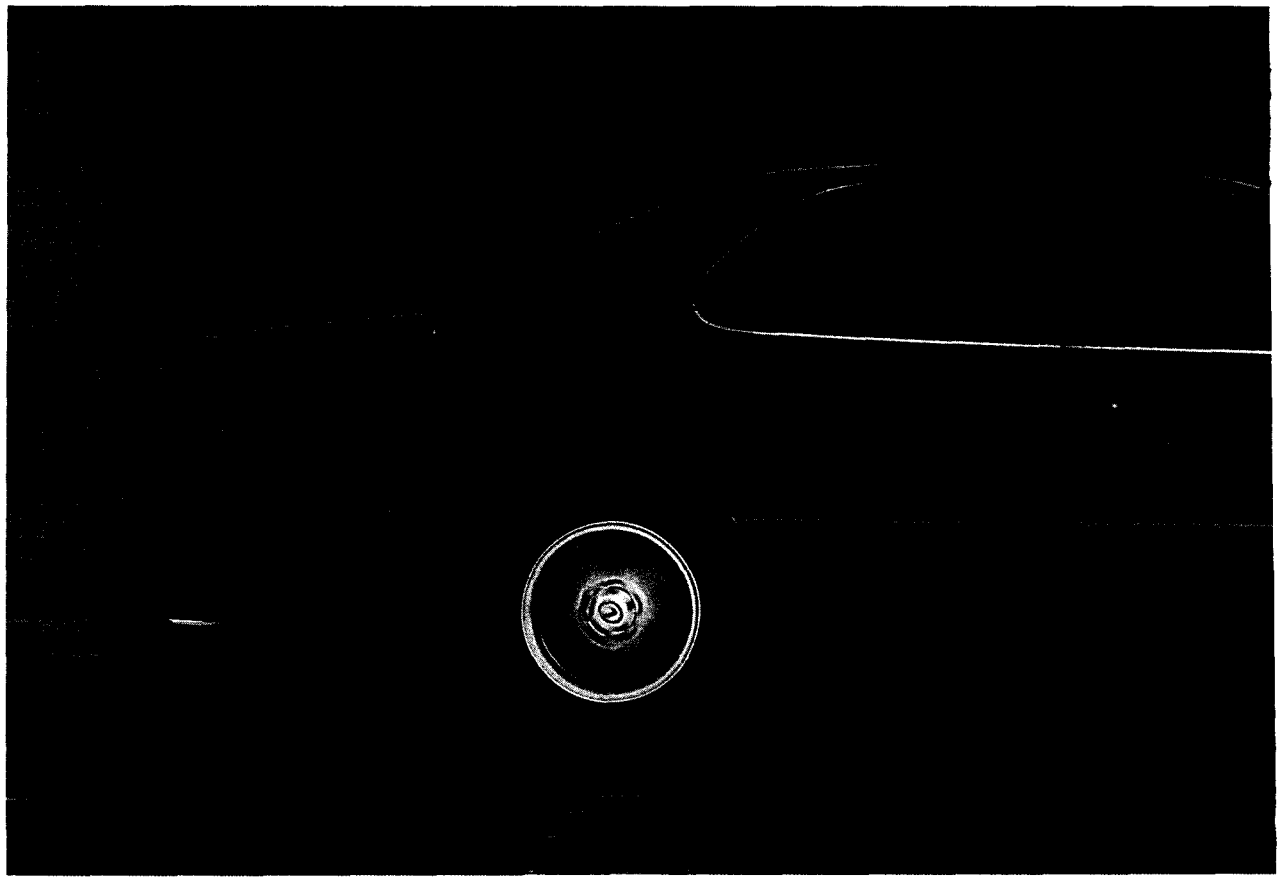
The anger should have been easy to anticipate. The magazine *Deaf Life*, for example, runs a question-and-answer column called "For Hearing People Only." In response to a reader's question well before *60 Minutes* came along, the editors wrote, "An implant is the ultimate invasion of the ear, the ultimate denial of deafness, the ultimate refusal to let deaf children be Deaf. . . . Parents who choose to have their children implanted, are in effect saying, 'I don't respect the Deaf community, and I certainly don't want my child to be part of it. I want him/her to be part of the hearing world, not the Deaf world.'"

The roots of such hostility run far deeper than the specific fear that cochlear implants in children are unproved and risky. More generally, the objection is that from the moment parents suspect their child is deaf, they turn for expert advice to doctors and audiologists and speech therapists rather than to the true experts, deaf people. Harlan Lane points to one survey that found that 86 percent of deaf adults said they would not want a cochlear implant even if it were free. "There are many prostheses from eyeglasses and artificial limbs to cochlear implants," Lane writes. "Can you name another that we insist on for children in flagrant disregard of the advice of adults with the same 'condition'?"

The division between the deaf community and the medical one seems to separate two natural allies. Even more surprising is a second split, between deaf people and advocates for the disabled. In this case, though, the two sides remain uneasy partners, bound as if in a bad marriage. The deaf community knows that whatever its qualms, it cannot afford to cut itself off from the larger, savvier, wealthier disability lobby.

Historically, advocates for every disabled group have directed their fiercest fire at policies that exclude their group. No matter the good intentions, no matter the logistical hurdles, they have insisted, separate is not equal. Thus buildings, buses, classes, must be accessible to all; special accommodations for the disabled are not a satisfactory substitute. All this has become part of conventional wisdom. Today, under the general heading of "mainstreaming," it is enshrined in law and unchallenged as a premise of enlightened thought.

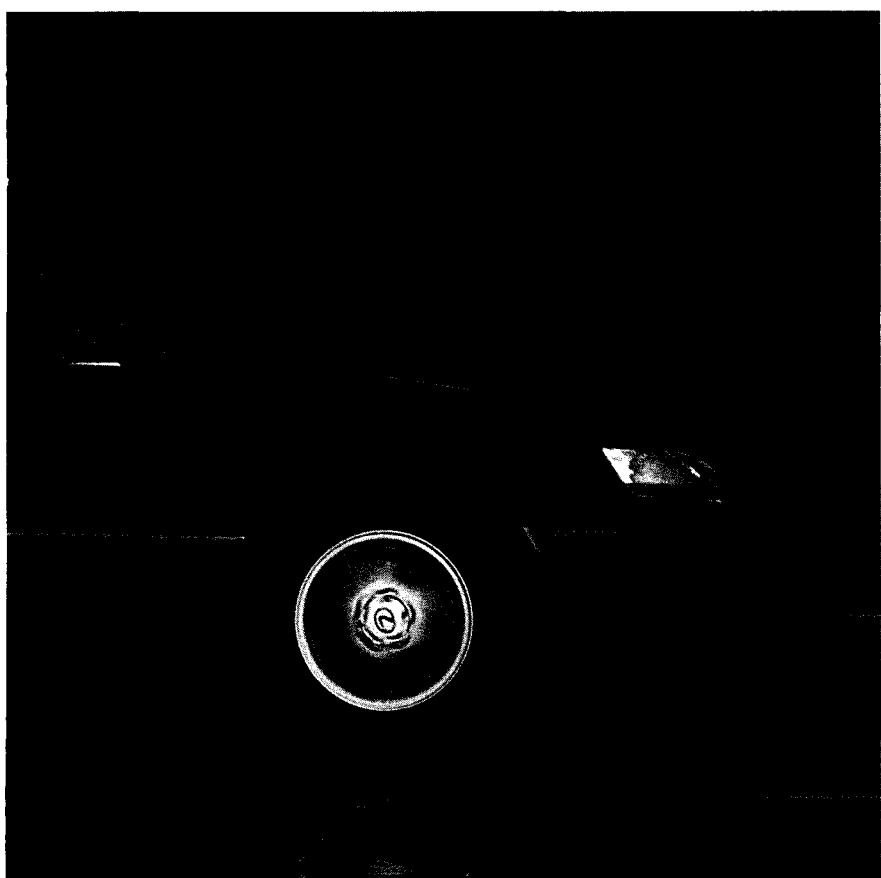
Except among the deaf. Their objection is that even well-meaning attempts to integrate deaf people into hearing society may actually imprison them in a zone of silence. Jostled by a crowd but unable to communicate, they are effectively alone. The problem is especially acute



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engine. Gives us goosebumps just
thinking about it.



The Relentless Pursuit Of Perfection.

in schools, where mainstreaming has led to the decline of residential schools for the disabled and the deaf and the integration of many such students into ordinary public schools. Since deafness is rare, affecting one child in a thousand, deaf students are thinly scattered. As a result, half of all deaf children in public school have either no deaf classmates at all or very few.

"Mainstreaming deaf children in regular public-school programs," the prominent deaf educator Leo Jacobs writes, will produce "a new generation of educational failures" and "frustrated and unfulfilled adults." Another deaf spokesman, Mervin Garretson, is even harsher. The danger of mainstreaming, he contends, is that deaf children could be "educationally, vocationally, and emotionally mutilated."

The Case for ASL

IN HIS BRILLIANT AND POLEMICAL book *The Mask of Benevolence*, Harlan Lane, the chief theoretician of the deaf-culture movement, makes his case seem as clear-cut as a proposition in formal logic. Deaf children are biologically equipped to do everything but hear, he argues; spoken language turns on the ability to hear; therefore spoken language is a poor choice for deaf children. For good measure, Lane throws in a corollary: Since an alternative language, ASL, is both available and easy for the deaf to learn, ASL is a better choice for a first language. QED.

For the parents of a deaf child, though, matters are far from simple. (Lane is childless.) Parents have crucial decisions to make, and they don't have the luxury of time. Children who learn a language late are at a lifelong disadvantage. Deafness is, in one scholar's summary, "a curable, or rather a preventable, form of mental retardation."

Osmond and Deborah Crosby's daughter was born in July of 1988. "Dorothy Jane Crosby," the birth announcement began, "Stanford class of 2009, track, academic all-American, B.S. in pre-astronautics, Cum Laude. 2008 Olympics (decathlon), Miss Florida, Senate hopeful."

"You can chuckle about that announcement," Oz Crosby says now, "but we all have expectations for our kids. That card was a message from my unconscious—these are the kinds of things I'd like to see, that would make me proud, in my child. And the first thing that happened after DJ's deafness

was diagnosed was that I felt that child had died. That's something you hear a lot from parents, and it's that blunt and that real."

Crosby, fifty, is tall and athletic, with blond hair and a small, neat moustache. A timber executive who now lives in the suburbs of Washington, D.C., he is a serious and intelligent man who had scarcely given deafness a thought before it invaded his household. Then he plunged into the deafness literature and began keeping a journal of his own.



He found that every path was pocked with hazards. The course that sounds simplest, keeping the child at home with her parents and teaching her English, can prove fantastically difficult. Even basic communication is a constant challenge. In a memoir called *Deaf Like Me*, a man named Thomas Spradley tells of raising a deaf daughter, Lynn. One Saturday morning shortly after Lynn had begun school, Spradley and his wife, Louise, found her outdoors, waiting for the school bus. Lynn stood at the end of the driveway, scanning the street every few sec-

onds. After half an hour she gave up and came indoors. For weeks Lynn repeated the same futile wait every Saturday and Sunday, until her parents finally managed to convey the concept of "weekday" and "weekend." Words like "car" and "shoes" were easy; abstractions and relationships were not. The Spradleys knew Lynn loved her grandparents, for instance, but they had no idea if she knew who those devoted elderly people were. When Lynn once had to undergo a spinal tap, her parents could not explain what the painful test was for.

As much trouble as Thomas and Louise Spradley had in talking with their daughter, she was just as frustrated in trying to communicate with them. "How do you tell Mommy that you don't like your cereal with that much milk on it?" Spradley writes. "How do you ask Daddy to swing you upside down when all he seems to understand is that you want to be held? How do you tell them that you want to go to other people's houses like [her older brother]? How do you make them understand you want the same kind of Kool-Aid that you had two weeks ago at your cousin's house and just now remembered? How do you say, 'I forgot what I wanted?'"

Making matters more frustrating still, no one seems able to tell parents how successful their child will be in speaking and understanding English. "I'd ask, 'What's the future for us?'" Crosby says, "and they'd say, 'Every deaf child is different.'" Though given to measured, even pedantic, phrasing, Crosby grows angry as he recalls the scene. "It seemed like such a cop-out. I wanted to grab them by the throat and shout, 'Here's the bloody audiogram. How's she going to talk?'"

The truth, Crosby has reluctantly come to concede, is that only a few generalizations are possible. Children who are born deaf or who lose their hearing before learning to speak have a far harder time than those deafened later. Children with a profound hearing loss have a harder time than children with a mild loss. Children who cannot detect high-pitched sounds have problems different from those of children who cannot detect low pitches. Finally, and unaccountably, some deaf children just happen to have an easier time with spoken English than others.

Hence few overall statistics are available. Those few are not encouraging. In one study, for example, teachers of the deaf, evaluating their own pupils, judged the



speech of two thirds of them to be hard to understand or unintelligible. Timothy Jaech, the superintendent of the Wisconsin School for the Deaf, writes, "The vast majority of deaf children will never develop intelligible speech for the general public." Jaech, who is deaf, speaks and reads lips. "To gamble 12 to 15 years of a deaf child's life is almost immoral," he says. "[My sister] and I were among the lucky ones. What of the other 99 percent?"

Still, it is indisputable that many profoundly deaf adults participate fully and successfully in the hearing world, as lawyers and engineers and in dozens of other roles. Do these examples show what parents might expect for their own child? Or are they inspiring but irrelevant tales that have as little bearing on the typical deaf child as Michael Jordan's success has on the future of a ten-year-old dreaming of NBA glory?

The case for ASL has problems of its own. ASL is certainly easier for the deaf child to learn, but what of the rest of the family? How can parents say anything meaningful to their child in a foreign language they have only begun to study? Moreover, many hearing parents point out, even if deaf culture is rich and vital, it is indisputably not the majority culture. Since spoken language is the ticket to the larger world, isn't giving a child ASL as a first language a bit risky?

The choices are agonizing. "I understand now how people choosing a cancer therapy for their child must feel," Crosby says. "You can't afford to be wrong." To illustrate the dilemma, Crosby wrote what he calls a parable:

Suppose that your one-year-old, who has been slow to walk, has just been diagnosed with a rare disorder of the nervous system. The prognosis is for great difficulty in muscular control of the arms and legs due to tremors and impaired nerve pathways. With the help of special braces, physical therapy, and lots of training, she will be able to walk slowly, climb stairs haltingly, and use her hands awkwardly. In general, she will be able to do most of the things other kids do, although not as easily, smoothly, or quickly. Some children respond to this therapy better than others, but all can get around on their legs after a fashion. Even though they will never run or play sports, they will have complete mobility at a deliberate, shuffling pace.

There is an alternative, however. If her legs are amputated right away, the tremors will cease, and the remaining nerve pathways will strengthen. She will be able to use a wheelchair with ease. She can even be a wheelchair athlete, "running" marathons, playing basketball, etc., if she desires. Anywhere a wheelchair can go is readily available to her. There is easy access to a world that is geographically smaller. On the other hand, she can't climb simple stairs, hike trails slowly, or even use public transportation without special assistance.

"Now, Mr. and Mrs. Solomon," Crosby concluded, "which life do *you* choose for your child?"

Cued Speech

CROSBY AND HIS WIFE HAVE CHOSEN A COMPROMISE, a controversial technique called cued speech, in which spoken English is accompanied by hand signals that enable a deaf person to distinguish between words that look alike on the lips. The aim is to remove the guesswork from lip-reading by using eight hand shapes in different positions near the face to indicate that the word being spoken is, say, "bat" rather than "pan."

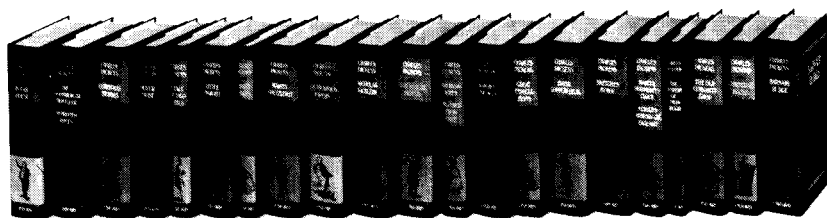
The technique, which is spread by a tiny but zealous group of parents with deaf children, has several advantages. It's easy to learn, for one thing, taking only twenty or so hours of study. A parent who sets out to learn American Sign Language, in contrast, must devote months or years to the project, as he would have to do in order to learn any foreign language. And since cued speech is, essentially, English, parents can bypass the stilted, often useless phrases of the beginning language student. Instead of stumbling over "*la plume de ma tante*," they can talk to their deaf child from the beginning about any subject in the world.

Moreover, because cued speech is simply English transliterated, rather than a new language, nothing has to be lost in translation. A deaf child who learns cued speech learns English, along with its slang and jargon and idioms and jokes, as his native language. "It's a way to embrace English, the language your whole country runs on, instead of trying to pretend it doesn't exist," says Judy Weiss, a woman in Washington, D.C., who has used cued speech with her son since he lost his hearing as a ten-month-old.

This method, which was invented at Gallaudet in 1965–1966, is nonetheless out of favor with the deaf community. It's seen as a slap at ASL and as just a new version of the despised "oralism," in which deaf students were forced for hour upon hour to try to pronounce English words they had never heard. But the proponents of cued speech insist that these objections are political and unfounded. They point to a handful of small studies that conclude that deaf children who learn cued speech read as well as hearing students, and they mention a small group of highly successful deaf students who rely on cuing. Perhaps the most accomplished of all is a Wellesley undergraduate named Stacie Jones. Raised in France by an American mother and a British father, she speaks French and English and is now studying Russian and Spanish.

But the system is no godsend. "The trap I see a lot of cuing families fall into," Crosby says, "is to say, 'Johnny understands everything we say, we understand everything he says, he's getting As at school—what's the problem?' The problem is, Johnny can't talk to someone he meets on the street and Johnny can't order a hamburger at McDonald's."

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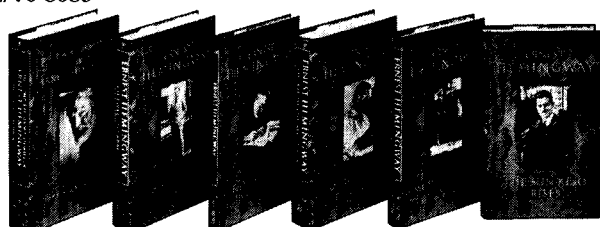
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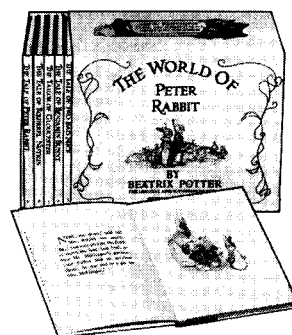
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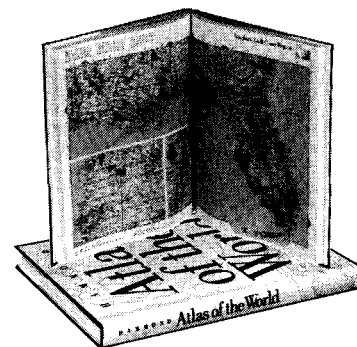
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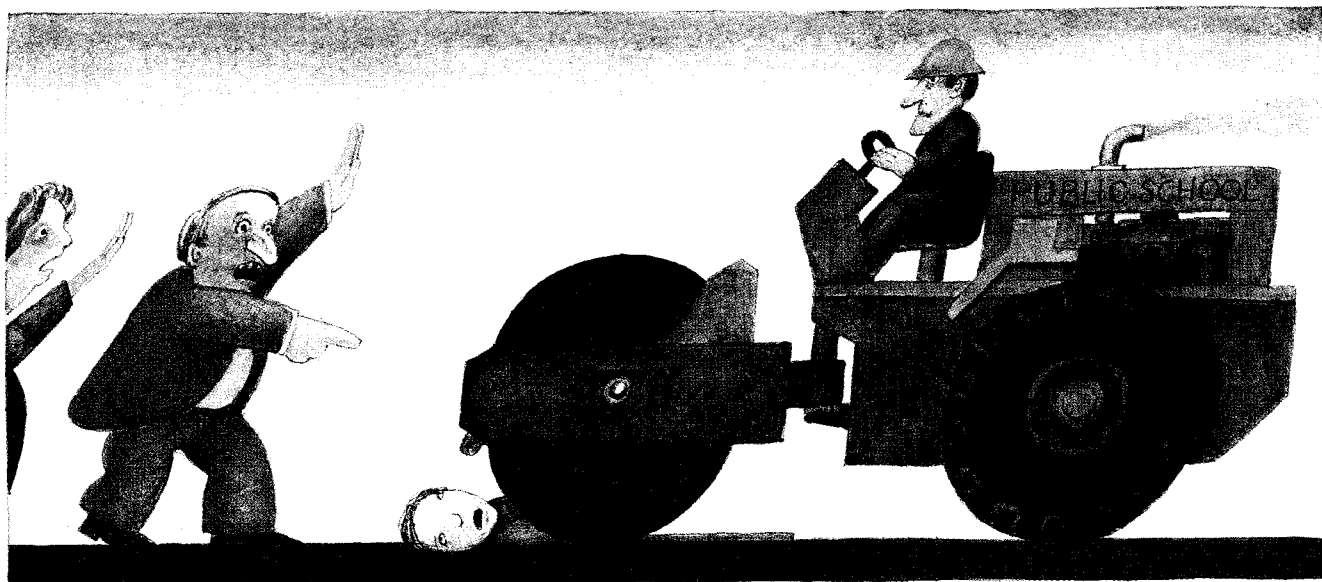
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#011



Total Communication

CUED SPEECH IS USED ONLY IN A RELATIVE HANDFUL of schools. By far the most common method of teaching the deaf today is called "total communication." The idea is that teachers use any and all means of communication with their students—speech, writing, ASL, finger-spelling. Total communication was instituted in the 1970s as a reaction to a century of oralism, in which signing was forbidden and the aim was to teach the deaf child to speak and lip-read.

Oralism still has zealous adherents, but today it is used mainly with hard-of-hearing students and only rarely with deaf ones. Its dominance began with the Congress of Milan, an international meeting of educators in 1880, which affirmed "the incontestable superiority of speech over sign" and voted to banish sign language from deaf education. The ban, notorious to this day among the deaf, was effective. In 1867 every American school for the deaf taught in ASL; by 1907 not a single one did.

When total communication came along, the two rival camps in deaf education accepted it warily. Those who favored English reasoned that at least teachers would be speaking to their students; those who preferred ASL were pleased that teachers would be signing. Today hardly anyone is pleased, and one of the few points of agreement in the present debate is that deaf education is distressingly bad. The Commission on Education of the Deaf, for example, which reported to the President and Congress in 1988, began its account,

"The present status of education for persons who are deaf in the United States is unsatisfactory. Unacceptably so. This is [our] primary and inescapable conclusion."

The explanation for these dreary findings, depending on who is carrying out the analysis, is either that deafness is so debilitating that poor results are inevitable or that something is wrong with current teaching methods. Total communication, its critics contend, is unworkable. No teacher can speak in English and simultaneously sign the

same message in ASL, which has a completely different grammar and word order. "In practice," Harlan Lane writes, "'total communication' merely means that the teacher may accompany his spoken English with some signs from American Sign Language, if he knows a few. While the teacher is speaking, he occasionally 'shouts' a sign—that is, signs a prominent noun or verb if he knows it, in the wrong order and without using the complex grammar of ASL."

Lane and his allies support an approach called bilingual-bicultural. In this new and still rare program (so new that few measures of its success or failure are available) students are taught in ASL and eventually build on that knowledge to learn English as a second language. Since learning to speak is so difficult and time-consuming, the emphasis in English courses is on reading and writing rather than on speaking.

Neither this new approach nor any other single method may prove right for everyone. Take Cheryl Heppner, the director of the Northern Virginia Resource Center. She was deafened by meningitis as a second-grader, long after she had become ex-

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pert in English. Today Heppner is a great admirer of ASL, which she learned as an adult, but she says nonetheless that classes taught in ASL would not have been best for her. "Why should they have stripped English away from me?" she asks. "I already had to learn to cope with deafness."

The objections of many hearing parents to the bilingual scheme are far more strenuous. ASL is not simply a different language, they note, but a language without a written form. Partly as a consequence, deaf culture has a marked anti-book bias. (Lane himself confesses that he is "really frustrated" that so few deaf people have read his eloquent but lengthy accounts of deaf culture.) "If you give your child, as a first language, a language that has no written form," Oz Crosby says, "and if that language on average does not lead to good reading skills, then you're giving that child a life in which she reads at a third- to fifth-grade level. She will be in danger of being exploited, because low-end jobs are all that will be available to her."

Two deep and related fears lie at the heart of the resentment of the bilingual approach. First, many hearing parents suspect that bilingualism is a Trojan horse. Once ASL has been smuggled in, they fear, talk of English as a second language will dry up. Second, and more important, they resent the implication that deaf adults know better than a deaf child's own parents what is best for her.

This is more than parental paranoia. Lane has written, for instance, that "most hearing parents make a botch of having a Deaf child."

Deaf leaders do their best to defuse such fears. "We don't say that hearing parents aren't qualified to make decisions about their deaf children," says Roslyn Rosen, of the National Association of the Deaf. "We say that they need to have contact with deaf people if they're going to make educated decisions. The way the system works now is that the first people the parents see are doctors and audiologists, who see deafness as a pathology. What we need are partnerships between hearing parents and the deaf community, so that parents can meet deaf people who are doing well."

Even deaf adults who don't identify with deaf culture often feel that they have important but untapped expertise on growing up deaf. "There is a strong feeling of community, and deaf people feel ownership of deaf children," Cheryl Heppner says. "I admit it. I feel it too. I really struggle in not wanting to interfere with a parent's right to parent and at the same time dealing with my own feelings and knowing that they have to accept that the child can never be one hundred percent theirs."

Such concessions rouse dark fears in hearing parents. Time and again their talk turns to laments about "giving up" or "losing" or "turning over" their child to the deaf

THE DEATH OF REASON

When the Peep-O-Day Boys were laying fires down in
the hayricks and seed-barns of a darkening Ireland,
the art of portrait-painting reached its height
across the water.
The fire caught.
The flames cracked and the light showed up the scaffold
and the wind carried staves of a ballad.
The flesh-smell of hatred.
And she climbed the stairs.
Nameless composite. Anonymous beauty-bait for the
painter.
Rustling gun-colored silks. To set a seal on Augustan
London.
And sat down.
The easel waits for her
and the age is ready to resemble her and
the small breeze cannot touch that powdered hair.
That elegance.
But I smell fire.
From Antrim to the Boyne the sky is reddening as
the painter tints alizarine crimson with a mite of yellow

mixed once with white and finds out
how difficult it is to make the skin
blush outside the skin.
The flames have crossed the sea.
They are at the lintel. At the door.
At the canvas,
At her mouth.
And the curve and pout
of supple dancing and the couplet rhyming
and the pomander scenting death-rooms and
the cabinet-maker setting his veneers
in honest wood—they are kindling for the flames.
And the dictates of reason and the blended sensibility
of tact and proportion—yes
the eighteenth century ends here
as her hem scorches and the satin
decoration catches fire. She is burning down.
As a house might. As a candle will.
She is ash and tallow. It is over.

—Eavan Boland

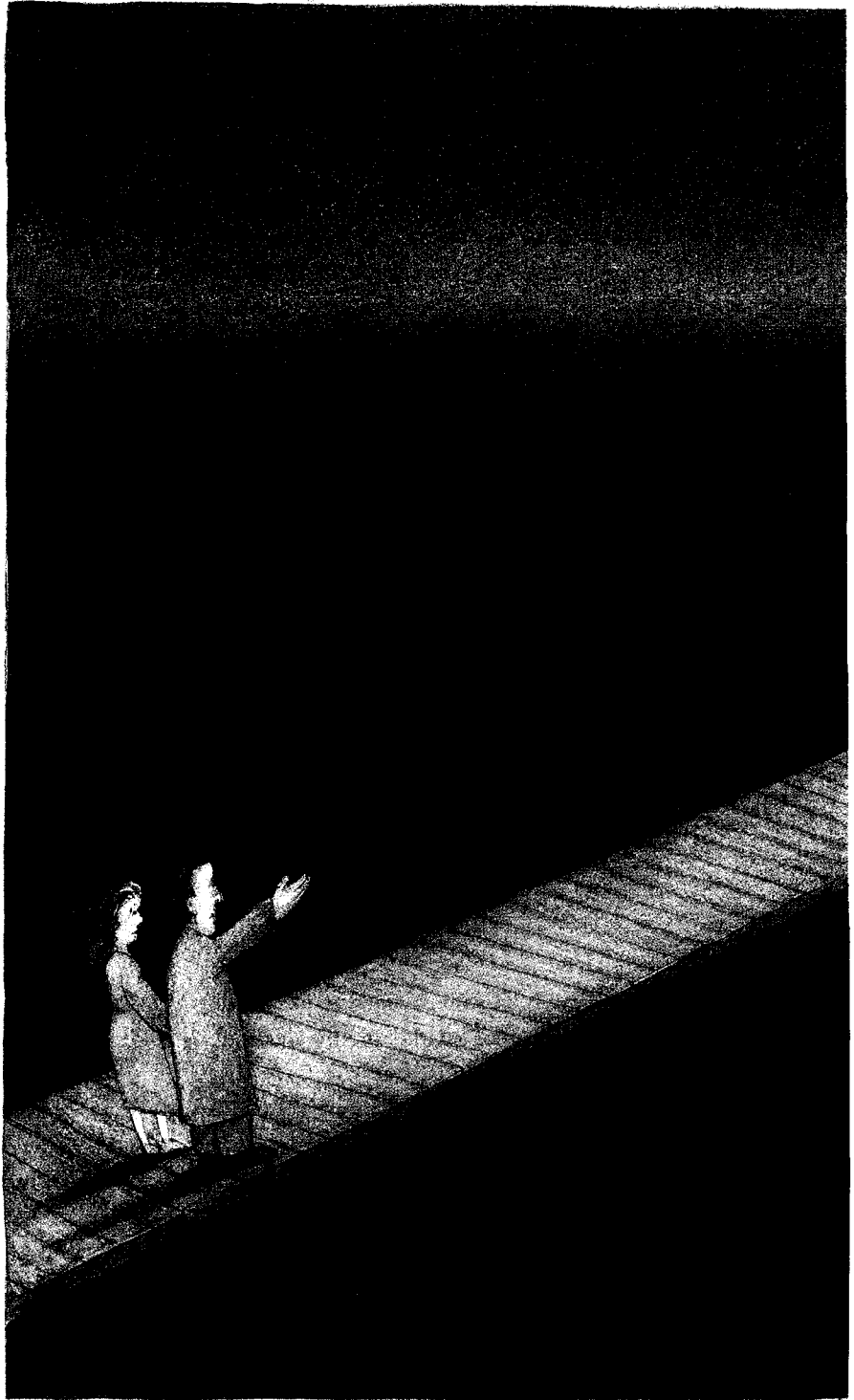
community. Even Oz Crosby, who strives to be open-minded, observes that “sometimes Deaf Culture looks like the Moonies to me: ‘Your child will be happy, just don’t expect to see her anymore, she’s too busy being happy.’”

These fears crystallize around the issue of residential schools for the deaf, which have far different associations for deaf and hearing families. Hearing parents think of residential schools and conjure up the bleakest scenes in Dickens or the angriest images in a Frederick Wiseman documentary, with their child stuck away in a human warehouse. But among the deaf, residential schools have tremendous support. Here deaf children will not “drown in the mainstream,” as Lane puts it, but will instead flourish among their peers. The schools provide a lifesaving chance to escape from isolation into community.

Patrick Graybill, a prominent figure in the deaf community and a former member of the National Theatre of the Deaf, attended a residential school in Kansas starting at age five. His enthusiastic memories of those years are typical. “I was really happy at school,” he says, through an interpreter. “I saw my first plays there, and I knew that’s what I wanted to do when I grew up. There were deaf adults I looked up to, and a good support system.”

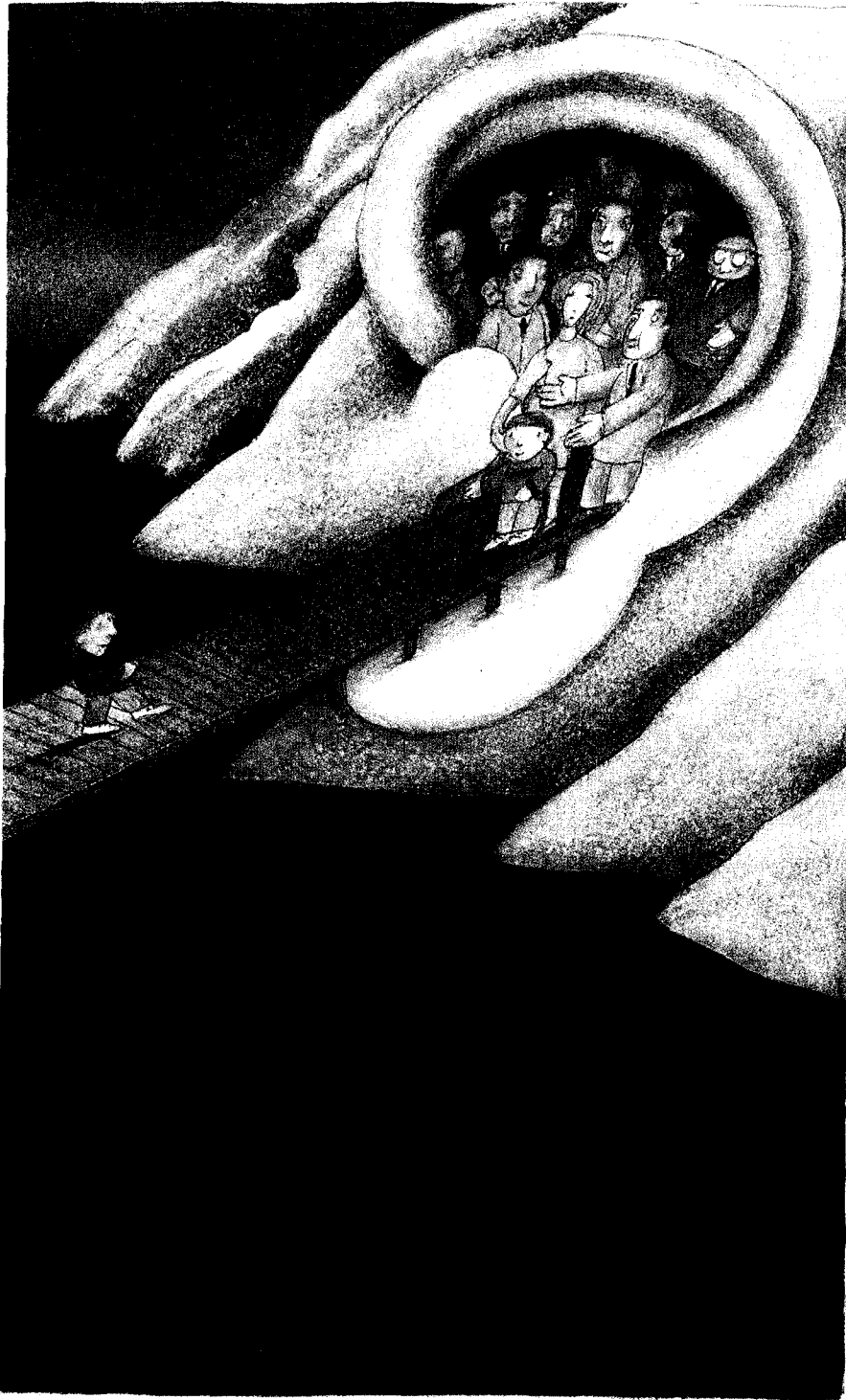
The classes were by no means uniformly excellent. “The emphasis was on English, and we were hit if we were caught talking with our hands. The speech teacher couldn’t sign, and I used to hate having to touch her throat and neck, to learn the sounds to make, and smelling her breath.” But pedagogy wasn’t the point. “ASL was allowed in the dormitories,” Graybill says, “and that’s where we learned Deaf culture. Now I see kids in public schools, and some accept themselves as Deaf people, but others have a problem with it. We knew who we were, but I’m afraid they’ll be lost between two worlds, because they can’t speak well enough to be understood by hearing people and they’re ashamed to use ASL.”

Residential schools play such an important role in deaf culture that when two deaf adults meet, they tell each other not only their names but also the names of the schools they attended. “These schools were the place where their culture was transmitted to them,” Lane says. “If they had hearing parents, they weren’t going to find out how to be deaf in their homes or in the local schools.



This was where it happened, and frequently it’s where they found their spouses, too. The schools are what Israel is to the Jews, the land of a minority without a land.”

THE WORLD OF THE DEAF IS HETEROGENEOUS, AND the fault lines that run through it are twisted and tricky. Now politics has worsened the strains. Frances Parsons, for example, is a much honored Gallaudet professor who, though deaf herself, has denounced “the extremists fanatically hawking ASL and Deafism.”



Such views have brought her hate mail and denunciatory posters and, once, a punch in the neck. Parsons sees her attackers as cultists and propagandists; they call her and her allies traitors and Uncle Toms.

Much of the dispute has to do with who is authentically deaf. Parsons is suspect because she speaks and has hearing parents. To be the deaf child of deaf parents has cachet, because this is as deaf as one can be. (The four student leaders of the 1988 Gallaudet protest were all "deaf of deaf.") To use ASL is "better" than to use a man-

ual language that mimics English grammar and arranges ASL signs in English word order. "Those born deaf deride those who become deaf at six years or twelve years or later," the Gallaudet psychologist Larry Stewart observed last year in a bitter essay titled "Debunking the Bilingual-Bicultural Snow Job in the American Deaf Community." "ASL-users who do not use lip movements scorn those who sign with mouthed English, or, the other way around. Residential school graduates turn up their nose at mainstream graduates, or the reverse. And so it goes; a once cohesive community now splintered apart by ideology."

Still, there is some common ground and even room for optimism. Captioning on television is universally welcomed; so are TTYs, keyboard devices that allow the deaf to use the telephone, provided the person called also has a TTY. In most states phone companies provide a free "relay" service, in which an operator with a TTY serves as a link between a deaf person with a TTY and a hearing person without one.

"Things are getting better," Roslyn Rosen says. "When I check into a hotel, because of the Americans With Disabilities Act, I expect the TV in the room will have captions, there'll be a TTY, the phone and the fire alarm will have flashing lights, and all that. And soon there will be TV-phones, which will be a wonderful boon for people who use sign language."

What's the difference between these technologies, which Rosen welcomes, and such a device as the cochlear implant, which she denounces? "An implant," she says, "alters *me*. The critical point is, it changes me instead of changing the environment. Therefore the problem is seen as belonging to the deaf person, and *that's* a problem."

To an outsider, this sounds a bit forced. Do eyeglasses, say, belong to one moral category and eye surgery to another? A more useful distinction may be between approaches that allow deaf people to participate in the world and those that leave them stranded on the sidelines. "Part of the odyssey I've made," Cheryl Heppner says, "is in realizing that deafness is a disability, but it's a disability that is unique." It is unique in that a deaf person, unaided and independent, can travel wherever he wants, whenever he wants. The question is whether he will be able to communicate with anyone when he gets there. □

We have heard it now from two Administrations, two parties, in a row: yes, the Cold War is over, but the world is more dangerous, because less predictable, than it was while the Cold War was still on. The world is indeed dangerous, the author argues, but not more dangerous to the United States

THE CONCEPTUAL POVERTY OF U.S. FOREIGN POLICY

BY JONATHAN CLARKE



IN CONGRESSIONAL TESTIMONY AND

public statements Secretary of State Warren Christopher has described the Bosnian crisis as a “problem from hell.” His predecessors in office may be forgiven for thinking that he overstates his case. They would grant that the problem would have been more tractable had the Serbs been Communist-inspired Soviet surrogates, and therefore subject to immediate Western retaliation with scant regard paid to the ancient ethnic animosities that give us pause today. But, those predecessors might argue, the

problems they themselves encountered and mastered on their watches—the rebuilding of Europe and Japan, the containment of communism, the removal of Soviet forces from Afghanistan, to name but a few examples from the past generation—were not necessarily any less complex and demanding than those that are now facing the Clinton Administration.

They would further say that their success in these areas did not come by chance but derived from their rigorous efforts to clarify where the American interest lay and then to pursue it vigorously. They would fault the Administration for an inadequate intellectual performance in defining both for itself and for the American people what it is that America stands for in the post-Cold War era.

Curiously, the Clinton Administration, bristling as it is with academic talent, has been content to live hand to mouth on foreign policy, embracing stale concepts from the bygone era of the Cold War. Despite Clinton’s campaign criticism of President George Bush’s lack of vision, and despite promises of “a fresh assessment” of U.S. foreign policy, the President, it seems, either doesn’t comprehend or doesn’t wish to grapple with the fact that in foreign policy he stands at a historic crossroads.

Unlike all his predecessors since the First World War, Bill Clinton does not face the inevitability of armed struggle against a global enemy. Military threats against the United States and its allies are at an all-time low. Compare Bosnia, a country where neither American lives nor American possessions are at stake (and which Clinton has described as his “most difficult foreign-policy problem”), with some of the lethal challenges of the recent past. Against these comparatively happy circumstances abroad, public finances at home are in terminal distress, struggling to satisfy conflicting demands.

To get away from reactive, seat-of-the-pants management of foreign affairs, Clinton badly needs to construct a new concept of America’s place in the world which will allow him to protect the interests and project the values of the United States while simultaneously finding significant savings in those sections of the budget devoted to defense and international discretionary spending. To succeed in this task he will, as Hercule Poirot says, have to exercise his “gray cells.” Otherwise a relentless combination of global events, CNN film crews, and syndicated columnists will imprison him and leave him and his presidency floundering.

The Neo-Cold War Orthodoxy

PROFESSIONAL DIPLOMATS OFTEN SAY THAT TRYING to think strategically about foreign policy is a waste of time. Each and every problem is different, and the best one can hope for is to muddle through—"pasted-together diplomacy," in former Secretary of State Lawrence Eagleburger's colorful phrase. Unfortunately, the Bosnian experience has demonstrated what happens when foreign policy is made on the fly: directionless vacillation between cowboy and wimp. In point of fact, a successful foreign policy requires an intellectual underpinning or mooring in a vision of the country's mission in the world. The lesson from Bosnia is that this is not merely an academic exercise but an important practical necessity. As yet there is no sign that anyone at the top of the Administration is ready to step back from all-night caucusing and take on the calm, deliberative task that would produce the required new strategic concept.

Clinton's foreign-policy team needs a fresh source of energy. To date it has failed to deliver any of the "bold new thinking" of which Christopher improbably spoke at the time of his nomination. (Quite to the contrary, in perhaps the most decisive action thus far of his tenure as Secretary of State, Christopher moved swiftly to silence the one senior State Department official, Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs Peter Tarnoff, who dared to speak, albeit tentatively and off the record, of the need to close the gap between U.S. foreign-policy aspirations and resources.) Instead, what has emerged is a defensive rehash of warmed-over ideas adding up to what might be called "neo-Cold War orthodoxy" or "sole-remaining-superpower syndrome."

The central contention of this traditionalist school is that, a few ritual genuflections in the direction of new

thinking aside, it is business as usual. The United States must remain "activist" in foreign policy and prepared to intervene in any of the world's problems. To this end it must retain a large military and, in the words of Secretary of Defense Les Aspin, the readiness to "fight every day." Advocates of reform who suggest that in today's much improved security environment there is less need for American interventionism, or that military solutions are less applicable to contemporary problems, are stigmatized as isolationists or 1930s-style appeasers.

Proponents of this no-change approach have hardly

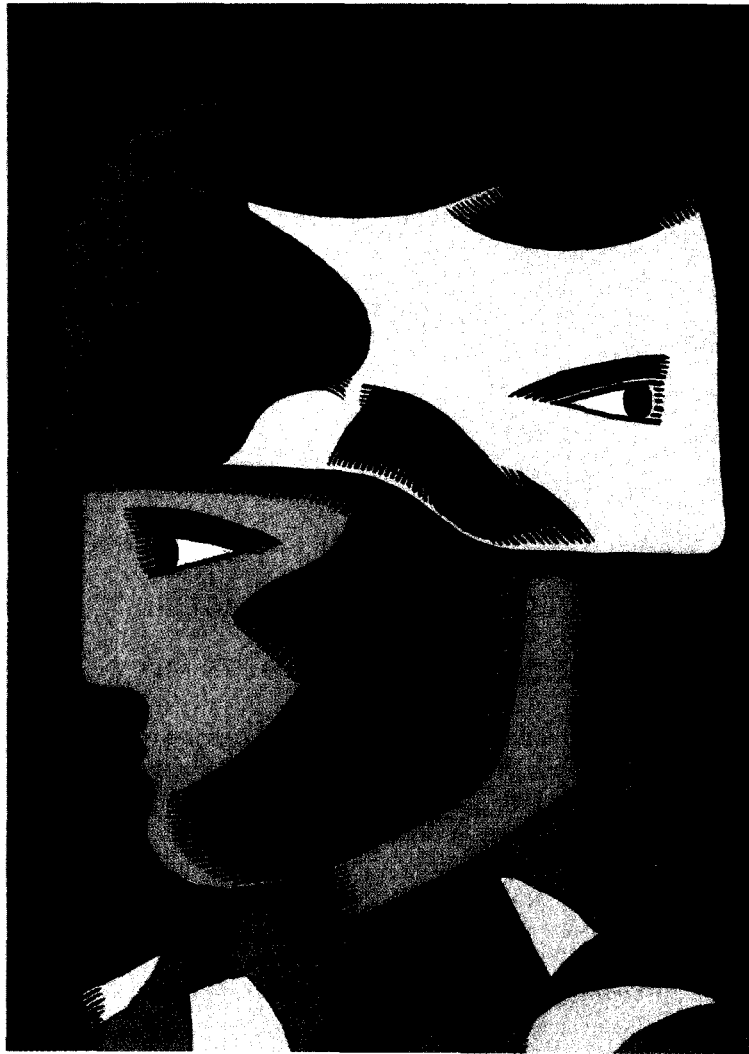
been prolific writers or speakers about the fundamentals underlying their ideas, but the evidence at hand indicates that their views draw on four main theses:

- The end of the Cold War has not reduced the level of international threat. New dangers have replaced the old ones.
- The collapse of the Soviet-American superpower bipolarity has made the world a more unstable and complex place.
- Only the United States has the power to solve the problems of the world.
- The United States has a unique moral responsibility to protect humanitarian values.

These assumptions freeze U.S. foreign policy in a Cold War time warp. If they are accepted and followed, the United States will remain the world's policeman,

military spending will remain high, the peace dividend will be meager, and U.S. diplomacy will too readily reach for military solutions.

Others will ask whether there are not alternative options. So far press and academic commentators, while acknowledging the need for review, have been slow to make the case for a substantively new strategic doctrine. Too many members of the foreign-policy elite have been concerned, in the words of *Foreign Policy* editor Charles William Maynes, to find "a new rationale for its continued relevance in high policy circles," rather than seeing



that the time has come for a fresh intellectual start. Mainstream opinion has coalesced around the view of James Hoge, the editor of *Foreign Affairs*, that the world remains an “unsettling” and “dangerous” place. Luminaries of the Bush foreign-policy team, including Eagleburger and Bush’s national security adviser, Brent Scowcroft, are banding together to advocate maintaining the Cold War establishment. The search for alternatives will therefore have to begin with a critical examination of the claims of the neo-Cold War orthodoxy.

A Discretionary Jungle

THE FIRST THESIS ASSERTS THAT DESPITE THE cessation of the Soviet threat, the United States still faces a hostile world. CIA Director James Woolsey has won the accolade of a cartoon in *The Economist* for his vivid image of the world as a “jungle filled with a bewildering variety of poisonous snakes.” In the same vein Chester A. Crocker, a former assistant secretary of state, has written that “historic changes since 1989 have profoundly destabilized the previously existing or-



THE CENTRAL CONTENTION OF THE PREVAILING TRADITIONALIST SCHOOL IS THAT IT IS BUSINESS AS USUAL. THE UNITED STATES MUST REMAIN “ACTIVIST” IN FOREIGN POLICY AND PREPARED TO INTERVENE IN ANY OF THE WORLD’S PROBLEMS.

der without replacing it with any recognizable or legitimate system. New vacuums are setting off new conflicts. Old problems are being solved, begetting new ones.”

Before going on to look at these new problems, recall the ultimate threat that hung over the United States every day of the Cold War: total national annihilation through the doctrine of “mutual assured destruction.” Now that this threat is, in the words of Senators Sam Nunn and Richard Lugar, “at an all time low,” it requires a major effort of imagination to recollect that twenty-four months ago nuclear submarines roamed the ocean depths, strategic bombers were on twenty-four-hour-alert active duty, and hardened silos were on active maintenance, all to prevent the destruction of the United States in a thermonuclear holocaust.

The secondary threat from the Soviet Union during the Cold War was global opposition to American interests and values. This took the form of both armed aggression and clandestine subversion. In effect the Soviets were standing on the other side of the school yard saying, “We repudiate all that America stands for. We represent a better system, a better way of organizing society. Follow us

—or else.” In the face of this across-the-board challenge, the Cold War arms buildup and the containment policy were an inevitable and logical reaction.

What are the new threats to which the foreign-policy establishment has been drawing our attention so urgently? Nuclear proliferation, anti-democratic movements, Islamic fundamentalism, narcotics, ethnic tumult, international terrorism: these are real problems, real dangers, and should not be underestimated.

Close analysis, however, shows that they share an interesting element: not one carries with it the immediate physical threat of annihilation of the United States which was present every second of the Cold War. There is a discretionary quality about them. A direct Soviet attack on Germany or South Korea would have activated the treaty-defined obligation of a U.S. military response. Today we can pick and choose. The “principals committee” (consisting of the President’s top national-security advisers) can discuss options for weeks, while the Secretary of State can embark on a week-long tour of European capitals to seek allied support. The leisurely six months of unopposed buildup between Desert Shield (August of 1990) and Desert Storm (January of 1991) makes the

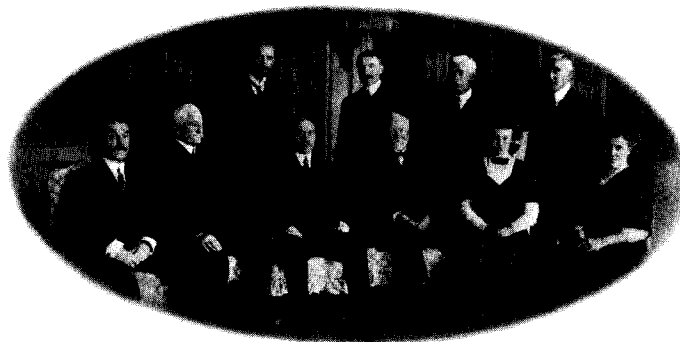
point. This is not to deny the reality of the new threats; it is simply to note that they are of a different quality. Today’s threats do not present a *systemic* challenge to American interests. The very existence of Soviet communism was predicated on global opposition to the United States; today’s world holds no such enemy. The attempts of Charles Krauthammer and other syndicated columnists to construct a new Comintern out of Iranian-inspired Islamic fundamentalism, or of the Harvard professor Samuel Huntington and other academics to detect a new source of global conflict in a form of Bismarckian *Kulturkampf* between “the West and the rest,” collapse under the weight of their internal contradictions.

To be sure, today’s threats are not entirely toothless. The introduction of nuclear weapons to the Korean peninsula, for example, provoking as it might a copycat reaction in Japan and Indonesia, would be of great concern. But this is very different from the situation that prevailed during the Cold War. We now have no adversary who possesses the ballistic missiles, massed armor, and industrial base of the Warsaw Pact countries. The challenge to American interests is tangential or by extension.

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WE'RE ON YOUR SIDE?)

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Today's discretionary problems simply do not carry the same weight as yesterday's life-threatening dangers. To argue that they do undermines the credibility of the traditionalists as architects of U.S. foreign policy for the next century.

In terms of the threat to the United States itself or its allies, the world environment is far more benign today than it was formerly. Contrary to Christopher's assertions, America's foreign-policy agenda is very far from "overflowing with crises and potential disasters." The United States does not face the rise of a dominant, hegemonic power. There is therefore much less threat-based need for the United States to become actively involved in regional conflicts. Management of these can safely be delegated to nations nearer the action, with the United States playing a supporting role.

Belgrade Is Not Munich

THE SECOND THESIS CONCERNS THE CONCEPT of stability or order in a bipolar world and a multipolar one. Implicit in it is a remarkable reinterpretation of history. Foreign-policy experts from the Cold War era, even including such a forward-thinking writer as the former Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger, would have us believe that the Cold War was a period of "unique disciplines" inasmuch as each side recognized the constraints implicit in the other's capacity for massive retaliation.

The theory goes that during this period the superpowers contented themselves with playing, through surrogates, a bloodless and painless version of the "great game" by a mutually agreed set of Marquis of Queensberry rules that imposed limits on the potential spread of conflict. The theorists now argue that the dissolution of the fear of nuclear holocaust "has made the world safe for conventional war," and that such a war, for example in the Balkans or the Caucasus, could ignite conflict across a continent.

This analysis calls upon us to indulge in collective amnesia about the Cold War. Unfortunately, the facts cannot be forgotten so readily. The list is long and unappetizing. The Soviet Union really did try to blockade Berlin and draw Greece behind the Iron Curtain; children really did hide under their desks during the Cuban missile crisis; Soviet tanks really did roll into Prague, Budapest, and Kabul; on Soviet orders, refugees really were shot and allowed to bleed to death under the Berlin Wall; dictatorships in Cuba, Ethiopia, Angola, and Mozambique really did rise on the backs of Soviet-equipped and -trained security services; state sponsors of anti-American terrorism really were fêted in Moscow; the Soviet Union really did bankroll the Communist parties of Western Europe and Latin America. None of this was a dream. To combat all this, the West really did live on the nuclear high wire. And as for conventional war during the Cold War, the his-

tory books burgeon with the records of major conflagrations: Vietnam, Biafra, Chad, the Iran-Iraq war, successive Arab-Israel wars, the India-Pakistan war, Nicaragua, El Salvador, the Indonesian confrontation, the Chinese annexation of Tibet, the ethnic massacres in Sri Lanka, the Turkish invasion of Cyprus.

The hard reality is that the Cold War was a period of sustained global instability, not one of blissful Soviet-American condominium between consenting adult partners. At the global level a change of vast significance has since taken place. The threat of nuclear self-destruction no longer hangs over the world. The disappearance of this threat has removed a huge source of instability. What people find confusing, however, is that at the sub-global or local level the world gives the appearance of being wildly unstable. Across the map more red lights seem to be blinking in such hitherto unfamiliar places as Bosnia, Armenia, Georgia, Abkhazia, Tajikistan, South Ossetia, and the Trans-Dniester Republic, among other trouble spots.

Adherents of the neo-Cold War orthodoxy misinterpret these developments as well, regarding them as denoting a more anarchic world. They seek to present these conflicts as outgrowths of a new chaos that will be deepened if Washington adopts what President Bush called a "passive and aloof" policy. In fact, though their names are exotic, these conflicts are no different in intensity from many others that have disfigured this century and, it is certain, will continue into the next. The end of the Cold War has not ended history. Rather, the breakup of the Soviet empire has stranded many population groups on the wrong side of borders that themselves emerged from the breakup in 1917-1918 of the earlier Hohenzollern, Romanoff, Hapsburg, and Ottoman empires. Sometimes border adjustment will take place without bloodshed (for example, the fusion of East and West Germany and the divorce between the Czech Republic and Slovakia), but, as often as not, conflicts will occur as people attempt to right perceived wrongs or assert ancient irredentist claims.

In assessing how to react to these problems, note that in one crucial respect they are significantly different from their Cold War predecessors. None of them—not even Bosnia or the Hindu-Muslim confrontation in India, each of which has the potential to spill across borders—threatens to become a global crisis of the sort that would necessarily embroil the United States. Strategic rocket forces are not going to move to a higher state of readiness as a result of any of these current disputes. None of them is a forerunner of the emergence of an expansionist hegemonic power, Jefferson's "force . . . wielded by a single hand," the threat of which—be it in Europe, Korea, or Kuwait—has traditionally motivated large-scale American intervention.

Unlike such powers as Napoleonic France and Nazi Germany, Serbia, for example, has no territorial ambi-



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tions beyond the borders of the former Yugoslavia; the Khmer Rouge does not covet the rest of Indochina. It is bad analysis to conflate minor, regionally containable problems with global threats to world peace. That sort of bloated language may belong to UN resolutions; it should find no place in American thinking. Belgrade is not Munich.

Is the World "More Complex"?

THE OTHER ASPECT OF THIS SECOND THESIS IS the claim that the world is a more complex place. Superficially this, too, may appear to be so. For example, instead of one nuclear power, the Soviet Union, the United States now has to deal with four: Russia, Ukraine, Belarus, and Kazakhstan. But the West is not dealing with four separate nuclear-use doctrines. Clearly, the last three former Soviet republics are using their nuclear weapons as bargaining chips in their dealings with the Western financial community. No increase in the complexity of the threat to the United States is implied.

Further, the end of the superpower rivalry has simplified the diplomacy involved in international issues. Whereas once the Middle East peace negotiations, Bosnia, or Iraq would have had to be approached through an infinitely complex minefield of Soviet-American competitiveness, now a broad international collegiality exists. This does not mean that differences of opinion will never arise (they manifestly have done so over Bosnia), but the search for solutions is no longer subordinate to superpower rivalries. The United States is comfortable with Russia's taking a leading role in the matter of Bosnia, whereas once it would have labored mightily to prevent Soviet meddling.

This means that problems can be approached much more on their merits. For example, would Syria have been willing to sit down with Israel had it not seen the collapse of its Cold War sponsor? True enough, the problems themselves remain complex—and now American policymakers have to take account of parliamentary opinion in the former Soviet republics rather than dealing with one monolithic government. In an increasingly interdependent and multilateral world many of the problems are fantastically complicated (the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute has, for example, identified thirty current territorial disputes in the Caucasus region alone), but the passing of the Cold War has stripped away one thick layer of complexity: superpower rivalry is no longer involved. Regarding national security, it is not the case that the world is more complex. Complex, yes—but not more so.

In one respect it is fair to concede that an additional level of complexity exists. This is in the field of analysis. No longer do analysts have the luxury of a single lens through which they can scrutinize the world's problems.

Rather than being one-dimensional in an anti-communist or Soviet-containment context, problems have now become multifaceted and individual. As we have seen in Bosnia, this has brought into the foreground complexities that hitherto would have been little noticed.

But this returns us to the core problem facing the Administration's foreign-policy makers: how to define American interests in a world where there is no longer a monolithic challenge to them but where the Administration is daily called upon to address disparate regional problems of uncertain relevance to American security. To say that the diagnosis is more complex does not mean that the illness is too.

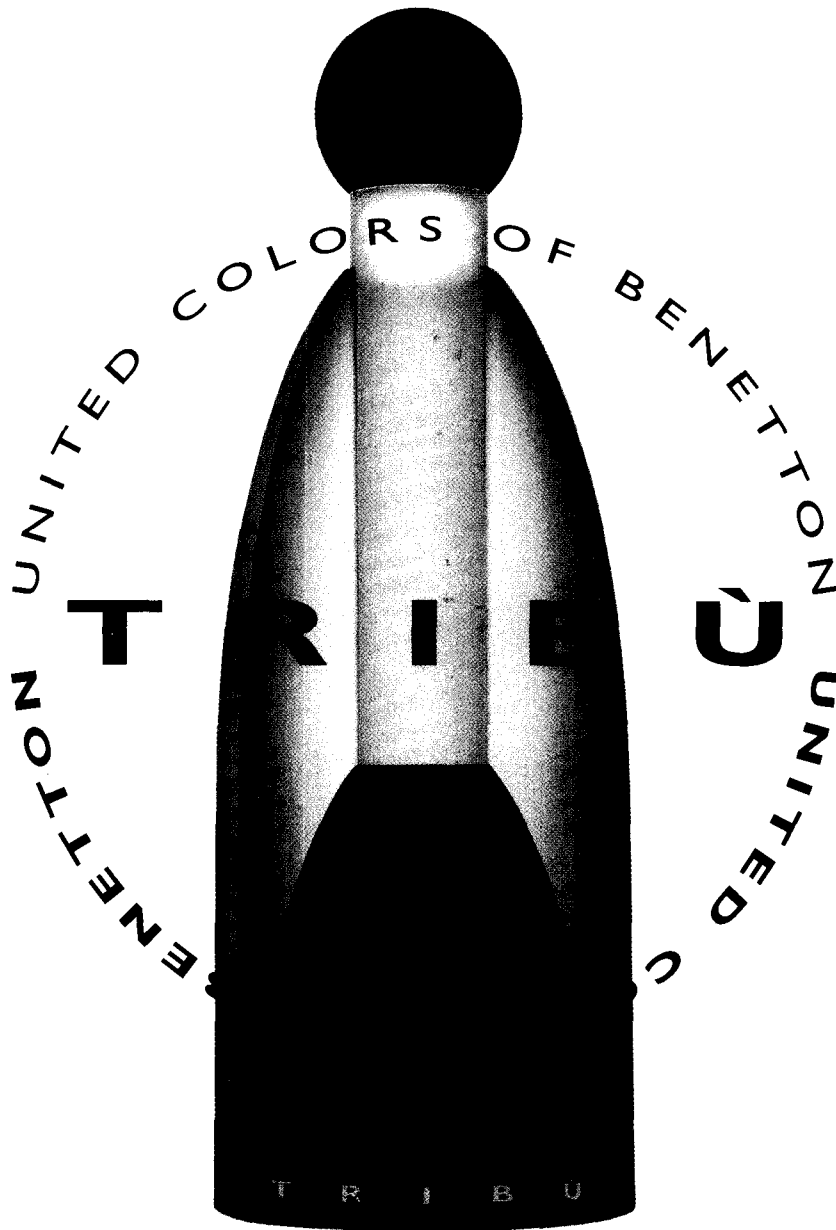
The Sole-Remaining-Superpower Syndrome

THE THIRD AND FOURTH THESES—THAT ONLY the United States has the power to solve the world's problems, and that the United States has a unique moral responsibility to protect humanitarian values—both derive from the sole-remaining-superpower syndrome. Underlying both is the thought that, as George Bush said, "there is no one else." National Security Adviser Anthony Lake has spoken in a similar vein of the United States' "monopoly on power."

This outlook has resulted in an important conceptual error in our status quo foreign policy. It assumes that the mere identification of problems is enough to trigger American involvement. While paying lip service to the view that the United States cannot be the world's policeman, it blithely calls for the United States to prevent Europe from dissolving into "chaos," to offer security guarantees to Ukraine, to interpose American forces in any possible conflict between China and Japan, and to guard the Golan Heights—to name a diverse list of actual or potential commitments that were under discussion in the first six months of this year.

This approach is thorny with difficulties. The most important of these is the implicit assumption that some form of U.S. intervention, most often military, is the best or indeed a viable route toward a solution of the problem under consideration. During the Cold War, when the challenges faced by the United States or its allies were often of a military nature, recourse to arms was often necessary. The Soviets would not have left Afghanistan had not the United States armed the *mujahideen*. Grenada and the Caribbean generally would not be the sleepy, democratic backwater it is today if the United States had not intervened to throw out Bernard Coard and his Communist bully boys.

The world has, however, moved on. Even if for argument's sake one concedes that the United States has vital interests in every corner of the globe, today's problems are still far less susceptible to military solutions than the earlier ones were. The reason for the lack of consensus on





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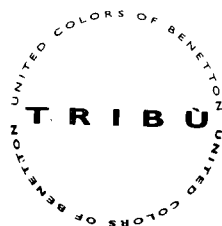
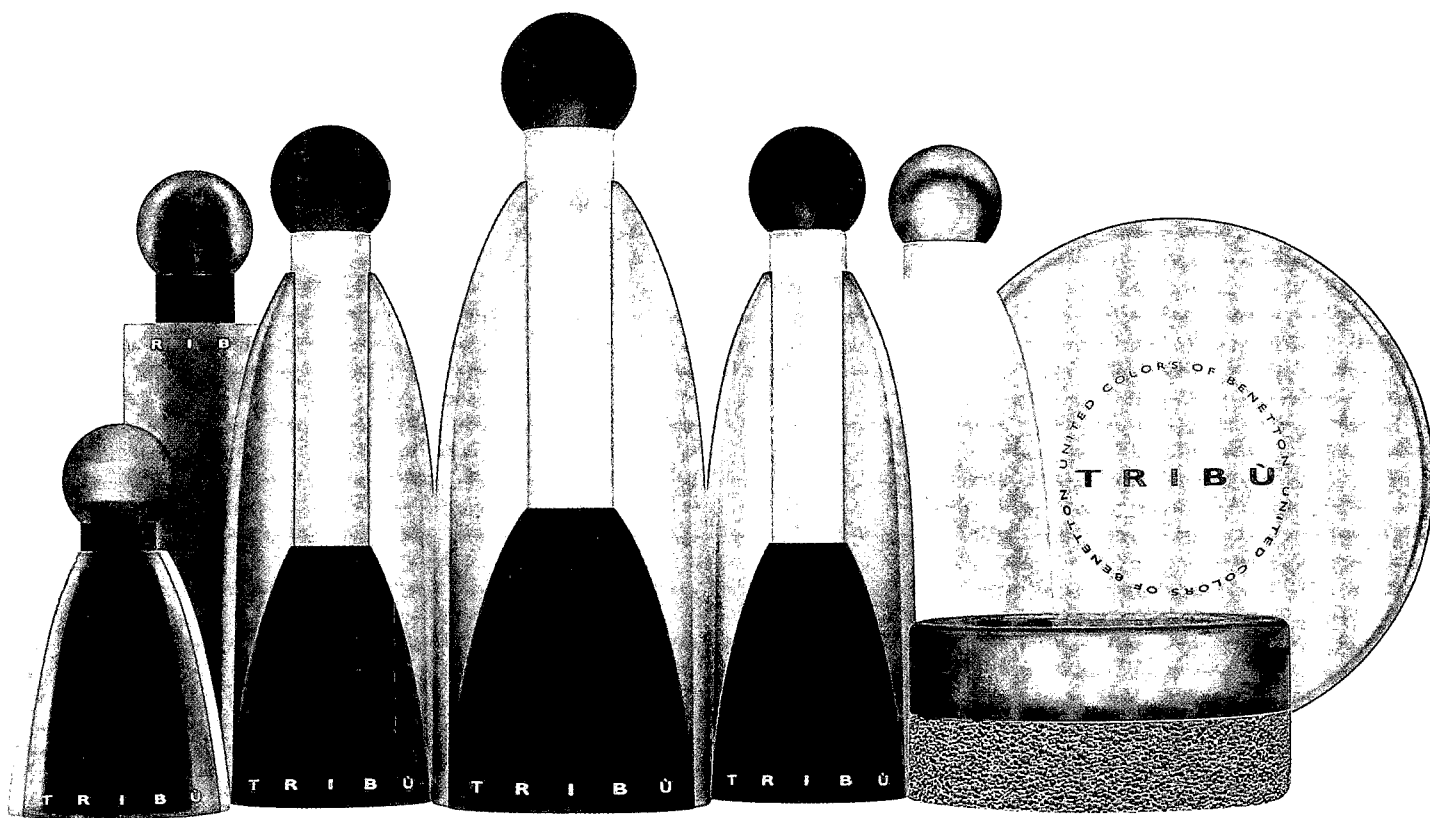
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Bosnia was not that the U.S. military could not do the job of repelling Serbian aggression but that this was only part of the job. We wanted also to persuade Serbs, Croats, and Muslims to live side by side in peace. For this purpose high-level bombing seems as inappropriate across the Atlantic as it would be in Los Angeles in mediating the feuds of the Bloods and the Crips.

American policy analysts who suffer from the sole-remaining-superpower syndrome are not alone in placing too high a value on military might. Brian Urquhart, the former UN undersecretary-general for special political affairs, advocated in *The New York Review of Books* the creation of a UN force to be globally deployed with rules of engagement that, unlike today's, would allow the UN troops to shoot before they were shot at. This sounds fine; it is always tempting to imagine that the man with the badge and the gun can sort things out. The scheme might even have worked in the set-piece confrontations of the Cold War, but the "internal security" character of today's problems—even those, such as Bosnia or Nagorno-Karabakh, that have a pseudo-international format but are in all essentials civil wars—makes the U.S.-marshal approach much less promising. Changing the color of the helmets or relabeling the approach as "assertive multilateralism" will not render the application of military power to civilian problems any more successful. After all, we do not argue that a firepower deficit is what keeps us from solving the problems of our inner cities.

A further example of the inapplicability of the military option may be found in connection with Islamic fundamentalism. Even if one accepts the fanciful proposition that Iranian-driven fundamentalism is the new problematic "ism" of the post-Cold War era, it is extremely doubtful that U.S. military intervention can provide any sort of solution. The West has a dismal track record in un-

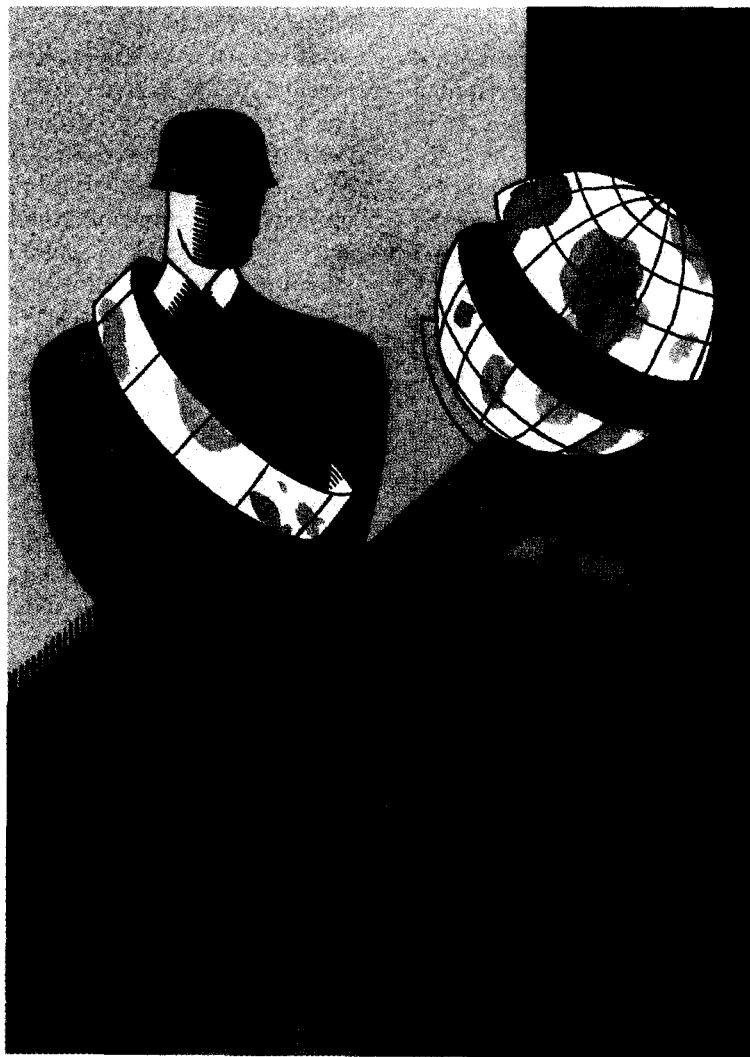
derstanding Islam. Ill-considered Western support for the repressive policies of Shah Reza Pahlavi is in part responsible for the anti-Western virulence of today's regime in Tehran. A policy that offers more of the same in, say, Egypt or Saudi Arabia is courting disaster—all the more so if it risks delivering enormous stocks of state-of-the-art military equipment into the hands of fanatics.

Alas, Martin Indyk, the new director of Near East and South Asian affairs at the National Security Council, is leading policy in this direction. Indyk and, under his tutelage, Christopher even use the Cold War language of "containment" and "balance of power" to characterize the Administration's policy. There are undoubtedly many ugly aspects of Iran. But to base U.S. policy in the region on a partnership with inherently unstable conservative Arab states and to conduct a campaign of Cold War-style military confrontation against Iran is to risk replicating the Ayatollah's revolution throughout the Arab world.

A better alternative to confronting Islam as a potential military threat might be to put more resources into understanding the forces that drive the religion's advance. Perhaps they are not so different from what underlies the revival of Christian fundamentalism in the United States—namely, a search for stable values amid alienation

from the harsh economic realities and materialism of the late twentieth century.

The new problems will place a premium on detailed knowledge. In the 1960s and 1970s the Ford Foundation poured a great deal of money into Chinese studies, and there emerged a generation of students who understood China. This knowledge promises to be of great benefit to relations between the United States and China, which looks to be the potential superpower of the next century. A similar program aimed at understanding Islam promises equal benefits.



More Will Than Wallet

A FURTHER PROBLEM WITH THE STATUS QUO approach is that the sole-remaining-superpower syndrome betrays a curiously old-fashioned mindset deriving from the 1950s, when the United States produced more than 40 percent of world GDP. With the U.S. share now about 20 percent, one does not need to be a believer in Paul Kennedy's theory of "imperial overstretch" to see that the American comparative advantage is not at all what it was. The European Community, for example, now has a larger economy than the United States does. Of course, in the strictly military sphere the United States remains pre-eminent. In a stand-up fight, if the enemy does us the favor of running across an open field and up a hill into our artillery, as in Pickett's charge on the third day at Gettysburg, the United States is more than a match for anyone. But one theme of post-Cold War analysis is that stand-up fights will be few and far between. The radio-controlled land mine and the sniper's rifle will be the weapons of choice. Talk of a monopoly of power fails to take account of something Clinton himself has said: "The currency of national strength in this new era will be denominated not only in ships and tanks and planes, but in diplomas and patents and paychecks."

To accept responsibility for all the world's problems is to ignore the necessity for economic trade-offs. Foreign policy can no longer be formulated in a resource vacuum. In his inaugural address in 1989 President Bush said that America had "more will than wallet." Four years and a trillion dollars of additional debt later, the time has come to align policy aspirations with resource realities.

Defense spending in the United States, as in any other country, is a public-policy choice that has a very direct impact on domestic welfare. It is normally predicated on real or anticipated threats to the *salus populi*, not on open-ended commitments to accept responsibilities that might better fall to others. It is blindingly obvious that if the United States is willing to tax itself to take unpleasant and dangerous action that benefits other nations, regardless of whether they share in the costs, it is in the economic interest of those other nations to prolong that (for them) happy situation as long as possible.

Foreign nations are only too happy to see the United States as the protector of last resort—but too often this becomes the first resort. The willingness of the United States to assume their burdens saves them money, which they can spend on a domestic priority such as raising educational standards, an advantage that comes back to haunt the United States on the trade front. Clinton's statement that "it is time for our friends to bear more of the burden" will have little impact until America's allies see GIs leaving Europe, Japan, and Korea.

An undifferentiated list of the world's problems is not therefore a valid argument for maintaining the status quo

in the foreign-policy and national-security apparatus. A rigorous effort is needed to relate the problems to U.S. interests and resources. Policy analysts have realized this. They know full well that in the absence of the Soviet threat many of the world's conflicts generate little public interest.

To compensate for this, these analysts are reviving that unlamented analytic casualty of the Vietnam War, the domino theory. State Department officials have joined forces with the columnists of *The New York Times* to project a seamless escalation of fighting from Bosnia into Kosovo, Macedonia, and Albania and on into a general Balkan war involving Greece, Turkey, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Romania, with Iranian *mujahideen* thrown in for good measure. All too soon we are back in the Sarajevo of 1914. The fact that the analysts have produced little real evidence that this progression is likely or that American involvement would be helpful rather than prejudicial to a solution has not prevented them from having an effect on policy. Clinton himself spoke of the dangers of a wider Balkan war to support his decision to install American troops in Macedonia.

Just as there are domestic problems that fall outside the purview of the federal government, so there are foreign problems that are better addressed by local or regional entities than by outsiders, who, however pure their motives, may have neither the depth of knowledge nor the commitment to the long haul to solve the problem. Indeed, they may even complicate matters. Somalia is a case in point. What started out as a humanitarian mission to feed the starving all too soon involved bombing sorties by U.S. helicopter gunships, and Madeleine Albright, the U.S. ambassador to the UN, had to defend the killing of Somali children by the very troops who had been dispatched to protect them. This style of "peacemaking" recalls Tacitus' description of the Roman approach in first-century Britain: "*Ubi solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant*"—"Where they make a desert, they call it peace."

Before active U.S. engagement or intervention is justified, a vital next stage, going beyond mere problem identification, is necessary. This is a rigorous demonstration that the problem could usefully be addressed by the U.S. military.

Why Morality Is Not Enough

THE FOURTH THESIS IN SUPPORT OF THE STATUS quo has to do with morality. This appears under many guises, such as humanitarian relief, resistance to genocide, human rights, and support for democracy. It includes new rationales for international activism, such as the ideas of UN Secretary-General Boutros Boutros Ghali on limited sovereignty, which would facilitate outside intervention in the previously sacrosanct area of domestic affairs.

These ideas have great appeal in the United States,

where the proposition that America has a special moral duty to right the wrongs of the world has been a resonant theme ever since Woodrow Wilson, in introducing his Fourteen Points to govern the Armistice settlement of the First World War, consciously repudiated the traditional but, in his view, amoral European and American practices of balance-of-power politics and pursuit of national interest. Whereas John Adams could write in 1783, "There is a Ballance of Power in Europe. Nature has formed it. Practice and Habit have confirmed it, and it must exist forever," and John Quincy Adams in his famous July 4, 1821, address could say of America that "She goes not abroad in search of monsters to destroy," Wilson took the United States into the Great War not to restore the equilibrium of Europe but to "vindicate the principles of peace and justice."

The loss of the Soviet Union as the leitmotif of American interventionism has brought morality to prominence as proponents of the Cold War orthodoxy seek to resist change. The issue for the Clinton Administration is not whether morality belongs in the foreign-policy realm but the practical choices that derive from its presence there. This is not going to be an easy circle to square. Previous Administrations have tried and come up short. Jeane Kirkpatrick's ingenious but specious distinction between different sorts of dictatorships—"ours," who are "authoritarian," and "theirs," who are "totalitarian"—comes to mind.

Alas, unless morality is anchored in some coherent concept of national interest, it is likely to prove an erratic compass. The reasons are familiar: Morality is indivisible. It does not apply selectively. If it is right to support democracy in the former Soviet republics, then it must be wrong to neglect encroachments on it in Algeria and Peru. If we demand that Hong Kong accept Vietnamese boat people, we ourselves must do the same for Haitian ones. If it was our duty to provide succor to Somalia, we should do likewise for Sudan.

Morality demands total commitment. Half measures are not allowed. If we are called upon to counter genocide in Bosnia, we must deliver, even if that means ground troops, casualties, and tremendous expenditures. Morality is also timeless. If on moral grounds Warren Christopher rejects the concept of Muslim safe havens in Bosnia one week, he cannot credibly or logically withdraw his objection a month later.

Advocates of placing morality at the center of foreign policy dismiss these issues as irrelevant to anything except a "petty consistency." They assert that, in the manner of a hospital emergency room, it is possible to perform triage on international problems and come up with a list of priorities. This, of course, goes to the crux of the question, Where do morality and practicality meet? Morality, as a long-standing motivator in U.S. foreign policy, will necessarily point the way to areas where American values and public opinion demand activity. This is as it should be. But two things are clear:

First, triage can take place only on the basis of American national interest. If the civil war in Bosnia attracts our interest while that in Angola does not, this cannot be because killing is less morally repugnant in Africa than in Europe. It must be because the United States has a greater national-interest stake in Bosnia than in Angola. Of course, this dilutes the moral message. It is well to bear in mind Churchill's words: "The Sermon on the Mount is the last word in Christian ethics. . . . Still, it is not on those terms that Ministers assume their responsibilities of guiding states."

Second, as discussed above in connection with military intervention, even if morality appears to make an overwhelming case for activism, it must still be balanced by considerations of effectiveness. Where is the morality if U.S. arms supplied to the Bosnian Muslims do no more than, in the words of the British Foreign Secretary, Douglas Hurd, "greatly increase the killing and the length of the war"? How are American values enhanced if, in support of human rights, trade sanctions are applied against China which bring political liberalization to a halt, snuff out the fledgling democratic movement in Hong Kong, and ultimately strengthen the Communist old guard's grip on power?

The Limits of Force

THE CENTRAL ERROR THE TRADITIONALISTS make is to try to freeze in place the traditional politico-military approach to international problem-solving. According to this approach, although political means come first, military force is never far behind. For the reasons given above, the passing of the Cold War has rendered this thinking obsolete. The United States will be making a critical mistake if, as Albright is urging, it gives this old approach a new lease on life under UN auspices.

The major consequence of the persistence of this thinking will be to saddle the United States with continued excessive military costs. Although the defense establishment would have us believe that costs have been cut to the bone and that, in the words of Admiral Frank Kelso, the chief of naval operations, the military is "on the ragged edge of readiness," the reality is otherwise. Despite promised reductions in spending, the military budget will still consume more than \$1.3 *trillion* over the next five years, and a further \$150 billion will go for intelligence. It will take until 1998, nearly ten years after the Berlin Wall came down, before spending in terms of constant dollars returns to the levels of the late 1950s and mid-1970s. This is more than 150 percent of the combined expenditures of all the other members of NATO; in 1991 the United States spent \$850 more per capita on defense than Japan. Our NATO allies are more than matching the U.S. defense reductions. Something is out of balance here.

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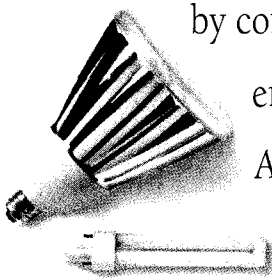
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Since units in the U.S. military have multiple tasks, it is not easy to match lines in the budget with possible scenarios. Forces in Europe, for example, can also be deployed to the Middle East. However, a generally accepted rule of thumb during the Cold War was that some 50 percent of defense expenditures was intended to deter Soviet advances in Europe. This threat has disappeared once and for all. But instead of accepting the logic of the situation, the neo-Cold War orthodoxy cleaves to its image of an unstable world bristling with new dangers and threats that only the United States is able to resist.

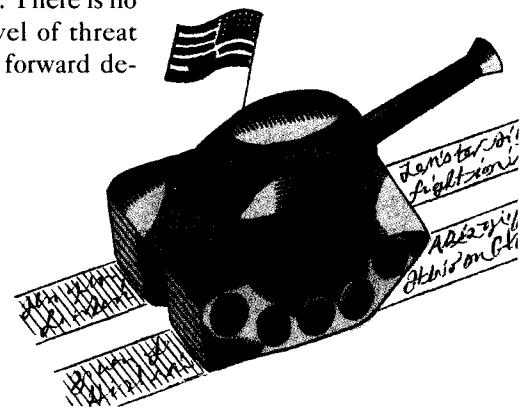
During the election campaign Clinton rightly decried those who wish to raid the foreign-aid and defense budgets for the sake of "domestic wish lists." It is axiomatic that security is a first charge on resources: if the nation is endangered, money must be found. But the obverse is also true. To sustain a bloated budget on the basis of an outmoded and flawed doctrine (not to mention some downright incredible scenarios, including opposing a Russian invasion of the Baltic states, penned by the Pentagon's more imaginative scribes) is equally unpatriotic.

If nothing else, Bosnia has shown the limits, both military and political, of power in the post-Cold War era. By

looking for fresh sources of provender will be disappointed. Today's wars (Bosnia, Angola, Armenia-Azerbaijan, the anti-narcotics battle, among others) and today's problems (ethnic upheaval, religious intolerance, terrorism, economic imbalances, fragile democracies) do not provide the all-encompassing challenge that was inherent in totalitarian fascism and communism. The era of the crusader has passed away. The holy places are no longer in the hands of infidels. At the end of the twelfth century the warrior king Richard the Lion Heart faced a similar letdown. On his return to England, having performed dazzling feats of arms outside Jerusalem, he found the tasks of peacetime governance prosaic and unfulfilling. Preferring to search for military glory in France, he neglected his royal duties. The kingdom he bequeathed to his successor soon dissolved among the fractious baronies.

So it is today. With American ideas and values commanding unparalleled acceptance, there is simply less need for the United States to guard the frontiers against the forces of darkness. There is no evil empire. The level of threat does not call for the forward de-

TODAY'S THREATS DO NOT PRESENT A SYSTEMIC CHALLENGE TO AMERICAN INTERESTS. WE NOW HAVE NO ADVERSARY WHO POSSESSES THE BALLISTIC MISSILES, MASSED ARMOR, AND INDUSTRIAL BASE OF THE WARSAW PACT COUNTRIES.



ignoring this lesson and failing to order a *de novo* review of the resources devoted to foreign policy—something from which our European allies have not shied despite their much closer proximity to the zone of instability—the traditionalists are robbing the nation of a unique opportunity to make healthy, safe, and much-needed adjustments to America's role in the world. The reductions in foreign-policy spending that have taken place or are planned are real indeed but, compared with the opportunity, do not go far enough. It is not too much to look for reductions in intelligence and defense spending of 50 percent or more.

Toward a New Strategy

WHERE DOES THIS ANALYSIS LEAD ON THE more creative side of the equation? What are the implications for practical policy formation?

The first priority must be to adjust expectations to reality. Foreign policy is no longer where the action is. Those used to the daily red meat of the Cold War and

ployment of heavy-infantry divisions, which are, in any case, ill equipped to answer the more subtle questions posed by the contemporary world. Furthermore, problems at home cast an ever-lengthening shadow.

As a consequence, U.S. policymakers need to accustom domestic and international public opinion to the idea that U.S. intervention is no longer either sound policy or a first-resort option. Instead, the United States will adopt a "cooperative security" approach, in which leadership will not necessarily be in U.S. hands and responsibility will be devolved down the line to the parties or regional organizations most directly concerned.

This doctrine needs to be articulated clearly and publicly. Present policy, which asserts the leadership of the United States, as Christopher did repeatedly in repudiating Tarnoff, but which the Administration's actions cause foreign nations to suspect is weakly founded, produces two negative results: it stunts the growth of regional organizations—for example, the fledgling European Community "Eurocorps"—and thereby delays the day when they might be able to exercise real responsibility; and it saps American credibility, causing both potential

aggressors and potential victims to behave unreliably.

Second, the United States needs to focus on fundamentals, not symptoms, around the world. This means paying more attention to economics. The success, for example, of the democratic experiment in Russia and elsewhere in Eastern Europe depends not on politico-military artifices such as the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe and the North Atlantic Cooperation Council (modestly useful though these organizations are) but on whether people are able to put bread on the table. The essential kind of support is thus less glamorous than shipping Stinger missiles over the Khyber Pass, but the consequences of failure in terms of a relapse into authoritarianism are just as great.

Islamic fundamentalism, terrorism, nuclear proliferation, ethnic and religious conflict, all fish in the pond of economic disequilibrium. In Egypt fundamentalism is propagating itself primarily among the poor and dispossessed, who reach out to religion to make sense of their blighted lives. Infiltrators from Tehran may exploit this sense of deprivation—but to focus exclusively on them, as President Hosni Mubarak would have us do in his quest for aid and arms, is to treat the symptom, not the disease. In Peru an indigenous terrorist movement is taking advantage of a population alienated from the political process. Ukraine flaunts its nuclear weapons partly out of resentment over inattention from the G7 aid donors. In India chronic economic underperformance prompts Hindus to seek scapegoats in the Muslim population.

Without a successful world economy, none of these problems is soluble. Unfortunately, no agreement exists about the best path along which to ascend to general prosperity. There are as many views as there are economists. This is not the place to adjudicate their views—that must await a separate study. All that needs to be said in the foreign-policy context is that economic decisions have assumed a greater-than-ever geostrategic importance, and must be coordinated at the highest level. To take a small example, an obvious bureaucratic disconnect exists in a policy whereby with one hand the Administration dispatches ground troops to shore up Macedonia's security while with the other, at the behest of the textile industry, it applies trade sanctions that imperil that country's viability.

Third, the concept of American interests must be returned to the heart of the foreign-policy decision-making process. Reformists and conservatives can probably agree that the only sustainable basis for placing American forces in harm's way is that American national interests are at stake. There will be dispute about what these interests are. One man's genocide is another man's quagmire. In a forest of conflicting claims and counterclaims, national in-

terests will provide a sure compass. Once again, this demands a rigorous intellectual process and will involve the jettisoning of much Cold War baggage. Where once American interests seemed under global threat and public opinion stood ready to pay the necessary price in lives and treasure, today direct threats to the United States are few indeed.

Fourth, no U.S. foreign policy can stray far from American values. But any attempt by the United States to impose its interpretation of human rights on foreign countries is likely to be fruitless. Instead, the United States should put the world on notice that the degree of cooperation between itself and foreign countries will depend crucially on their observance of normally accepted humanitarian values.

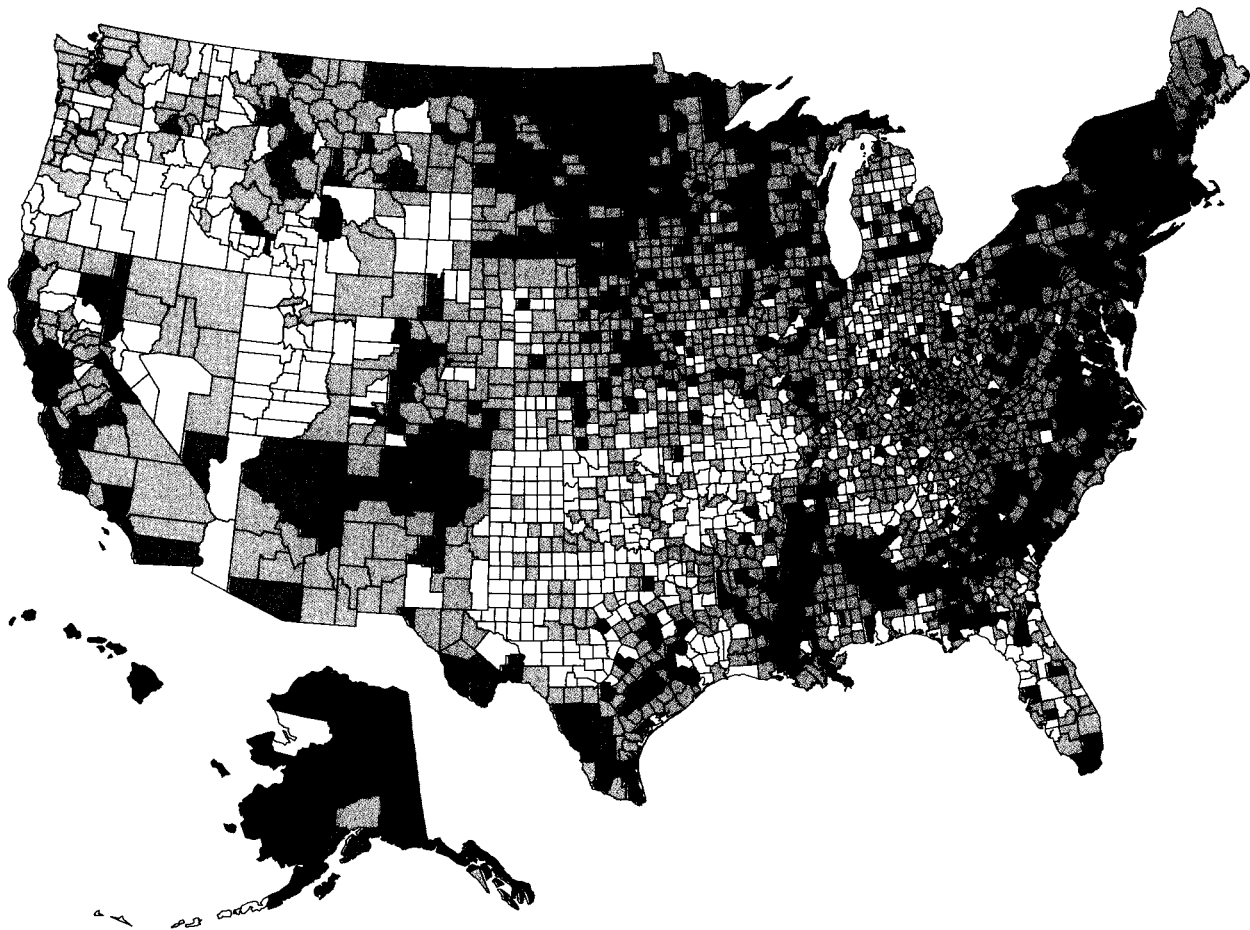
Cooperative security, the cold logic of national interest, and economics may taste like thin gruel, even if seasoned with human rights. These themes do not “stiffen the sinews” or “summon up the blood.” But that is the nature of today's foreign policy. It is better to recognize this fact than to base policy on a windy rhetoric that makes unredeemable promises.

Consolation for the absence of stirring inspiration may be found in the good policy decisions that flow from these guidelines. For example, nonintervention in Bosnia would have been the obvious option from the start. If it had been clear that we were not going to intervene, this might have prompted the belligerent parties into dealing more realistically with one another, or goaded the Europeans into earlier, more decisive action. The economic theme would invigorate policy toward the lands of the former Soviet empire and assuage some of the fears about religious extremism. Concern for human rights would signal to a transgressor like China that so long as its violations continue, it will face yearly battles to retain its access to American investment and markets.

Before his inauguration in 1913, President-elect Woodrow Wilson told his friends, “It would be an irony of fate if my administration had to deal chiefly with foreign affairs.” There is little doubt that President Clinton would echo this sentiment. But as Bosnia, Somalia, and Russia show, there is no escape. To enable him to bring stability and consistency to this aspect of his job, the President needs a new strategic model. At present he is receiving backward-looking advice that, because it fails to take account of the dramatic changes in the world and the deterioration of domestic finances, opens a gap between rhetoric and performance. This damages American credibility. The nation is entitled to something better. The President should have the courage of his convictions and demand the real changes that he was elected to bring about. □

AT LAST COUNT

THE NEVER-MARRIED



ABOUT NINE million Americans aged thirty-five or older have never married, and every year the number grows. To some extent the trend is a function of the increasing numbers of college-educated people, who traditionally marry later than other Americans and are more likely never to marry at all. The high proportion of never-marrieds in New York State, southern New England, and the larger West Coast cities in part reflects the high concentration of college graduates in those areas.

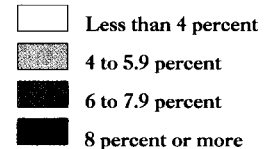
The places with the highest proportion of never-married people—22 percent or more of all people over thirty-four—are Boston, New York City, the District of Columbia, and San Francisco. There the ranks of the never-married are augmented by large numbers of gays and lesbians and also of blacks. About 16 percent of blacks over thirty-four have never married, as against seven percent of whites. The low marriage rate for blacks has much to do with the high rates of mortality and incarceration among black men—making for an unbalanced ratio of black men to black women. These factors also contribute to the high

proportion of never-marrieds in the Mississippi Delta and the Southeast.

As for the clusters of never-marrieds in the upper North Central states, marriage prospects for men there have been diminished by the flight of women to metropolitan areas—giving demographic resonance to Garrison Keillor's gibes about the "Norwegian bachelor farmers" of Lake Wobegon, Minnesota. Marriage rates are similarly low in Alaska, as they have been since the influx of male oil-field workers in the 1960s. A similar pattern exists in the oil fields of southern Texas.

Northern Texas, however, contains counties with some of the lowest percentages of never-marrieds in the nation. That portion of the state is entrenched in a large region populated by conservative churchgoers who rarely defer marriage beyond their twenties. —Rodger Doyle

Percentage of people over 34 who have never married



Source: U.S. Bureau of the Census

"...it must have been about 15 years ago...and Frank, that was my husband, sat down with one of those brokers at PaineWebber.

I remember Frank saying he felt safe dealing with that company because they were real stable. He never took money business lightly.

Anyway, I know the broker kept asking Frank a lot of questions. All kinds of things. About benefit plans at work, the kids, our taxes. And a lot of things about me.

All those questions! I wasn't sure if that young man wasn't just getting kind of nose-y.

Well, what came of it was they set up this annuity in case anything ever happened to Frank.

I'm doing just fine now, but I'm not so sure I would be if that PaineWebber broker hadn't thought about things and asked."

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A Short Story



Peeling

by John Sayles

"MUDBUGS COMING!" BIG ANTOINE CALLS, LIKE he always does when he dumps them onto the table. Little Antoine, his father, used to have to step on a box to do it; Big handles a twenty-gallon can like it was a slop bucket. Big sweats a lot, even more since he took over the place, and he tries to be courtly.

"Good to see you ladies working so nice," he'll say, hurrying through, wiping his face with the towel he carries around his neck. "Ya'll looking exceptional today."

They don't look up unless it's something special. Even when he dumps, crawfish spilling out red and steaming onto the shiny steel table, a new hill of legs and feelers and black-bead eyes, the women keep their faces in it, peeling. Big Antoine always has two cans on the fire. The one with

the corn and onions and potatoes mixed in the boil is for the straight-up orders—two pounds or five on a round metal tray, "peel em yourself." In the other can the women put tail meat for the bisque and the gumbo and the *étouffée* and the po-boys.

*Mostly they work in
silence, but when they speak,
their talk is like rain
held too long in heavy clouds*

"Tour bus just come up," Antoine says, shaking the can out. "Gonna keep you ladies busy."

It is Ophelia and Vinie and the new girl, LaTonya, and Ly and Jasmine and Pearl around the table, Vinie and Jasmine at opposite corners. They reach in and sweep a new little pile from the mound in the center.

"*Écrevisse, exercice*," says Ophelia, who still speaks French at home and likes to rhyme.

"Man make me hot, the way he sweat," Jasmine says.

"Ought to lose him some blubber."

"Nuh-uh." Jasmine raises her eyebrows the way she does when informing them of the latest scientific findings. "Man carry that much weight into his age, worst thing he can do is lose it. Like a drinkin man, past a certain point goin dry will just *kill* you."

"It depend on what the fat is *made* of," Pearl says. "Cajun man like Antoine, it's all butter fat. Everything they make is one stick of butter this, two stick of butter that. He want to lose weight, all it is he got to leave out that butter. It just melt away off his hips. But you take a man like Clarence Toussaint—"

"Butcher-man Clarence?"

"That's him. That man is *wide* and he's *solid*. Boys he grow up with call him Mudslide, cause he open his belt this big black belly come rumblin out—"

"*Mudslide*—"

"—and that is solid pork-chop fat. Man could run the marathon race every morning, eat on bean sprouts and water like them fashion ladies do, but that fat is goin nowhere."

"*Et qu'est-ce que c'est cela?* What this hangin over your chair?" Ophelia says, and the others giggle. Pearl is big, big and thick-armed and strong-coffee-colored.

"Beignets," she says, taking no offense. "Which is mostly lard. Got a serious liking for beignets."

"It's not the lard that kills you, it's the sugar," Jasmine says. "You breathe that powdered sugar down your lungs, choke you right to death."

"It's no lie."

The conversation dies there and they are quiet awhile, peeling. Wet tearing sounds, tossing the meat to one side and the carcass to the other. They don't have a radio because Big Antoine says it interferes with his *Greatest Cajun Hits* tape, which they hear playing for the customers whenever the door swings open.

"Chank-a-chank," Ophelia says when the accordion sounds pump in, "*neuf à cinq*."

They are shucking crawfish like this for five minutes before Vinie finally says "Beer."

"What?"

Vinie usually has the last word, reacting after the fact to topics already filed and forgotten, as if she needs the time to consider all the possibilities.

"Beer. That's beer fat the man's luggin around. You ever see him put anything else in his mouth?"

Most of Big Antoine's trips through are to the cooler for another can of Dixie. On a busy day he'll do two six-packs.

"Man drink beer all day, never pees."

"How you know that?"

"Girlene is lookin right at the customer bathroom all day long, tells me she never see him go in." Girlene is the red-faced cashier down from Slidell. "And we know he can't *fit* in the employee bathroom. Man is made of beer."

"Beer and worry," Pearl says.

"He didn't worry," Vinie says, "he wouldn't squeeze through that doorway."

Vinie is small, with wispy gray hair and light-brown eyes and wrinkled butterscotch skin. She wears glasses low on her nose and peers over them to the crawfish. She has a delicate way of peeling, quick and light, and is the only one without at least one Band-Aid on her fingers.

The new girl is wearing eight. On her first day Jasmine laid it down to her.

"Antoine got but two rules," she said. "No cursing allowed, and you got a cut, you put a Band-Aid on right away."

By noon the new girl's hands were raw and bleeding.

"You'll get used to it," Pearl said, being nice. "And then your hands will toughen up some."

"I don't want to get used to it," LaTonya said. "I want to get a real job."

The others all smiled then.

"This ain't real enough for you?"

"Girl wants one of those six-figure jobs."

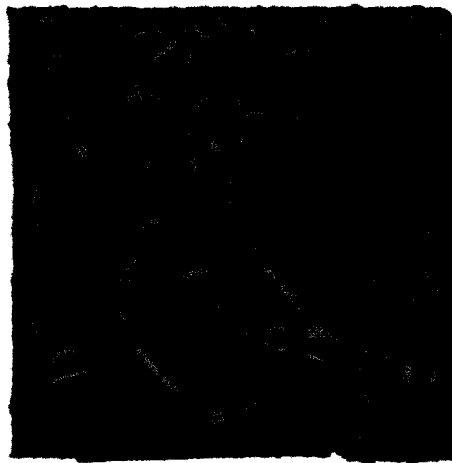
"You find one, girl," Pearl said. "Don't give up on it. Don't be like us old-timers."

"*Sans rêve*," Ophelia said, shrugging, "*pas de grève*."

LaTonya had her hair braided African-style, which the others all admired but said they could never do themselves. The new girl was the only one of them under fifty, except maybe Ly, who was some kind of Asian and hard to figure.

"Me and my sisters had braids when we were girls," said Jasmine, who wore makeup to work, and a wig with straight bangs made of plastic that gave off oily rainbow highlights when the sun slanted through the little high window about four o'clock every day.

"You had to have some *length* to do it, but we Cherokee on my mother's side and we all had long black hair."



You can still see how pretty Jasmine was some forty, fifty years ago, with her high cheekbones and hazel eyes.

"She gonna tell us about Pocahontas again," Pearl said.

"That wasn't her name." Jasmine has this way of talking sometimes, like she's dealing with small children. "All I'm sayin is, it run us some *time*, dealin with them braids. I admire a young woman take some care with her appearance."

"I do it while I watch TV," LaTonya said. "It keeps my hands busy."

"You get some babies," Ophelia said, "you forget about your hair. *Zenfants n'arrêtent pour rien.*"

LaTonya looked to Vinie, who usually does the translating.

"She's tellin you enjoy it while you can," Vinie said, "cause them kids will run you to the *bone*."

MOSTLY THEY WORK IN SILENCE, HOURS AT A time, pulling off the head, ripping the body apart and squeezing the tail meat out with thumb and forefinger, stripping the blue-black vein when it's big enough to see. Pearl hums to herself sometimes, pretty, churchlike pieces of songs that make her face crease with feeling. Pearl is the only Baptist among them, and asks the others detailed questions about nuns. Do they get their monthlies, do they take baths together, do they have a special kind of underwear? Pearl is good for hours on the subject of nuns, and Ophelia likes to tell her wild stories. The new girl still gets mixed up and will put the meat on her left and the husk on her right and swear and then apologize to Jasmine. Ly never says anything and peels with seamless intensity, staring at the crawfish as if they might have a story to tell. When the silence is finally broken, they seem to have agreed to speak all at once, their talk like rain held too long in heavy clouds.

Jasmine usually starts it.

"There isn't no manner you can endure gainst the ways of the Devil," she says.

"Speakin for yourself," Pearl says.

"It's envy wakes the Devil up."

"Envy—"

"Got you a house, got a job, got a man—Devil wants a *taste* of that—"

Vinie sighs, shakes her head. "Here it comes," she says quietly.

"We gonna hear about *him* again," Pearl says.

"*La même histoire.*"

"Had me a man name of Lucien Beaucoup," Jasmine continues.

"Don't start." Vinie doesn't look up, but her hands are still.

LaTonya feels the tension and looks around. Older women, church women, women her mother's age, maybe even her grandmother's. Jasmine pushes on.

"Pretty-lookin, sweet-smellin, church-goin man. Good to his mama. Worked him a job on the shrimp fleet, out of Delc'm—"

"She's bringin him back—"

"He was a young man then, just over with his schooling. Come round the back of my house, three nights out of four, and he *sings*. Wouldn't knock on the door, wouldn't wait up for me on my path to school, wouldn't tell no brags to the other boys. Cause he *shy*, see, and *respectful*. Not like what they got today."

"Not at all—"

"Little tiny boys with them big bold eyes. Impertinent."

"Lucien Beaucoup," Ophelia says, into the rhythm of it now.

"That's right, *Lucien*."

"Singin out back—"

"Out back of my house whilst me and my sisters was helpin our mam with her mending. Three nights out of four."

"My mam took in mending too," Pearl says, coming in strong to head the story off. "Washing, mending, leatherwork. Could sole up some shoes. Learnt it from Papa fore he was kilt in France."

"What's he doing in France?" LaTonya asks.

"He was in the World War. The first one."

Vinie smiles. "You that old, Pearl?"

"This is after. He walked through that war thout a scratch on him. Come back home, five, six years pass, he get a letter from some woman in France."

"White woman," LaTonya says.

"That's what they got there, mostly. She say he's got him a little daughter he left behind, she needs him. He gets his money together, books a ride on a ocean liner. Goin to bring that little girl back."

"Her mama, too?"

"He didn't know bout that. Left my mam on the dock, carryin me inside her. She knew it, but hadn't got to tellin him yet."

"Went off to France."

"Went off to France. Town name of X. That's how you say it, like 'X marks the spot.'"

"Got a ticket to X—"

"Walks down the main street, goes to the address, knocks on the door, door opens—French girl papa standin there, BAM! Put a bullet smack in my papa head. Laid him *out*."

"Lord."

"French girl papa had her write that letter, just to bring him in front of his pistol. So my mam took up with Mr. Lester when she heard. Mr. Lester was behind all my brothers and sisters that come after."

"And you never seen your own."

"Not but a picture. Big handsome man in a uniform. He was a cobbler, and he left my mam with some knowledge of it. She always tell me the story when she workin on some shoes."

"Wonder what happened to that little French girl," LaTonya says.

"With her papa dead on the street and growin up mongst all them white people."

"Little French girl cost me knowin my own blood," Pearl says, flicking tail meat onto the counter. "She can fry."

The women are peeling, thinking about the French girl, when Jasmine starts to sing.

*"Jolie fille, jolie fille
Écoutes-toi ma chanson—"*

She closes her eyes, pulling their attention back.

*"T'es la reine de la ville
La lumière et le son—"*

She looks at them.

"That's a *fais dodo*," Ophelia says to LaTonya. "Bout how pretty this girl is to him. Queen of the world."

"That's what he sing," Jasmine says, "three nights out of four. My sisters look up from the mending, tease me something terrible. My cheeks would take color, my fingers trippin all over each other. Only thing worse was the nights he wouldn't come. Those nights my ears would hurt from listenin for his voice out back."

*"Jolie âme, jolies yeux
Tellement douce et gentille—"*

she sings—

*"T'es la reine de mon coeur
La raison de ma vie."*

"Don't hear that kind of song no more," Ophelia says after a moment.

Pearl waves a crawfish in her hand as she talks. "Now they all got they own radio station, carry it up on their shoulder wherever they go, rattle the walls with that noise they put in their ears. Most of em is deaf to a normal voice." She realizes, turns to LaTonya. "No offense, darlin."

LaTonya shrugs. "S'not *my* music."

Jasmine raises her voice a little. "Lucien Beaucoup. Church-goin, sweet-singin man. He come for *me*."

"It's the same old story—"

"All set to marry us at Mary Star of the Sea Church, down in Terrebonne Parish."

"Same sad story."

"We was *meant* for each other."

"Like beans and rice."

"Only the other one come between—"

"A snake in the garden—"

"With her yellow eyes—"

"Watch it now—"

"And her hot nasty words—"

"Careful—"

"The other one that come and wrecked up my life. Not cause he would have looked at her twice. But cause she worked the Devil on him. Cause she traffic with the dark spirits."

Vinie stands suddenly and walks off into the employ-

ees' washroom. Pearl and Ophelia slowly push their chairs away and then Ly and LaTonya join them, standing and stretching. Vinie is the one who asked Antoine for the five-minute break, so she gets to decide when to take it. Jasmine, tight-lipped, keeps peeling.

One by one the women go in to wash and dry their hands. Ly leans against the wall with her arms folded across her chest, eyes unfocused. She never speaks in English, though she seems to understand a little. Pearl mutters about her feet, shifting weight from one to the other, and LaTonya massages her fingers. She worries about the cuts, wondering if they'll ever heal, one scab peeling off and another starting to form. Vinie is serious about the five minutes, watching the second hand on the big clock on the wall, poised over her chair, then sitting back down on the click. She figures they should be honest, since Antoine gave it up without a fight.

"I don't see any problem in it," he'd said. "Long as my mudbugs keep coming."

Jasmine is frosty when they all sit around her again. She holds her chin tilted as if rising above pain or insult. The other women seem to ignore her.

"Might gonna rain pretty soon," Pearl says.

"Be a flood in my yard *s'il pleut*," Ophelia says.

"You livin down by the water these days?"

"À *côte du lac*. Little bitty rain, I got to walk ankle-deep to hang the laundry out, take it two days to drain."

"I'm up on a hill now," LaTonya says.

"Us too."

They work awhile, Pearl humming and rocking as she peels. Vinie breaks the silence.

"I come through the flood of '35," she says.

"That were some high water."

"My mam was workin for a man name Buster Petite," Vinie says. "Lived over in Plaquemine. Had the rheumatism in both his legs, sit up all day in this rocker chair, wavin his cane, yellin out orders. Kept my mam on the run from the minute she set foot in that house till the minute she feed him his hot milk in bed at night."

"*Ma mère ne bouge pour ce bruit*. Always tell her people, 'Case you didn't hear, M'sieur Lincoln freed the slaves.'"

"You got to train em," Pearl says. "Most of your white folks is capable of learnin, long as you got *patience*."

"Like Antoine."

"Big Antoine is *nothing*. You remember his daddy—"

"Little Antoine a holy terror in his day. We had some *wars* with that man, God rest his soul."

"Amen."

"This was other times," Vinie says. "White people was outa control in them days." She turns to Ly. "You maybe weren't here, Miss Ly, but that's the truth."

"She don't understand you, Vinie."

"Sure she does."

Ly doesn't acknowledge that they're talking about her.

"Woman is from Vietnam. Talk that goulash."

"That's a food, not a *language*."

"I heard her talk it once, sound like goulash to me."

"Yo, Miss Ly, you from Vietnam?"

"She from someplace worse than here, I bet."

"Don't be mean. Where you from, miss?"

Ly just looks at them, not comprehending, or pretending not to.

"See? She don't even know that."

"So what happened to Buster Petite?" LaTonya asks.

The women all look at the new girl.

"These young ones always in a hurry," Jasmine says, breaking her silence. "Got no patience at all."

Vinie sighs. "Mr. Petite see the first rain comin, he says it won't amount to spit in a windstorm. But my mam knows different. She seen the yard animals actin up, yellow dog eatin dirt, chickens walkin backwards, house cats walkin with they tails low. But the old man says his legs tell him no, and that they don't ever lie."

"My knees just fill up, ever it's gonna rain," Ophelia says.

"My ankles start to hurtin," Pearl says.

"Mr. Petite wouldn't let my mam pull him outa there. Water's up to the top of the porch, leakin in under the front door, he still says it's just a shower. He runs that cane under the arms of his rocker and grip hold and says, 'Here I sit, come hell or high water.' The windows bust through then and Mam grab me up and run into the attic, us and Buster Petite fifteen house cats, all of em jumpin on us and diggin in with they claws, tryin to push close."

"Hell or high water," Pearl muses. "Nothin on earth more stubborn than a old white man."

"Man has that many cats," Ophelia says, "you got to *wonder*."

"Them cats in Mam's hair," Vinie says, "up my back, yawlin and scratchin, and all the while Buster Petite downstairs yellin like he's in a rumpus with the Devil—'Get back!' he yells. 'Get back, dammit, this *my* house.' There was bangin then, and we look out the little attic window and see it's telephone poles, tore loose and come runnin by in the floodwater. Levee broke under and there's all manner of things afloat and we can't hear no Buster Petite anymore."

"Man sound nasty," Pearl says. "I hate to hear a man yellin out orders in a house."

"*Les blancs de ma mère* had a buzzer for a while. I'd be down in the quarters with the others that worked for them. Sound go right up my spine, every time they push it."

Pearl and Vinie nod. Antoine blasts through and then crosses back out with a cold can of Dixie sweating in his

hand. Cajun music pounds in, fades as the door closes behind him.

Jasmine hasn't given up. "You ever hear the sound of a woman had her heart pulled out of her?"

"Uh-oh."

"Listen what come to life," Vinie says.

LaTonya looks around and sees that the others have resigned themselves to whatever is coming next.

"I had me a man name of Lucien Beaucoup," Jasmine says.

"I heard that name before."

"That man was devoted to me. Promised to hold me up like the night holds the stars."

"You hear violins playin?"

"But another woman laid her greedy eyes on him. Woman that traffic with the dark spirits, woman stoop to *gris-gris* cause she couldn't catch a man no other way."

"Gettin personal now—"

"First she take the egg from a black hen, write my name on it backwards, and throw it clear over my house. Make me burn with a fever. My eyes swole up tight, skin prickle like it's a million ants crawl-in on me—" She wiggles her fingers around her neck and makes a face.

"Then she take a cock rooster and bury him up to his neck in the yard, so's he can see but he can't move. She let another rooster into the yard, and first he have at all the hens, and that buried rooster comb fill up with angry, and then he peck the buried rooster's eyes out and she cut that comb full to burstin with angry off and hang it in a frog-leather pouch between her titties. Next day she pass Lucien Beaucoup on the lane, says 'Mornin, Mr. Beaucoup' all honey-voiced and cow-eyed, but he pay her no mind cause she's ugly as warts on a dog. After he pass, she write his name in the dirt and spit on it and circle it nine times walkin backwards, holdin on to that cockscomb. Next mornin she see him on the path, she don't say a word, but he fall like a shot bird right down into her arms. Charm had *worked*. That moment I broke from the fever, sweat gone *cold* on my body, and I sensed I'd lost him forever. I set up a wail then—my sisters say it chilled the blood and sent the hound runnin under the house to hide. Done pulled the heart right outa me."

A long silence. LaTonya is unsettled by the passion of Jasmine's telling, her hands frozen over her tiny pile of crawfish.

Pearl notices. "Can't spect you to keep up with the rest of us," she says gently, "but you got to *try*."

"Sorry." LaTonya plunges her hands back into it.

"It's just Antoine, he sees six women in here, he dump six women worth of mudbugs on the table."

Landry, the day cook, comes in then to shovel up the



tail meat they've peeled and bring it back to the kitchen. Landry reports on what people are eating.

"Boudin's not movin," he says. "Dirty rice just sittin there. They all went for the blackened fish." He makes a disgusted face. "Must be from out of state."

The women hold to their rhythm when he's gone. LaTonya's heart always sinks a little when she sees her morning work disappear as if it never existed. Fifteen minutes pass before Vinie speaks.

"He just give up on you," she says simply.

Jasmine frowns. "Somebody talkin?"

"He got tired of sittin outside your window all night, waitin for you to decide. He went to find him a live woman."

"I feel a bad wind, like somebody *talkin*—"

The two women keep their eyes on the table, fingers flying. "Got tired of you protectin what didn't nobody else *want*. Give it up for a bad idea."

Jasmine slaps down tail meat. "How you know that?"

"Cause Lucien *told* me, is how! I live with the man fifty years, you don't think he *talk* to me?"

LaTonya has never heard Vinie raise her voice before. The two women lock eyes across the table for a moment and then look away.

Jasmine mutters just loud enough for the others to hear, "My mama's day they'd have hung you for a witch."

Vinie works this in her head a moment, frowning, building an answer. She doesn't get to say it.

The first thing Ly shouts is more like an animal cry than language. The rest, as it comes out, is loud and passionate and singsong, harsh and deep one moment, climbing to an airy whine the next, Ly looking to each of them for confirmation as she rails. LaTonya sits staring next to her, pummeled by the sounds, feeling loss and betrayal and deep anger behind them. Ly's neck is taut, face darkening, her wiry body straining to wrench the words out. She holds a crawfish tight in her fist, crushing it as she pounds the table for emphasis.

She doesn't stop so much as run out of breath. The storm is over as suddenly as it began, and Ly sits looking into the center of the crawfish pile. Big Antoine pokes his head in.

"Something the matter, ladies?"

"Not a thing, Antoine."

He nods at Ly. "She's not peeling."

"She does em faster than us," Pearl says. "Ever little bit she's got to stop and let all us catch up."

Antoine shrugs. "Long as that meat keep coming." He wipes his face with the towel and goes back out.

"She does that sometimes," Pearl tells LaTonya. "No sayin what sets her off."

"She had a hard life, *la pauvre*," Ophelia says. "You can see it in her face."

The older women sigh.

"Gonna rain."

"Feel it in my knees."

"Feel it in my ankles."

LaTonya watches Ly's hands as they slowly come to life, ripping heads, peeling. "What happened to the old man?" she asks.

"Old man?"

"Old man. Buster Petite."

"He *drownded*, girl," Vinie says. "What you think? That were the flood of '35, couldn't no old man in a rock-er chair sit through that."

LaTonya nods. "Your mother must have been relieved."

"*Relieved*? Child, you ever seen someplace after the floodwaters run off? She had to *clean* that house. Only thing made her happy in the whole business was when the water got up under the attic window and she throw Buster Petite cats out, one by one, and watch em float away. I helped her catch em. Cats near clawed my mam to death."

"Some folks say," Jasmine says, "whoever kill a cat gonna hear it wailin every night for the rest of their life."

Vinie glances up at her. "I sleep fine," she says. "Sleep like the *dead*."

TOWARD QUITTING TIME LATONYA'S THUMB splits open.

"Damn," she says.

"No cursin," Jasmine says.

Pearl puts a Band-Aid on it. "You just sit it out till five, darlin," she says. "We give Antoine plenty crawfish today."

"I'm not pulling my weight."

"You got plenty years to run past us."

"Not if I can help it."

"Might be you *can't* help it," Vinie says. "Don't want you thinkin that way, but it might be an actual fact. I been here some twenty-five years."

"*Vingt-trois, moi*."

"Me too."

"I went to school," LaTonya protests.

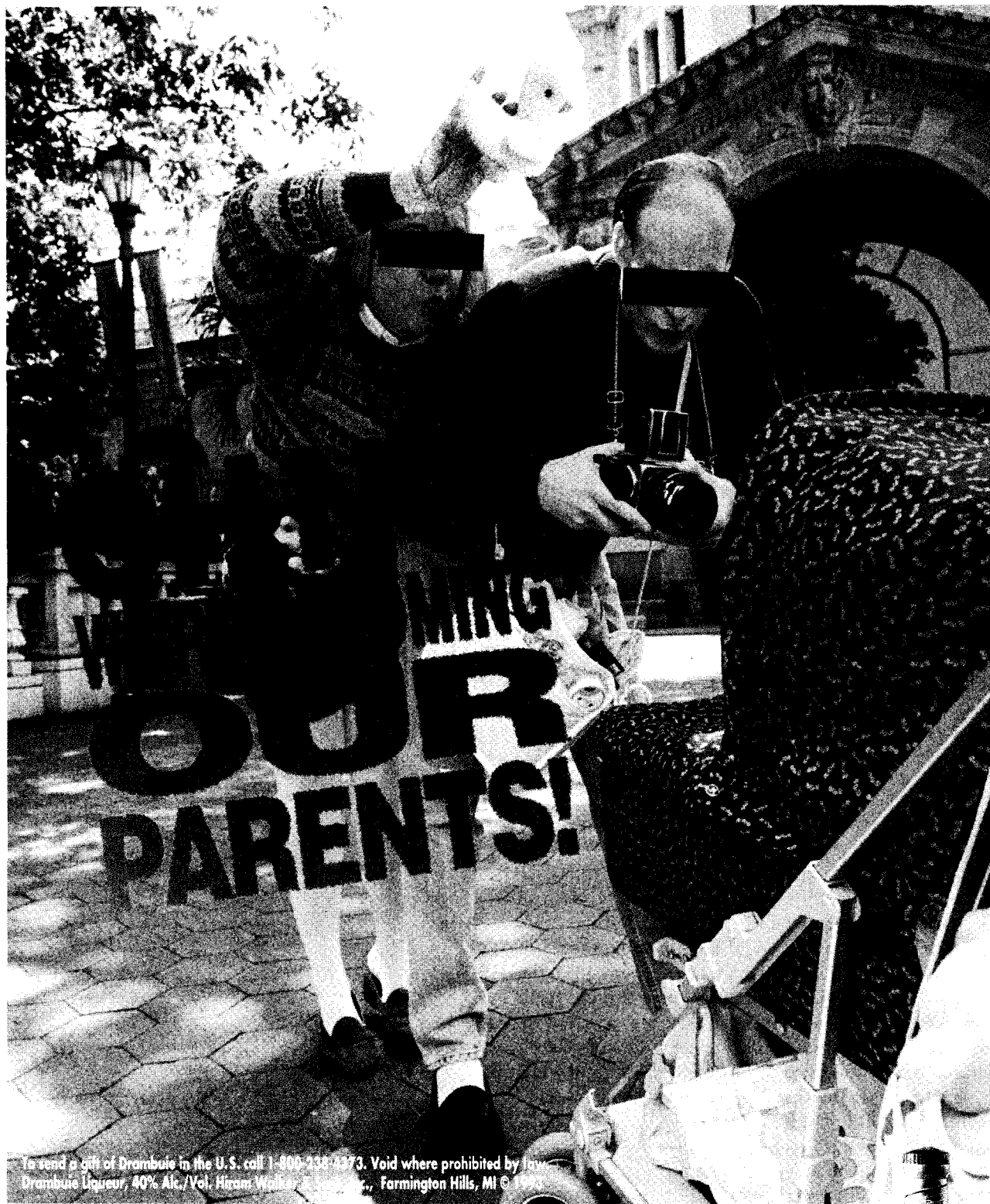
The older women smile.

"Well, child, I guess you got no problem."

When the women get up to wash their hands and gather their things, Ly sits, staring at the remaining crawfish. Ophelia touches her shoulder.

"*Viens avec nous, mon ti*," she says. "Whatever it is weighin on you, it's all in your head now."

But Ly is still there when the night women come in to take their places, peeling. □



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*Conventional wisdom has it
that the way to avert global ecological
disaster is to persuade people
to change their selfish habits for the
common good. A more sensible approach
would be to tap a boundless
and renewable resource: the human
propensity for thinking mainly of
short-term self-interest*

CAN SELFISHNESS SAVE THE ENVIRONMENT?

BY
MATT RIDLEY AND
BOBBI S. LOW

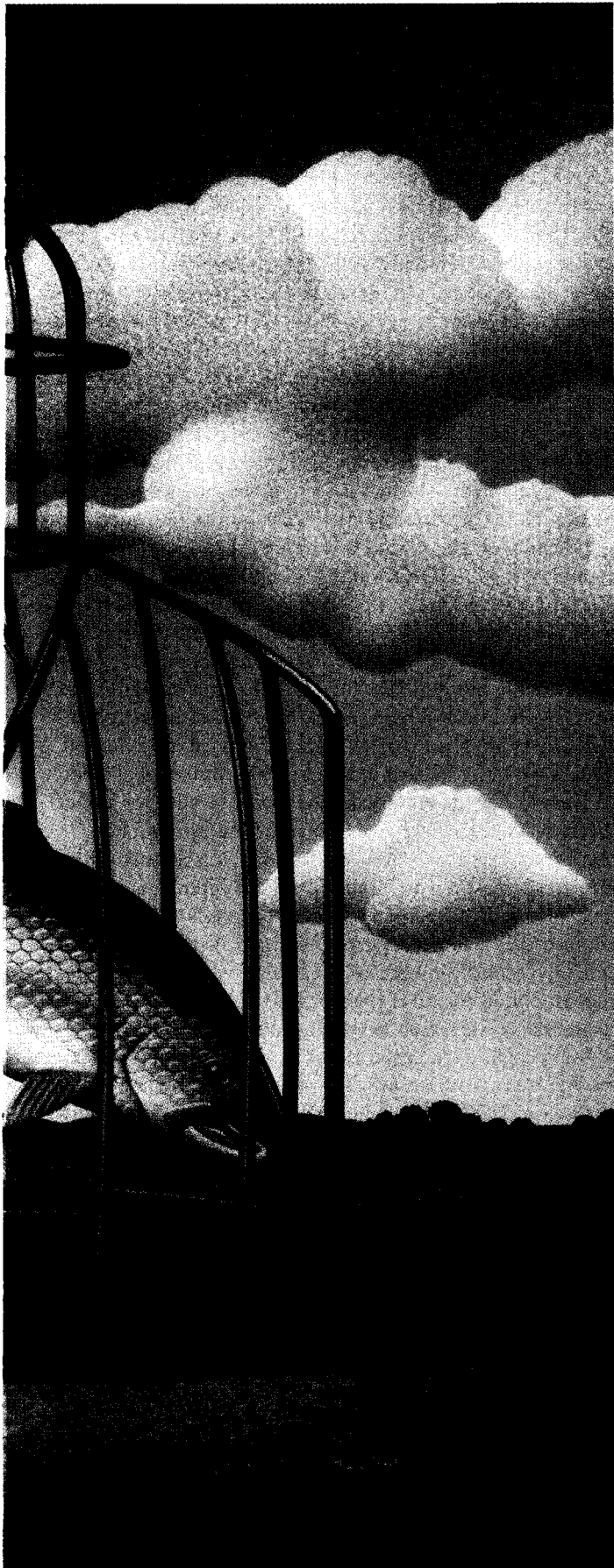
■ ■ ■

JOHN HILDEBRAND, WHO HAS LIVED IN THE ARTESIAN Valley, near Fowler, Kansas, since he was two years old, remembers why the valley has the name it does. "There were hundreds of natural springs in this valley. If you drilled a well for your house, the natural water pressure was enough to go through your hot-water system and out the shower head." There were marshes in Fowler in the 1920s, where cattle sank to their bellies in mud. And the early settlers went boating down Crooked Creek, in the shade of the cottonwoods, as far as Meade, twelve miles away.

Today the creek is dry, the bogs and the springs have gone, and the inhabitants of Fowler must dig deeper and deeper wells to bring up water. The reason is plain enough: seen from the air, the surrounding land is pockmarked with giant discs of green—quarter-section pivot-irrigation systems water rich crops of corn, steadily depleting the underlying aquifer. Everybody in Fowler knows what is happening, but it is in nobody's interest to cut down his own consumption of water. That would just leave more for somebody else.

Five thousand miles to the east, near the Spanish city of Valencia, the waters of the River Turia are shared by some 15,000 farmers in an arrangement that dates back at





least 550 years and probably longer. Each farmer, when his turn comes, takes as much water as he needs from the distributory canal and wastes none. He is discouraged from cheating—watering out of turn—merely by the watchful eyes of his neighbors above and below him on the canal. If they have a grievance, they can take it to the Tribunal de las Aguas, which meets on Thursday mornings outside the Apostles' door of the Cathedral of Valencia. Records dating back to the 1400s suggest that cheating is rare. The *huerta* of Valencia is a profitable region, growing at least two crops a year.

Two irrigation systems: one sustainable, equitable, and long-lived, the other a doomed free-for-all. Two case histories cited by political scientists who struggle to understand the persistent human failure to solve "common-pool resource problems." Two models for how the planet Earth might be managed in an age of global warming. The atmosphere is just like the aquifer beneath Fowler or the waters of the Turia: limited and shared. The only way we can be sure not to abuse it is by self-restraint. And yet nobody knows how best to persuade the human race to exercise self-restraint.

At the center of all environmentalism lies a problem: whether to appeal to the heart or to the head—whether to urge people to make sacrifices in behalf of the planet or to accept that they will not, and instead rig the economic choices so that they find it rational to be environmentalist. It is a problem that most activists in the environmental movement barely pause to recognize. Good environmental practice is compatible with growth, they insist, so it is rational as well as moral. Yet if this were so, good environmental practice would pay for itself, and there would be no need to pass laws to deter polluters or regulate emissions. A country or a firm that cut corners on pollution control would have no cost advantage over its rivals.

Those who do recognize this problem often conclude that their appeals should not be made to self-interest but rather should be couched in terms of sacrifice, selflessness, or, increasingly, moral shame.

We believe they are wrong. Our evidence comes from a surprising convergence of ideas in two disciplines that are normally on very different tracks: economics and biology. It is a convergence of which most economists and biologists are still ignorant, but a few have begun to notice. "I can talk to evolutionary biologists," says Paul Romer, an economist at the University of California at Berkeley and the Canadian Institute for Advanced Research, in Toronto, "because, like me, they think individuals are important. Sociologists still talk more of the action of classes rather than individuals." Gary Becker, who won the Nobel Prize in economics last year, has been reading biological treatises for years; Paul Samuelson, who won it more than twenty years ago, has published several papers recently applying economic principles to biological problems. And biologists such as John

Maynard Smith and William Hamilton have been raiding economics for an equally long time. Not that all economists and biologists agree—that would be impossible. But there are emerging orthodoxies in both disciplines that are strikingly parallel.

The last time that biology and economics were engaged was in the Social Darwinism of Herbert Spencer and Francis Galton. The precedent is not encouraging. The economists used the biologists' idea of survival of the fittest to justify everything from inequalities of wealth to racism and eugenics. So most academics are likely to be rightly wary of what comes from the new entente. But they need not fear. This obsession is not with struggle but with cooperation.

For the Good of the World?

BIOLOGISTS AND ECONOMISTS AGREE THAT COOPERATION cannot be taken for granted. People and animals will cooperate only if they as individuals are given reasons to do so. For economists that means economic incentives; for biologists it means the pursuit of short-term goals that were once the means to reproduction. Both think that people are generally not willing to pay for the long-term good of society or the planet. To save the environment, therefore, we will have to find a way to reward individuals for good behavior and punish them for bad. Exhorting them to self-sacrifice for the sake of "humanity" or "the earth" will not be enough.

This is utterly at odds with conventional wisdom. "Building an environmentally sustainable future depends on restructuring the global economy, major shifts in human reproductive behavior, and dramatic changes in values and lifestyles," wrote Lester Brown, of the Worldwatch Institute, in his *State of the World* for 1992, typifying the way environmentalists see economics. If people are shortsighted, an alien value system, not human nature, is to blame.

Consider the environmental summit at Rio de Janeiro last year. Behind its debates and agreements lay two entirely unexamined assumptions: that governments could deliver their peoples, and that the problem was getting people to see the global forest beyond their local trees. In other words, politicians and lobbyists assume that a combination of international treaties and better information can save the world. Many biologists and economists meanwhile assert that even a fully informed public, whose governments have agreed on all sorts of treaties, will still head blindly for the cliff of oblivion.

Three decades ago there was little dissonance between academic thinking and the environmentalists' faith in the collective good. Biologists frequently explained animal behavior in terms of the "good of the species," and some economists were happy to believe in the Great Society, prepared to pay according to its means for the sake of the general welfare of the less fortunate. But both disciplines

have undergone radical reformations since then. Evolutionary biology has been transformed by the "selfish gene" notion, popularized by Richard Dawkins, of Oxford University, which essentially asserts that animals, including man, act altruistically only when it brings some benefit to copies of their own genes. This happens under two circumstances: when the altruist and the beneficiary are close relatives, such as bees in a hive, and when the altruist is in a position to have the favor returned at a later date. This new view holds that there simply are no cases of cooperation in the animal kingdom except these. It took root with an eye-opening book called *Adaptation and Natural Selection* (1966), by George Williams, a professor of biological sciences at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. Williams's message was that evolution pits individuals against each other far more than it pits species or groups against each other.

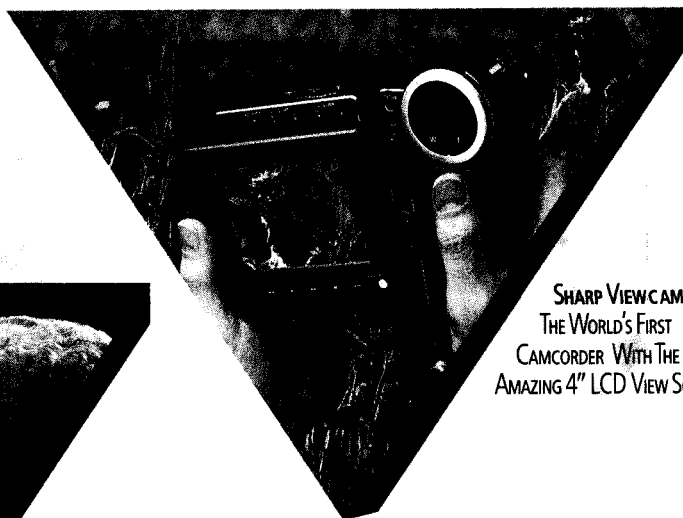
By coincidence (Williams says he was unaware of economic theory at the time), the year before had seen the publication of a book that was to have a similar impact on economics. Mancur Olson's *Logic of Collective Action* set out to challenge the notion that individuals would try to further their collective interest rather than their short-term individual interests. Since then economics has hewed ever more closely to the idea that societies are sums of their individuals, each acting in rational self-interest, and policies that assume otherwise are doomed. This is why it is so hard to make a communist ideal work, or even to get the American electorate to vote for any of the sacrifices necessary to achieve deficit reduction.

And yet the environmental lobby posits a view of the human species in which individual self-interest is not the mainspring of human conduct. It proposes policies that assume that when properly informed of the long-term collective consequences of their actions, people will accept the need for rules that impose restraint. One of the two philosophies must be wrong. Which?

We are going to argue that the environmental movement has set itself an unnecessary obstacle by largely ignoring the fact that human beings are motivated by self-interest rather than collective interests. But that does not mean that the collective interest is unobtainable: examples from biology and economics show that there are all sorts of ways to make the individual interest concordant with the collective—so long as we recognize the need to.

The environmentalists are otherwise in danger of making the same mistakes that Marxists made, but our point is not political. For some reason it is thought conservative to believe that human nature is inherently incapable of ignoring individual incentives for the greater good, and liberal to believe the opposite. But in practice liberals often believe just as strongly as conservatives in individual incentives that are not monetary. The threat of prison, or even corporate shame, can be incentives to polluters. The real divide comes between those who believe it is necessary to impose such incentives, and those who hope

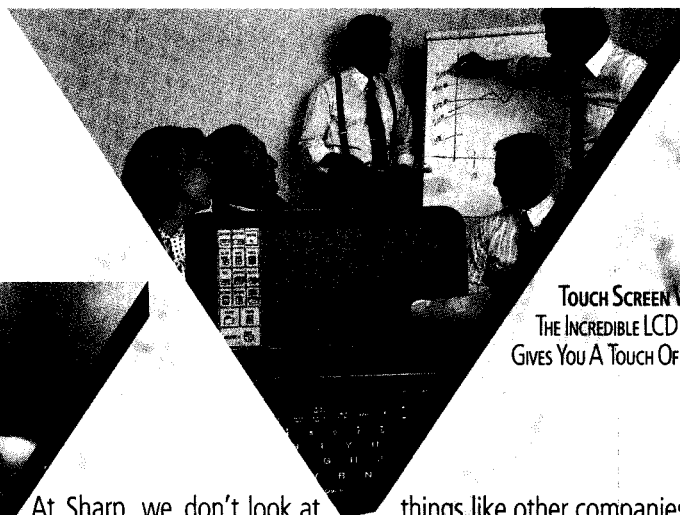
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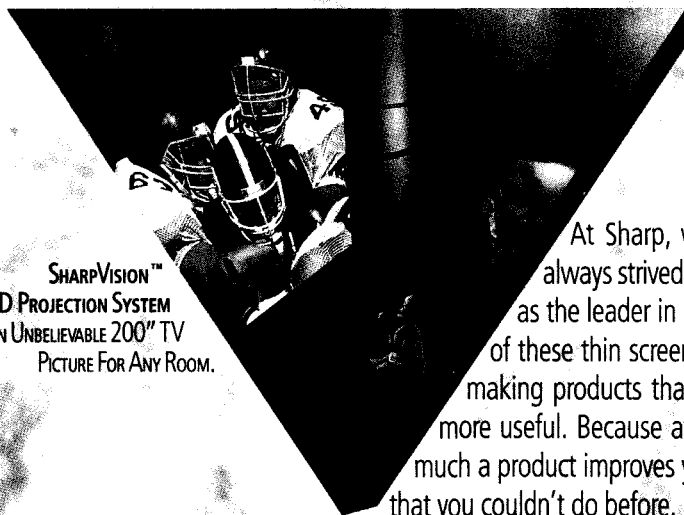
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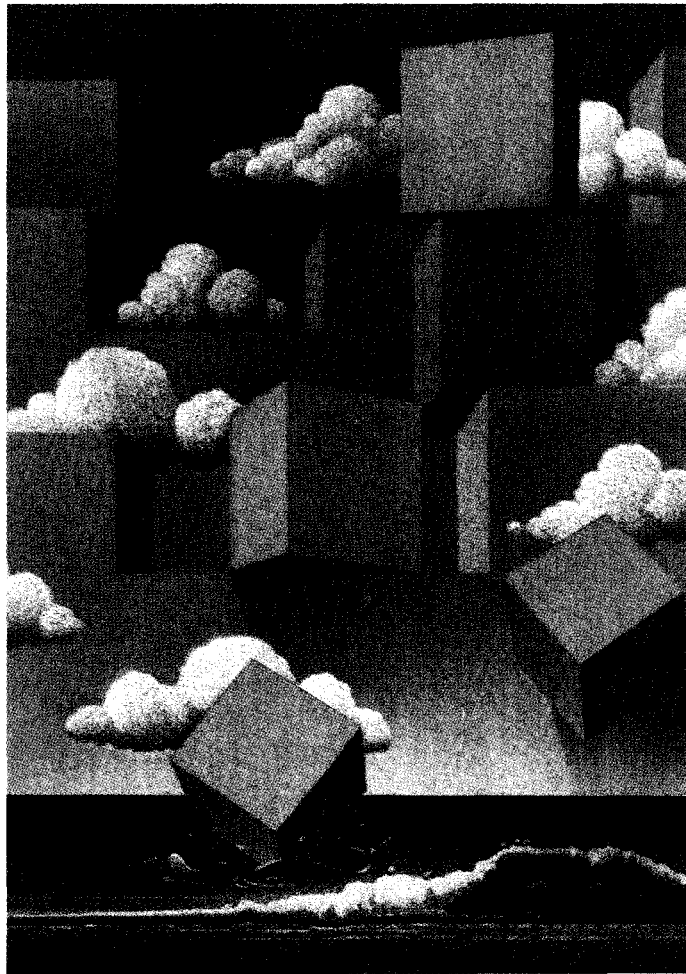
to persuade merely by force of argument.

Wherever environmentalism has succeeded, it has done so by changing individual incentives, not by exhortation, moral reprimand, or appeals to our better natures. If somebody wants to dump a toxic chemical or smuggle an endangered species, it is the thought of prison or a fine that deters him. If a state wants to avoid enforcing the federal Clean Air Act of 1990, it is the thought of eventually being "bumped up" to a more stringent nonattainment category of the act that haunts state officials. Given that this is the case, environmental policy should be a matter of seeking the most enforceable, least bureaucratic, cheapest, most effective incentives. Why should these always be sanctions? Why not some prizes, too? Nations, states, local jurisdictions, and even firms could contribute to financial rewards for the "greenest" of their fellow bodies.

Playing Games With Life

THE NEW CONvergence of biology and economics has been helped by a common methodology—game theory. John Maynard Smith, a professor of biology at the University of Sussex, in Britain, was the first effectively to apply the economist's habit of playing a "game" with competing strategies to evolutionary enigmas, the only difference being that the economic games reward winners with money while evolutionary games reward winners with the chance to survive and breed. One game in particular has proved especially informative in both disciplines: the prisoner's dilemma.

A dramatized version of the game runs as follows: Two guilty accomplices are held in separate cells and interro-



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gated by the police. Each is faced with a dilemma. If they both confess (or "defect"), they will both go to jail for three years. If they both stay silent (or "cooperate"), they will both go to jail for a year on a lesser charge that the police can prove. But if one confesses and the other does not, the defector will walk free on a plea bargain, while the cooperator, who stayed silent, will get a five-year sentence.

Assuming that they have not discussed the dilemma before they were arrested, can each trust his accomplice to stay silent? If not, he should defect and reduce his sentence from five to three years. But even if he can rely on his partner to cooperate, he is still better off if he defects, because that reduces his sentence from three years to none at all. So each will reason that the right thing to do is to defect, which results in three years for each of them. In the language of game theorists, individually rational strategies result in a collectively irrational outcome.

Biologists were interested in the prisoner's dilemma as a model for the evolution of cooperation. Under what conditions, they wanted to know, would it pay an animal to evolve a strategy based on cooperation rather than defection? They discovered that the bleak message of the prisoner's dilemma need not obtain if the game is only one in a long series—played by students, researchers, or computers, for points rather than years in jail. Under these circumstances the best strategy is to cooperate on the first trial and then do whatever the other guy did last time. This strategy became known as tit-for-tat. The threat of retaliation makes defection much less likely to pay. Robert Axelrod, a political scientist, and William Hamilton, a biologist, both at the University of

Michigan, discovered by public tournament that there seems to be no strategy that beats tit-for-tat. Tit-for-two-tats—that is, cooperate even if the other defects once, but not if he defects twice—comes close to beating it, but of hundreds of strategies that have been tried, none works better. Field biologists have been finding tit-for-tat at work throughout the animal kingdom ever since. A female vampire bat, for example, will regurgitate blood for another, unrelated, female bat that has failed to find a meal during the night—but not if the donee has refused to be similarly generous in the past.

Such cases have contributed to a growing conviction among biologists that reciprocity is the basis of social life in animals like primates and dolphins, too. Male dolphins call in their debts when collecting allies to help them abduct females from other groups. Baboons and chimpanzees remember past favors when coming to one another's aid in fights. And human beings? Kim Hill and Hillard Kaplan, of the University of New Mexico, have discovered that among the Ache people of Paraguay, successful hunters share spare meat with those who have helped them in the past or might help them in the future.

The implication of these studies is that where cooperation among individuals does evolve, surmounting the prisoner's dilemma, it does so through tit-for-tat. A cautious exchange of favors enables trust to be built upon a scaffolding of individual reward. The conclusion of biology, in other words, is a hopeful one. Cooperation can emerge naturally. The collective interest can be served by the pursuit of selfish interests.

The Tragedy of the Commons

ECONOMISTS ARE INTERESTED IN THE PRISONER'S dilemma as a paradoxical case in which individually rational behavior leads to collectively irrational results—both accomplices spend three years in jail when they could have spent only one. This makes it a model of a “commons” problem, the archetype of which is the history of medieval English common land. In 1968 the ecologist Garrett Hardin wrote an article in *Science* magazine that explained “the tragedy of the commons”—why common land tended to suffer from overgrazing, and why every sea fishery suffers from overfishing. It is because the benefits that each extra cow (or netful of fish) brings are reaped by its owner, but the costs of the extra strain it puts on the grass (or on fish stocks) are shared among all the users of what is held in common. In economic jargon, the costs are externalized. Individually rational behavior deteriorates into collective ruin.

The ozone hole and the greenhouse effect are classic tragedies of the commons in the making: each time you burn a gallon of gas to drive into town, you reap the benefit of it, but the environmental cost is shared with all five billion other members of the human race. You are a “free-

rider.” Being rational, you drive, and the atmosphere's capacity to absorb carbon dioxide is “overgrazed,” and the globe warms. Even if individuals will benefit in the long run from the prevention of global warming, in the short run such prevention will cost them dear. As Michael McGinnis and Elinor Ostrom, of Indiana University at Bloomington, put it in a recent paper, global warming is a “classic dilemma of collective action: a large group of potential beneficiaries facing diffuse and uncertain gains is much harder to organize for collective action than clearly defined groups who are being asked to suffer easily understandable costs.”

Hardin recognized two ways to avoid overexploiting commons. One is to privatize them, so that the owner has both costs and benefits. Now he has every incentive not to overgraze. The other is to regulate them by having an outside agency with the force of law behind it—a government, in short—restrict the number of cattle.

At the time Hardin published his article, the latter solution was very popular. Governments throughout the world reacted to the mere existence of a commons problem by grabbing powers of regulation. Most egregiously, in the Indian subcontinent communally exploited forests and grasslands were nationalized and put under the charge of centralized bureaucracies far away. This might have worked if governments were competent and incorruptible, and had bottomless resources to police their charges. But it made problems worse, because the forest was no longer the possession of the local village even collectively. So the grazing, poaching, and logging intensified—the cost had been externalized not just to the rest of the village but to the entire country.

The whole structure of pollution regulation in the United States represents a centralized solution to a commons problem. Bureaucrats decide, in response to pressure from lobbyists, exactly what levels of pollution to allow, usually give no credit for any reductions below the threshold, and even specify the technologies to be used (the so-called “best available technology” policy). This creates perverse incentives for polluters, because it makes pollution free up to the threshold, and so there is no encouragement to reduce pollution further. Howard Klee, the director of regulatory affairs at Amoco Corporation, gives a dramatic account of how topsy-turvy this world of “command and control” can become. “If your company does voluntary control of pollution rather than waiting for regulation, it is punished by putting itself at a comparative disadvantage. The guy who does nothing until forced to by law is rewarded.” Amoco and the Environmental Protection Agency did a thorough study of one refinery in Yorktown, Virginia, to discover what pollutants came out from it and how dangerous each was. Their conclusion was startling. Some of the things that Amoco and other refiners were required to do by EPA regulations were less effective than alternatives; meanwhile, pollution from many sources that government does not regu-

late could have been decreased. The study group concluded that for one fourth of the amount that it currently spends on pollution control, Amoco could achieve the same effect in protection of health and the environment—just by spending money where it made a difference, rather than where government dictated.

A more general way, favored by free-market economists, of putting the same point is that regulatory regimes set the value of cleanliness at zero: if a company wishes to produce any pollutant, at present it can do so free, as long as it produces less than the legal limit. If, instead, it had to buy a quota from the government, it would have an incentive to drive emissions as low as possible to keep costs down, and the government would have a source of revenue to spend on environmental protection. The 1990 Clean Air Act set up a market in tradable pollution permits for sulfur-dioxide emissions, which is a form of privatization.

The Pitfalls of Privatization

BECAUSE PRIVATIZING A COMMON RESOURCE CAN internalize the costs of damaging it, economists increasingly call for privatization as the solution to commons problems. After all, the original commons—common grazing land in England—were gradually “enclosed” by thorn hedges and divided among private owners. Though the reasons are complex, among them undoubtedly was the accountability of the private landowner. As Sir Anthony Fitzherbert put it in *The Boke of Husbandrie* (1534): “And thoughe a man be but a farmer, and shall have his farm XX [20] yeres, it is lesse coste to hym, and more profyete to quyckeset [fence with thorns], dyche and hedge, than to have his cattell goo before the herdeman [on common land].” The hawthorn hedge did for England what barbed wire did for the prairies—it privatized a common.

It would be possible to define private property rights in clean air. Paul Romer, of Berkeley, points out that the atmosphere is not like the light from a lighthouse, freely shared by all users. One person cannot use a given chunk of air for seeing through—or comfortably breathing—after another person has filled it with pollution any more than two people in succession can kill the same whale. What stands in the way of privatizing whales or the atmosphere is that enforcement of a market would require as large a bureaucracy as if the whole thing had been centralized in the first place.

The privatization route has other drawbacks. The enclosure movement itself sparked at least three serious rebellions against the established order by self-employed yeomen dispossessed when commons were divided. It would be much the same today. Were whale-killing rights to be auctioned to the highest bidder, protectors (who would want to buy rights in order to let them go unused) would likely be unable to match the buying power of the

whalers. If U.S. citizens were to be sold shares in their national parks, those who would rather operate strip mines or charge access might be prepared to pay a premium for the shares, whereas those who would keep the parks pristine and allow visitors free access might not.

Moreover, there is no guarantee that rationality would call for a private owner of an environmental public good to preserve it or use it sustainably. Twenty years ago Colin Clark, a mathematician at the University of British Columbia, wrote an article in *Science* pointing out that under certain circumstances it might make economic sense to exterminate whales. What he meant was that because interest rates could allow money to grow faster than whales reproduce, even somebody who had a certain monopoly over the world’s whales and could therefore forget about free-riders should not, for reasons of economic self-interest, take a sustainable yield of the animals. It would be more profitable to kill them all, bank the proceeds, sell the equipment, and live off the interest.

So until recently the economists had emerged from their study of the prisoner’s dilemma more pessimistic than the biologists. Cooperation, they concluded, could not be imposed by a central bureaucracy, nor would it emerge from the allocation of private property rights. The destructive free-for-all of Fowler, Kansas, not the cooperative harmony of Valencia’s *huerta*, was the inevitable fate of common-pool resources.

The Middle Way

IN THE PAST FEW YEARS, HOWEVER, THERE HAS BEEN A glint of hope amid the gloom. And it bears an uncanny similarity to tit-for-tat, in that it rewards cooperators with cooperation and punishes defectors with defection—a strategy animals often use. Elinor Ostrom and her colleagues at Indiana University have made a special study of commons problems that were solved, including the Valencia irrigation system, and she finds that the connective thread is neither privatization nor centralization. She believes that local people can and do get together to solve their difficulties, as long as the community is small, stable, and communicating, and has a strong concern for the future. Among the examples she cites is a Turkish inshore fishery at Alanya. In the 1970s the local fishermen fell into the usual trap of heavy fishing, conflict, and potential depletion. But they then developed an ingenious and complicated set of rules, allocating by lot each known fishing location to a licensed fisher in a pattern that rotates through the season. Enforcement is done by the fishermen themselves, though the government recognizes the system in law.

Valencia is much the same. Individuals know each other and can quickly identify cheaters. Just as in tit-for-tat, because the game is played again and again, any cheater risks ostracism and sanction in the next round. So a small, stable community that interacts repeatedly can find a way

to pursue the collective interest—by altering the individual calculation.

“There’s a presumption out there that users always overexploit a common resource,” Ostrom says, “and therefore governments always have to step in and set things right. But the many cases of well-governed and -managed irrigation systems, fisheries, and forests show this to be an inadequate starting point. A far-away government could never have found the resources to design systems like Alanya.” Ostrom is critical of the unthinking application of oversimplified game-theory models because, she says, economists and biologists alike frequently begin to believe that people who have depended on a given economic or biological resource for centuries are incapable of communicating, devising rules, and monitoring one another. She admits that cooperation is more likely in small groups that have common interests and the autonomy to create and enforce their own rules.

Some biologists go further, and argue that even quite big groups can cooperate. Egbert Leigh, of the Smithsonian Tropical Research Institute, points out that commons problems go deep into the genetics of animals and plants. To run a human body, 75,000 different genes must “agree” to cooperate and suppress free-riders (free-riding genes, known as outlaw genes, are increasingly recognized as a major force in evolution). Mostly they do, but why? Leigh found the answer in Adam Smith, who argued, in Leigh’s words, that “if individuals had sufficient common interest in their group’s good, they would combine to suppress the activities of members acting contrary to the group’s welfare.” Leigh calls this idea a “parliament of genes,” though it is crucial to it that all members of such a parlia-



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What Changed Du Pont’s Mind?

FOR ALL THESE reasons, cooperation ought not to be a problem in Fowler, Kansas—a community in which everybody knows everybody else and shares the immediate consequences of a tragedy of the commons. Professor Kenneth Oye, the director of the Center for International Studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, first heard about Fowler’s sinking water table when his wife attended a family reunion there.

Oye’s interest was further piqued when he subsequently heard rumors that the state had put a freeze on the drilling of new wells in the Fowler area: such a move might be the beginning of a solution to the water depletion, but it was also a classic barrier to the entry of new competitors in an industry. Oye had been reflecting on the case of Du Pont and chlorofluorocar-

Pont's executives quickly realized that the loss of public good will could cost them more than the products were worth. This seems to challenge the logic of tit-for-tat. It suggests that appeals to the wider good can be effective where appeals to self-interest cannot.

Oye speculates that this explanation was incomplete, and that the company's executives may have been swayed in favor of a ban on CFCs by the realization that the CFC technology was mature and vulnerable. Du Pont was in danger of losing market share to its rivals. A ban beginning ten years hence would at least make it worth no potential rival's while to join in; Du Pont could keep its market share for longer and meanwhile stand a chance of gaining a dominant market share of the chemicals to replace CFCs. Again self-interest was part of the motive for environmental change. If consciousness-raising really changes corporate minds, why did the utility industry fight the Clean Air Act of 1990 every step of the way? The case of Du Pont is not, after all, an exception to the rule that self-interest is paramount.

The Intangible Carrots

BESIDES, ENVIRONMENTALISTS CANNOT REALLY believe that mere consciousness-raising is enough or they would not lobby so hard in favor of enforceable laws. About the only cases in which they can claim to have achieved very much through moral suasion are the campaigns against furs and ivory. There can be little doubt that the world's leopards breathe easier because of the success of campaigns in recent decades against the wearing of furs. There was no need to bribe rich socialites to wear fake furs—they were easily shamed into it. But then shame can often be as effective an incentive as money.

Certainly the environmental movement believes in the power of shame, but it also believes in appealing to people's better natures. Yet the evidence is thin that normative pressures work for necessities. Furs are luxuries; and recycling works better with financial incentives or legal sanctions attached. Even a small refund can dramatically increase the amount of material that is recycled in household waste. In one Michigan study recycling rates were less than 10 percent for nonrefundable glass, metal, and plastic, and more than 90 percent for refundable objects. Charities have long known that people are more likely to make donations if they are rewarded with even just a tag or a lapel pin. Tit for tat.

The issue of normative pressure versus material incentive comes into sharp focus in the ivory debate. Western environmentalists and East African governments argue that the only hope for saving the elephant is to extinguish the demand for ivory by stifling supply and raising environmental consciousness. Many economists and southern African governments argue otherwise: that local people need incentives if they are to tolerate and protect ele-

phants, incentives that must come from a regulated market for ivory enabling sustained production. Which is right depends on two things: whether it is possible to extinguish the demand for ivory in time to save the elephants, and whether the profits from legal ivory trading can buy sufficient enforcement to prevent poaching at home.

Even if it proved possible to make ivory so shameful a purchase that demand died, this would be no precedent for dealing with global warming. By giving up ivory, people are losing nothing. By giving up carbon dioxide, people are losing part of their standard of living.

Yet again and again in recent years environmentalists have persisted in introducing an element of mysticism and morality into the greenhouse debate, from Bill McKibben's nostalgia about a nature untouched by man in *The End of Nature* to James Lovelock's invention of the Gaia hypothesis. Others have often claimed that a mystical and moral approach works in Asia, so why not here? The reverence for nature that characterizes the Buddhist, Jain, and Hindu religions stands in marked contrast to the more exploitative attitudes of Islam and Christianity. Crossing the border from India to Pakistan, one is made immediately aware of the difference: the peacocks and monkeys that swarm, tame and confident, over every Indian temple and shrine are suddenly scarce and scared in the Muslim country.

In surveying people's attitudes around the Kosi Tappu wildlife reserve in southeastern Nepal, Joel Heinen, of the University of Michigan, discovered that Brahmin Hindus and Buddhists respect the aims of conservation programs much more than Muslims and low-caste Hindus. Nonetheless, religious reverence did not stand in the way of the overexploitation of nature. Heinen told us, "Sixty-five percent of the households in my survey expressed negative attitudes about the reserve, because the reserve took away many rights of local citizens." Nepal's and India's forests, grasslands, and rivers have suffered tragedies of the commons as severe as any country's. The eastern religious harmony with nature is largely lip service.

The Golden Age That Never Was

IN RECENT YEARS THOSE WHO BELIEVE THAT THE narrow view of selfish rationalism expressed by economists and biologists is a characteristically Western concept have tended to stress not Buddhist peoples but pre-industrial peoples living close to nature. Indeed, so common is the view that all environmental problems stem from man's recent and hubristic attempt to establish dominion over nature, rather than living in harmony with it, that this has attained the status of a cliché, uttered by politicians as diverse as Pope John Paul II and Albert Gore. It is a compulsory part of the preface in most environmental books.

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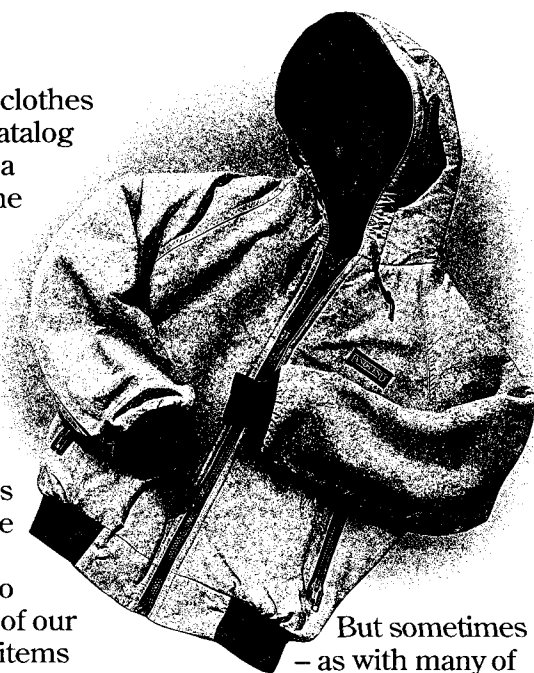
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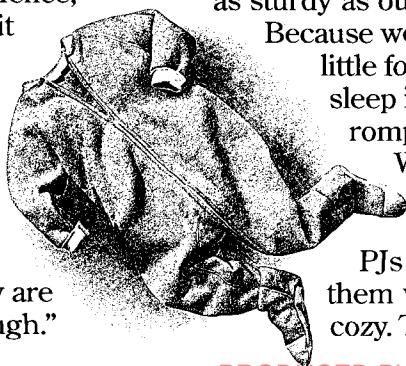
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If the cliché is true, then the biologists and economists are largely wrong. Individuals can change their attitudes and counteract selfish ambitions. If the cliché is false, then it is the intangible incentive of shame, not the appeal to collective interest, that changes people's minds.

Evidence bearing on this matter comes from archaeologists and anthropologists. They are gradually reaching the conclusion that pre-industrial people were just as often capable of environmental mismanagement as modern people, and that the legend of an age of environmental harmony—before we “lost touch with nature”—is a myth. Examples are now legion. The giant birds of Madagascar and New Zealand were almost certainly wiped out by man. In 2,000 years the Polynesians converted Easter Island, in the eastern Pacific, from a lush forest that provided wood for fishing canoes into a treeless, infertile grassland where famine, warfare, and cannibalism were rife. Some archaeologists believe that the Mayan empire reduced the Yucatán peninsula to meager scrub, and so fatally wounded itself. The Anasazi Indians apparently deforested a vast area.

History abounds with evidence that limitations of technology or demand, rather than a culture of self-restraint, are what has kept tribal people from overgrazing their commons. The Indians of Canada had the technology to exterminate the beaver long before white men arrived; at that point they changed their behavior not because they lost some ancient reverence for their prey but because for the first time they had an insatiable market for beaver pelts. The Hudson's Bay Company would trade a brass kettle or twenty steel fishhooks for every pelt.

Cause for Hope

WE CONCLUDE THAT THE CYNICISM OF THE economist and the biologist about man's selfish, shortsighted nature seems justified. The optimism of the environmental movement about changing that nature does not. Unless we can find a way to tip individual incentives in favor of saving the atmosphere, we will fail. Even in a pre-industrial state or with the backing of a compassionate, vegetarian religion, humanity proves incapable of overriding individual greed for the good of large, diverse groups. So must we assume that we are powerless to avert the tragedy of the aerial commons, the greenhouse effect?

Fortunately not. Tit-for-tat can come to the rescue. If the principles it represents are embodied in the treaties and legislation that are being written to avert global

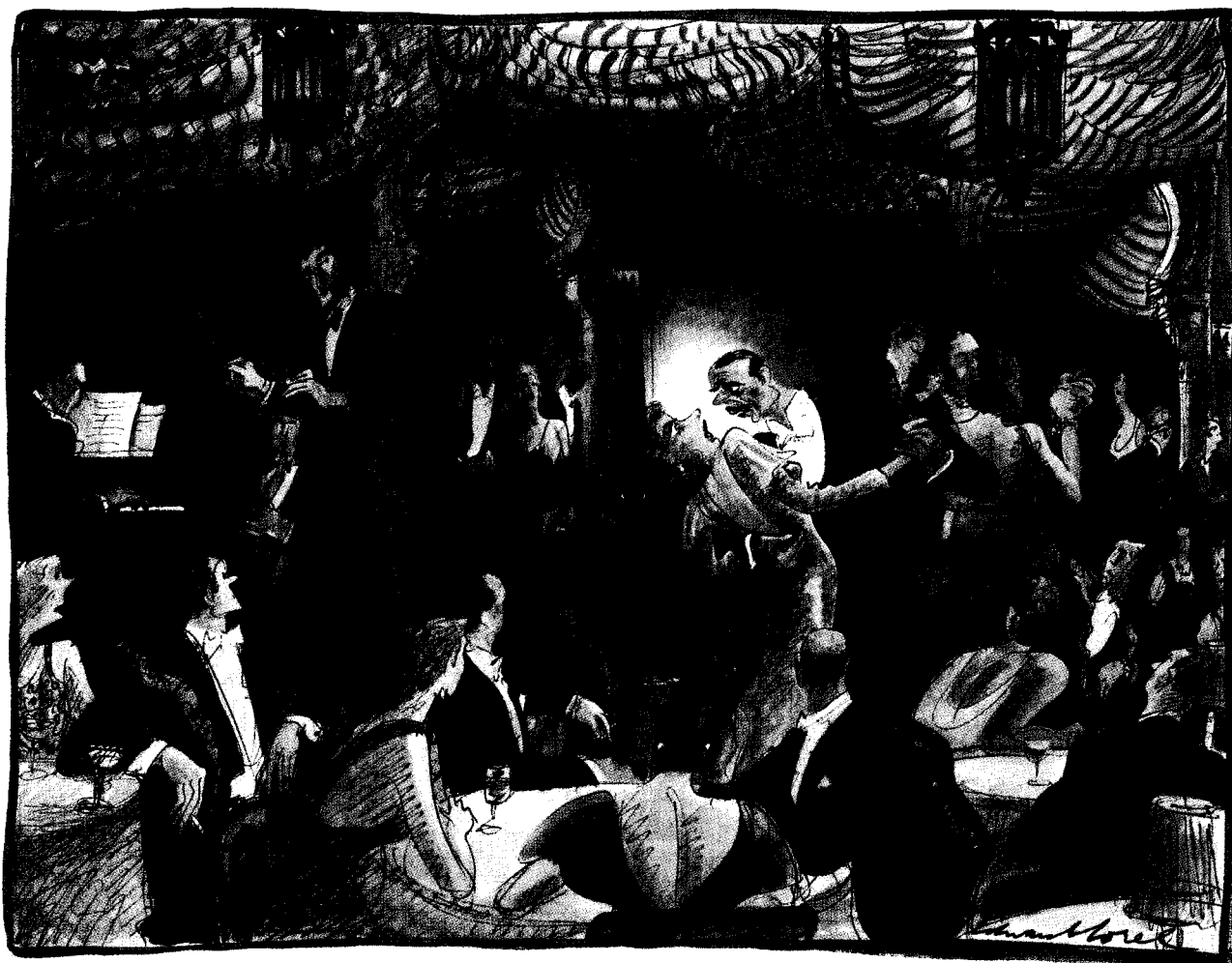
warming, then there need be no problem in producing an effective, enforceable, and acceptable series of laws.

Care will have to be taken that free-rider countries don't become a problem. As Robert Keohane, of Harvard University's Center for International Affairs, has stressed, the commons problem is mirrored at the international level. Countries may agree to treaties and then try to free-ride their way past them. Just as in the case of local commons, there seem to be two solutions: to privatize the issue and leave it to competition between sovereign states (that is, war), or to centralize it and enforce obedience (that is, world government). But Keohane's work on international environmental regimes to control such things as acid rain, oil pollution, and overfishing came to much the same conclusion as Ostrom's: a middle way exists. Trade sanctions, blackmail, bribes, and even shame can be used between sovereign governments to create incentives for cooperation as long as violations can be easily detected. The implicit threat of trade sanctions for CFC manufacture is “a classic piece of tit-for-tat,” Paul Romer observes.

Local governments within the nation can play tit-for-tat as well. The U.S. government is practiced at this art: it often threatens to deprive states of highway construction funds, for example, to encourage them to pass laws. States can play the same game with counties, or cities, or firms, and so on down to the level of the individual, taking care at each stage to rig the incentives so that obedience is cheaper than disobedience. Any action that raises the cost of being a free-rider, or raises the reward of being a cooperator, will work. Let the United States drag its feet over the Rio conventions if it wants, but let it feel the sting of some sanction for doing so. Let people drive gas-guzzlers if they wish, but tax them until it hurts. Let companies lobby against anti-pollution laws, but pass laws that make obeying them worthwhile. Make it rational for individuals to act “green.”

If this sounds unrealistic, remember what many environmental lobbyists are calling for. “A fundamental restructuring of many elements of society,” Lester Brown proposes; “a wholly new economic order.” “Modern society will find no solution to the ecological problem unless it takes a serious look at its lifestyle,” the Pope has said. These are hardly realistic aims.

We are merely asking governments to be more cynical about human nature. Instead of being shocked that people take such a narrow view of their interests, use the fact. Instead of trying to change human nature, go with the grain of it. For in refusing to put group good ahead of individual advantage, people are being both rational and consistent with their evolutionary past. □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

INGRID BERGMAN AND HOWARD HUGHES

HOWARD HUGHES WAS used to getting what he wanted, and about 1948 he decided he wanted Ingrid Bergman. His days as a daredevil flyer and independent movie producer were over; his millions would always be there. But a beautiful and talented married woman, a symbol of virtue—that was a challenge.

Cary Grant and Irene Selznick arranged an evening when they were all in New York; it ended with dancing at El Morocco. It was very pleasant and civilized, except that Hughes, in his low, clipped Texas voice, complained that he had no friends. Bergman laughed that one off. He could always go out and look for friends, she said. “Anyway . . . you’re not lonely tonight, are you?”

That moment of sympathy proved misguided. The phone calls multiplied, to no avail: the lady was not interested. But when she prepared to return to Hollywood, Hughes saw his chance. As the story goes, he bought up all available tickets on planes flying to California that day, and then offered his services. Their

flight had its positive side—Hughes arranged to hit the Grand Canyon at dawn, and gave her a tour at rim level. Marvelous, Bergman said. Thank you. Good-bye.

Hughes got one more chance. He phoned one day to inform Bergman that he had just bought RKO—a present for her. She laughed that one off too—until she wanted to do *Stromboli* with Roberto Rossellini and could not find backing. This time she called him. He was there in fifteen minutes. No, he didn’t want to hear the story, he didn’t care about the story. Would she be beautiful in it? Would she wear wonderful clothes? She would be playing a refugee from a displaced-persons camp? Ah, too bad—but okay, he would do it anyway.

Whatever Hughes hoped for didn’t happen. What did was the lovely Ingrid’s fall from grace in the eyes of her American public. He wrote to her just after little Robertini was born, but she stashed the letter away unanswered. When she found it twenty-five years later, she was awed by its sweetness. —Nancy Caldwell Sorel

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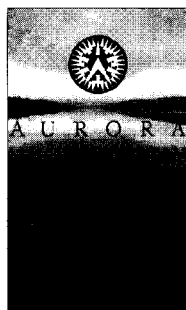


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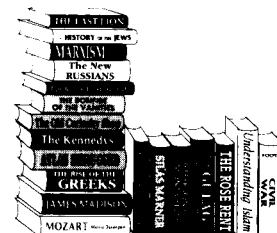
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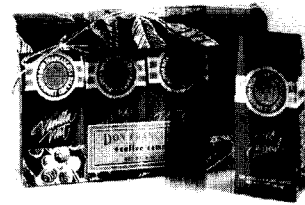
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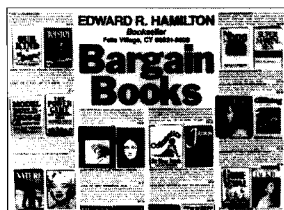
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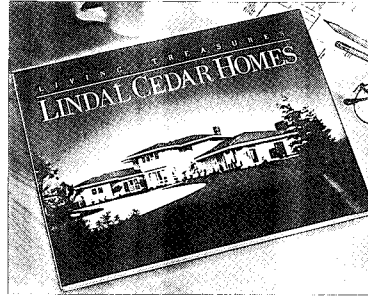
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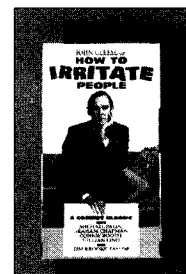
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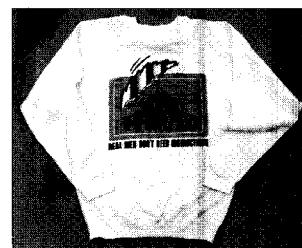
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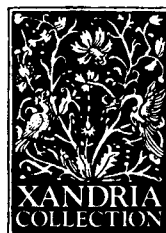
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Rubbing It In

How to coax the most flavor into poultry, fish, and meat

by Corby Kummer

MARINADES HAVE always confused me. I've never known how to balance the various ingredients, or how long to keep something in a marinade. I worry that the chicken or fish I'm marinating will get squishy before I grill, broil, or roast it. I know I want to flavor what I'm marinating as strongly and as fully as possible, and that it's fun rummaging around in my spice cabinet to concoct some special blend that will make my chicken or fish taste better than anyone else's. But

I don't want to soften it the way the acid in citrus juice "cooks" raw fish in se-viche—by coagulating the proteins. Then I'll end up serving pungent mush.

In an attempt to feel more confident mixing my own marinades, I recently looked into what roles the chief components in marinades play, and I was taken aback to realize how little I had bothered to think through. I concentrated on proteins—meat, chicken, fish—because they are the reason marinades came into being, and are the

foods most people marinate. With the exception of eggplant and mushrooms, soft vegetables don't take particularly well to being marinated before grilling or broiling; they go soggy when cooked. They do take well to being steeped in liquid afterward, but that is more the realm of dressings and sauces. Marinades are generally understood to be liquids that flavor foods before cooking. I've learned, however, that I don't necessarily need liquid to do what I want a marinade to do.

A marinade (from the Latin for "sea water," referring to a brine) is classically a way to tenderize cheap, tough cuts of meat by softening the collagen that binds the muscle. In the West this is done chiefly with an acidic ingredient such as lemon juice, wine, vinegar, or yogurt. Mango and tamarind also contain effective acids, and are used widely in Asia as tenderizers, as are papaya and pineapple, whose potent enzymes achieve the same end.

Tenderizing is still important for tough cuts of meat, such as London broil (flank steak) and lamb for kebabs. But thorough tenderization takes time, and Harold McGee, in *On Food and Cooking*, calls into question the ability of marinades to tenderize at all beyond the surface, which often becomes unpleasantly mealy. Marinades do benefit scallops of meat; in a few hours or overnight the marinade can significantly penetrate these thin cuts, and beef, veal, and lamb better withstand the acid of a marinade than do fish and chicken. Game, too, is classically marinated, to help break down tough fibers, reduce gaminess, and add fat where there is rarely any to speak of.

The hope is to lend needed liquid as well. In the cultures that use marinades extensively to tenderize meat—for example, Middle Eastern, Indian, and Asian—people don't cook meat rare, and any extra juice is welcome. McGee doubts that marinades can add that much liquid to cooked meat, and he has had unimpressive results in experimenting with injection bulb basters, which some people use to squirt marinade into the center of thick cuts. In *The Grilling Encyclopedia*, A. Cort Sinnes, a master griller, advocates using a "demon bulb baster" to flavor poultry. McGee didn't achieve much tenderizing or improvement in flavor when he tried injecting marinade into a thick piece of meat (he didn't try chicken), but at

least he avoided the disaster experienced by the Oxford physicist and cooking enthusiast Nicholas Kurti, who injected pineapple juice into a pork roast and managed to turn the whole thing into a sort of pâté. (The title of an anthology of essays by physicists about food refers to the gallant remark made to Kurti by the chef who roasted the mess: *But the Crackling Is Superb.*)

Fewer and fewer people cook big hunks of meat regularly these days, and what people put on a grill or under a broiler isn't likely to be something that needs tenderizing. If chicken, for instance, is tough, that's because it was overcooked, not because it wasn't given special treatment, and the same is true of most expensive cuts of veal and beef. Different cooking methods usually compensate for potentially tough cuts: popular and cheaper cuts of beef like brisket and shin are usually braised for a long time, breaking some of the bonds in the collagen and softening the meat. The quick way to tenderize meat is to break the fibers by pounding the meat—crude but effective, and still standard practice for scallopine and other thin cuts.

SINCE THE USUAL main course today is chicken or fish, the problem is more often blandness than toughness. Flavoring, not tenderizing, is the goal, and so the importance of mush-making acid diminishes. Aromatic herbs and spices come to the fore, as does the question of how much liquid to use—or whether to use any at all.

The role of oil is a matter of dispute. Certainly it is the best flavor carrier, besides having flavor of its own, and it tenderizes meat or fish and helps to keep it from sticking to a grill. (The surest way to avoid sticking is not oil but patience: pieces of food on a grill will generally move freely once they are well seared.) Oil also seems to be important for the absorption of flavors. Shirley Corriher, who for six years has been at work on a book about the scientific rules of the kitchen, to be published next year, points out how fast oil soaks into leaves and vegetables, which have naturally water- but not oil-repellent surfaces: a salad dressed in advance gets soggy because of the oil, not the vinegar. Harold McGee told me, "My guess is that oil will insinuate itself between the fibers of both meat and vegetables in a way that water won't."

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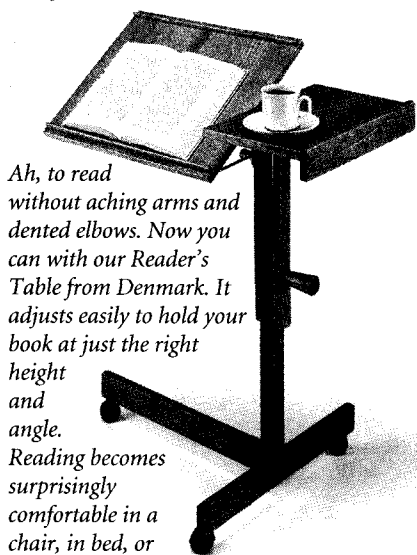
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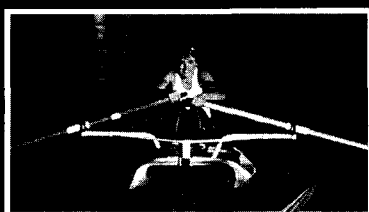
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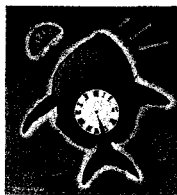


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Some marinades rely on liquid for the desired taste. Satay and soy-based marinades are indispensable for teriyaki (look in Barbara Kafka's *Party Food* for recipes), and I can't imagine London broil without such a marinade. I was recently drawn to a sweet-and-sour marinade I found in Evan Kleiman's *Cucina del Mare*, a book of Italian-inspired fish recipes. This marinade plays Sicilian flavors against a strong fish like swordfish or mackerel: Soak a pinch of saffron threads in a quarter cup of hot water for half an hour, and combine the saffron and its liquid with a half cup each of red-wine vinegar and chopped raisins, a tablespoon of minced fresh rosemary leaves, and a cup of olive oil. Marinate the fish for just a half hour to an hour, to avoid vinegar corrosion, before grilling or broiling.



On the increasingly rare occasions when I eat meat, I choose lamb, in particular Julie Sahni's "mint-scented" lamb, from *Classic Indian Cooking*, marinated in a liquidy paste consisting of two tablespoons of minced fresh mint leaves, one tablespoon each of minced garlic and grated or finely chopped gingerroot, two teaspoons each of paprika and ground cumin, a half teaspoon each of coarse salt and powdered red pepper, and a quarter teaspoon of ground cloves, all mixed into a half cup of light vegetable oil and two tablespoons of lemon juice. Smear this over a boned, butterflied leg of lamb to be grilled or broiled, let it sit in a sealed plastic bag overnight, and, as a friend says, "even with only two people you won't have leftovers."

HOW KEEN ARE YOU to have a marinade soak in? This might seem a simple question to answer. Isn't the point to make that flavorful liquid penetrate as thoroughly as possible? Otherwise, why not just make a sauce? Chris Schlesinger has a different solution: dry rubs, which he discovered on Texas barbecue while growing up in the South. Schlesinger has had plenty of time to think about marinades. He has spent nearly a decade in front of a fire at the East Coast Grill, a restaurant in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and, with John Willoughby, has written two good books, *The Thrill of the*

Grill and the new *Salsas, Sambals, Chutneys & Chowchows*, a small book of recipes for sauces and condiments. In his travels throughout the Caribbean and, recently, Asia and India, Schlesinger has realized that he prefers "raw, loud, vibrant flavors thrown together rather than intricate blending." For this reason he scorns marinades. All you get when you cut into a perfectly good chunk of meat, he says, is a "quarter inch of Italian dressing."

As an example of a dry rub that does, more intensely, what a conventional marinade is meant to do, Schlesinger devised for me an all-American barbecue rub, drawing on his years of observing barbecue throughout the South and Southwest. Mix together a quarter cup each of powdered chili peppers, paprika, ground cumin, brown sugar, salt, and freshly cracked black pepper, two tablespoons of ground cayenne, and a teaspoon of ground cloves. This provides most of the flavors people crave in a barbecue sauce without the overdoses of sugar and tomato which inevitably cause it to burn. Although the rub does contain sugar and will provide a crust, it won't provide the sticky, gooey dribs and drabs and the high charcoal content that many people love. What interests Schlesinger is a "super-crispy, crunchy crust and juicy meat."

Schlesinger often toasts aromatic seeds in a dry pan at medium heat for three to five minutes, until they begin to smoke—a step most Indian cooks insist on to get the most from spices like cumin, coriander, and peppercorns. This technique is used in making a spicy rub he gave me for oily fish like tuna, mackerel, and bluefish: In a pan toast two tablespoons each of mustard seed, fennel seed, coriander seed, and white peppercorns. Let them cool, whir them in a spice grinder (you can use a coffee grinder for this purpose if you first whir granulated sugar in it and wipe it clean), and stir the freshly ground spices with a quarter cup of coarse salt and one teaspoon each of ground cinnamon, turmeric, and cayenne.

Or you can try anise, ginger, Szechuan peppercorns, and other Chinese spices to give a different "flavor footprint" (Schlesinger's phrase) to a dry rub. In *Couscous and Other Good Food From Morocco*, Paula Wolfert gives recipes for *ras el hanout*, a strong Moroccan spice blend, and the Moroccan chili-based *harissa*; in *Authentic Mexican*, Rick and

Deann Bayless give several Yucatán seasoning pastes for pork, chicken, and fish which call for lots of garlic and spices like cumin, coriander, allspice, and cloves.

Eliminating acid from a marinade doesn't mean that you can't have the flavor of citrus. In *A Fresh Look at Saucing Foods*, Deirdre Davis proposes a dry rub consisting of just equal parts of grated lemon zest (the colored part of the rind) and coarsely ground black and white pepper, to be left for a half hour on chicken or turkey breast, pork cutlets, or veal chops. Despite the comprehensive and instructive overview of sauces she gives in her book, Davis told me that she often favors a dry rub over any marinade: "I think it penetrates more, and it stays there, because you don't wipe it off," as you usually do a marinade.

For a knockout punch of both citrus and hot pepper, consult Barbara Tropp's *China Moon Cookbook*, a delightful and original book of recipes and ideas from an authority and a scholar who has relaxed considerably since writing the encyclopedic *Modern Art of Chinese Cooking*. Tropp gives zingy recipes for several flavored oils that can stand alone as marinades. Making them requires a deep non-aluminum pot and a deep-fat-frying thermometer, but the powerful results reward the effort.

The simplest and perhaps most versatile recipe is for chili-orange oil, which can flavor meat, chicken, or fish. Wash three large, unblemished oranges in warm water in a light liquid detergent, using an abrasive sponge; peel off and mince a thin layer of zest, leaving the white pith. In a heavy two- or two-and-a-half-quart saucepan combine the zest with half a cup of "shockingly pungent" dried red chili flakes; three tablespoons of unrinsed Chinese black beans, coarsely chopped; one or two large cloves of garlic, smashed and peeled; two cups of corn or peanut oil (Tropp suggests Mazola corn oil or Planter's peanut oil); and a quarter cup of Japanese sesame oil (she suggests the Kadoya brand). Over low heat bring the mixture to 225°–250° and simmer, stirring occasionally, for fifteen minutes. Remove the oil from the heat and let it cool; scrape it into a jar, cover, and store in a cool place or a refrigerator. Tropp told me that besides drizzling the oil over pasta, she mixes it with mushroom soy sauce (her preferred brand is Pearl River Bridge) for a marinade.

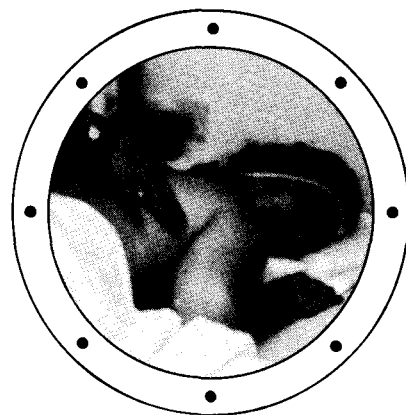
Tropp sells bottles of chili-orange oil at her restaurant in San Francisco, the China Moon Café, and hopes soon to market it more widely. For other quick doses of spicy heat you can use any of dozens of pepper sauces and oils available by mail order from Mo Hotta-Mo Betta (800-462-3220), which publishes a catalogue as diverting as its name.

THE BEST MARINADE or dry rub is, of course, the one you come up with yourself. Soy and hoisin sauces are invaluable standbys, as are mustard powder and various oils and spices. Marinades forgive inexperience and enthusiasm much more readily than, say, salad dressings, because going overboard with heat or acidity won't necessarily overwhelm the food you've marinated. Good rules to keep in mind are to seal marinated foods in plastic bags and to marinate meats at room temperature, allowing flavors to seep in faster. Marinating at room temperature can be dangerous with fish and chicken, which quickly develop many kinds of bacteria and might not be cooked long enough to be made safe. Cookbooks always recommend marinating fish and chicken in the refrigerator. I have found, though, that the authors themselves usually leave them on the counter. Also, bear in mind how quickly acids, including those in wine, eat into the outer layers of fish (shrimp is particularly susceptible) and, to a lesser extent, chicken. Dry rubs can stay on virtually as long as you like without damaging flesh. It is nearly impossible for any kind of marinade to penetrate chicken skin: if you can't do without the skin, poke your fingers beneath it to spread on a dry rub or a paste.



You need to slather any marinade or rub on every bit of the surface of the meat, chicken, or fish you're flavoring, inside and out. Dry rubs can be harder to make adhere everywhere, but generally they will mix with the liquid from the flesh, making a kind of paste, and pressure and persistence will result in a thorough coat. Fancy brushes and namby-pamby applicators won't do: bare hands are best. Many cooks think that you haven't even entered the kitchen until your hands are dirty. Marinades and dry rubs tell you very clearly that you're cooking. □

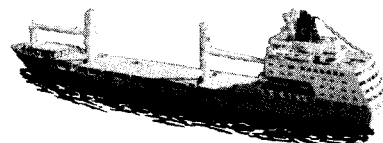
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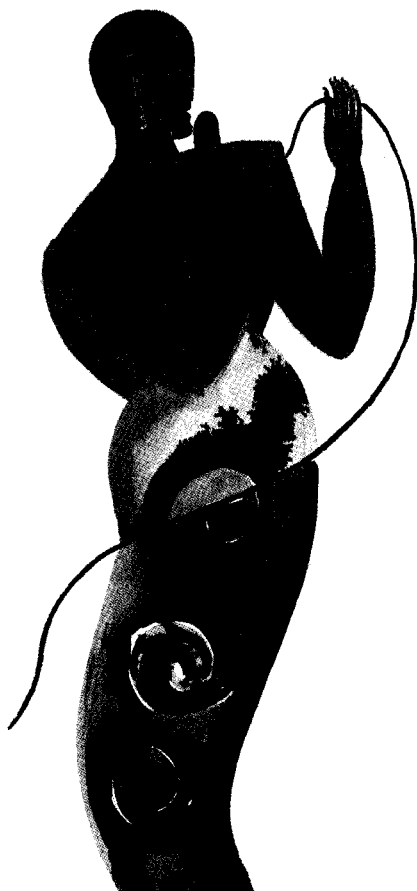
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Music



Borrowed Beats

Cuban dance rhythms have ignited American music since the turn of the century

by Gene Santoro

MENTION CUBA to most Americans, and the associations are predictable: Fidel Castro, Desi Arnaz, Celia Cruz (if the kids watch *Sesame Street*), and Oscar Hijuelos. But the ties between Cuban and American culture, especially in music, are historical, deeply rooted, and ongoing. They're so strong, in fact, that they have survived the thirty-three-year rupture in normal relations between the two countries. Kids in Havana watch MTV and hunger for the latest names

in sneakers and jeans. Kids here dance to the disco diva Gloria Estefan following steps derived from the hustle, the 1970s Cuban-influenced dance.

It's impossible to tell the story of Cuban or U.S. music without constantly referring to both. For example, mambo, one of Cuba's musical jewels, is largely a Cuban-American invention out of New York. For another example, when Jelly Roll Morton, the self-described founder of jazz, spoke of that quintessentially American music's "Spanish tinge," he probably meant the Afro-Cuban dance rhythms that helped bind marching-band music and blues into early jazz.

Many of today's forms of pop music were born of the interchange between Cuban and American musicians, a collaboration that has charged music for at least a hundred years. If the New World has been this century's major source of popular music, it's largely because of the rich residue left by conquest and slavery. In the United States the collision of African and European sensibilities, musical forms, instruments, and techniques gave rise to work songs, minstrel shows, blues, jazz, and rock. Brazil boasts related hybrids like samba, bossa nova, and tropicalia. From Jamaican reggae to Trinidadian calypso and soca, the Caribbean teems with offshoots of the same roots.

That, of course, includes Cuba. For four centuries after the arrival of the conquistadores the island was aswirl both with European dances and with beats brought by West and Central African slaves working sugar plantations. Underlying their buoyant polyrhythms was *clave*—the two-bar pattern with a three-two or two-three beat to which the American rocker Bo Diddley gave his name here. Then, around the First World War, *son*—a raw-edged song form that relied on characteristic West African devices like call-and-response vocals and cyclical backing riffs—migrated westward to Havana from Oriente province. Culturally speaking, Oriente was a heavily African part of Cuba; its U.S. counterparts are the Mississippi Delta, cradle of the blues, and Louisiana, especially New Orleans, with its Mardi Gras, second-line struts, and jazz.

Early *son* sounds like blues set to *clave*—perhaps not surprisingly, given its origins and guitar-plus-vocal instrumentation. The fine CD anthology *Cu-*

ban Counterpoint: History of the Son Montuno (Rounder) begins its survey with 1950s field recordings of songs in that vein, and goes back in time from there to trace the rapid evolution of *son* in Havana. Like the blues in late-nineteenth-century New Orleans, *son* accreted bands. *Sextetos*—usually two vocalists, two guitars, claves, maracas, a bongo, and a *martímbula* (a large version of the African *mbira*, or finger piano) or a string bass—became the urban vehicle for *son*. When, in the late 1920s, the *sexteto* added a cornet (later a trumpet) that played flowing embellishments, the *septeto* became the unit favored by pivotal *soneros*, including the singer-composer Ignacio Piñeiro. (A recent recording by the Septeto Nacional, which Piñeiro originally formed, can be found on *Cuban Dance Party*, from Rounder.)

George Gershwin, who befriended Piñeiro on a trip to Havana, lifted one of the Cuban's melodies for his "Cuban Overture." (Gershwin was one of countless Americans who made Havana a thriving tourist destination, one that became overrun with prostitutes and Mafiosi—a situation dependent on racism and exploitation, which were prohibited only with Castro's revolution.)



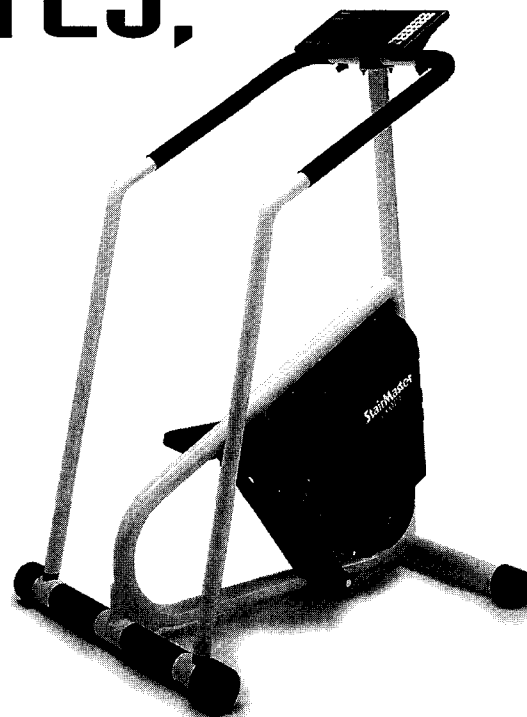
Gershwin was hardly the first composer to borrow from Cuba. The musicologist John Storm Roberts points out in *The Latin Tinge* (1979) that in 1854 the New Orleans composer Louis Moreau Gottschalk went to Havana and returned with Cuban-inflected pieces that achieved some acclaim. In 1900 W. C. Handy visited Havana and noted confluences between Cuban rhythms and ragtime, on which he later drew.

With the suggestive beats and double entendres and improvisations in *son*, early *soneros* were effectively restricted to entertaining Havana's segregated black neighborhoods. Still, some, like Piñeiro, managed to attract the attention of American record companies. By 1926 the Sexteto Boloña was recording in New York, which had become a mecca for Cuban as well as American jazz musicians. Not just the city's better studios but also the creative ferment of the Harlem Renaissance drew Cubans. Duke Ellington was introducing Latin rhythms into his pieces, the Harlem Opera House staged Cuban shows, and the Cuban composer Ernesto Lecuona wrote songs that became hits for Xavier Cugat and other mainstream U.S. popularizers. The two cultures were meshing more closely.

Meanwhile, white Havana was dancing to *charanga*—a style performed by ballroom groups that de-emphasized percussion and replaced the *sexteto*'s horns with the smoother flute and violin. As before, dance shaped the form: the music *charanga* groups played was built on *danzón*, a syncopated Creole version of the eighteenth-century French contredanse which evolved in late-1800s Oriente. *Charanga* groups aspired to the kind of elegance that characterized a group like Antonio María Romeu's, which sported white gloves and interpolated touches of pieces by Liszt.

By the late 1920s Cuban emigration to New York had spawned El Barrio—the East Harlem enclave that remains home to many Latins today. El Barrio was soon a market: U.S. record companies stepped up the recording of Latin sounds to sell there and in Latin America. But the neighborhood also provided a base for the growing network of Cuban and U.S. jazz musicians. The Cuban flautist Alberto Socarrás, for instance, did session work for Columbia, performed in Benny Carter's jazz band, and led his own orchestra, which blended Cuban, jazz, and classical idioms.

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FROM THE turn-of-the-century cakewalk on, American music history can be viewed as a series of dance crazes, often based on imported rhythms. In 1930 "El Manicero" ("The Peanut Vendor") launched the rumba in the United States. Rumba, which was essentially transplanted *son*, soon kicked the Argentine tango (the previous craze) out of its way to introduce a mass American audience to Cuban rhythms. Throughout 1930 Don Azpiazu—who recorded "The Peanut Vendor" with RCA Victor and then had to work for six months to get the label to release it—was playing rumba at the New York Palace, in the first lengthy engagement a Cuban band had obtained outside El Barrio. A year later instrument manufacturers, including Gretsch, advertised a full line of rumba instruments. Soon conga lines (a commercial dilution, with a heavier, less subtle beat, of the Cuban carnival street dance), which Desi Arnaz claimed—falsely—to have introduced at a Miami nightclub, swept the nation, remaining popular until the Second World War. (Azpiazu's recording and other tasty morsels, such as Bing Crosby's version of Lecuona's "Siboney," with Xavier



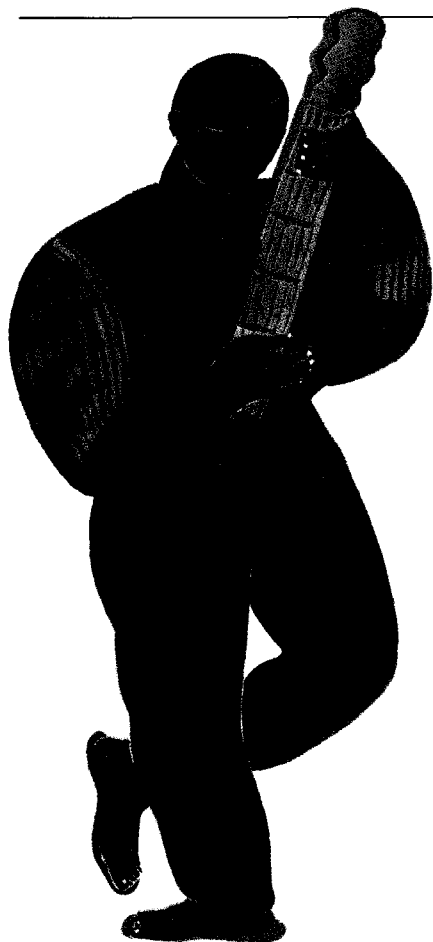
Cugat, and Pérez Prado's "Mambo #8," are part of the solid survey *A Carnival of Cuban Music*, from Rounder.)

While Americans were doing the conga, the late 1930s in Cuba brought a rage for the music played by *conjuntos*. *Conjuntos* consisted of one or two vocalists, two or three trumpets, a bass, various drums, and a piano. Adding a conga drum, which offered a loose, improvised commentary on the underlying *clave*, deepened the fierce rhythmic and thematic cross talk; the innovation is attributed to Arsenio Rodríguez, a blind guitar-playing *sonero*. (His music is featured on *Cuban Counterpoint* and *A Carnival of Cuban Music*.) Rodríguez played with the beats, sometimes leaving them implicit, sometimes staggering or disguising their starting points. Along with the multi-instrumentalist Mario Bauzá and the vocalist Frank Grillo, Rodríguez and the bassist Israel "Cachao" López, who adapted elements of proto-mambo for a famous 1930s Havana *charanga* group, were precursors of what would, at the war's end, become mambo mania.

WHEN OSCAR HIJUELOS was looking for an overarching metaphor reflecting the deep intimacies and inevitable frictions between Cuban and American cultures, he didn't pull mambo out of a hat. Mambo yearned to carry that symbolic weight. A descendant of Congolese cult music, born in Cuba and raised in New York, mambo circled back to Cuba by way of, among others, the Mexico-based Pérez Prado, its most successful popularizer.

As a teenaged veteran of Romeu's orchestra, Mario Bauzá emigrated from Havana to Harlem's Sugar Hill; soon he was playing with Chick Webb, Fletcher Henderson, Don Redman, and Cab Calloway. In 1937 he invited his brother-in-law Frank Grillo to "come and starve with me." Grillo, better known as Machito, had apprenticed with Ignacio Piñero in Havana, but New York was, as jazzers said, "the big apple." So there he went, and there Bauzá and Grillo founded the Afro-Cubans, a seminal band that overrode musical and racial barriers by mingling Cuban, Puerto Rican, and American personnel.

The genius of the Afro-Cubans lay in recognizing the affinity between swing-era jazz and their own tradition. Though the rhythms of the two idioms



were radically different, they were both about dancing to improvised solos over cyclic backing riffs. But Cubop, as the powerful and captivating hybrid came to be called, presented rhythmic difficulties to American jazzers; *clave* threw musicians used to playing four-four time. On the other hand, the convoluted harmonies over which boppers like Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie soloed were far removed from mambo's improvising passage, *montuno*, which favors simple repeated figures over two or three chords.

Some of these differences were bridged by tunes like the Afro-Cubans' 1940s hit "Tanga" (on *The Original Mambo Kings*, from Verve). A bit later "Manteca" (on *Carnival*) teamed Gillespie's blistering trumpet with the fiery improvisation of Chano Pozo's conga, which drew on the Cuban musician's experience with *abakwa*—a cult with roots in Nigeria. By the late 1940s Cuboppers were experimenting with extended forms like "Afro-Cuban Suite," by Gillespie and Pozo, and "Cubana Be" and "Cubana Bop," by George Russell, a leading bop composer (on *Dixiest*, from Bluebird). After Gillespie's big band with Pozo appeared at Carnegie Hall, in September of 1947, Cubop's

role in the bebop era was clinched. At the instigation of the promoter Norman Granz, in the late 1940s Bird himself hitched his mercurial alto to Cubop, with mixed results. Stan Kenton's big band recorded "Machito." And Machito's own group performed with Dexter Gordon, Johnny Griffin, Stan Getz, and Zoot Sims.

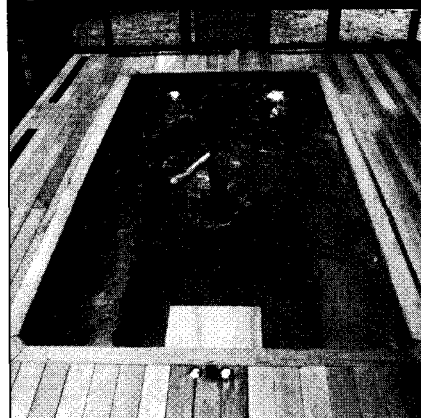
Mambo quickly took hold in the U.S. pop world. In 1947 Bing Crosby recorded "Quizás, Quizás, Quizás"; Nat King Cole and Rosemary Clooney sang hit mambos as well. Rhythm-and-blues was not immune to mambo's allure either: it absorbed the latest Spanish tinge in New Orleans, where Professor Longhair and Fats Domino adapted mambo. In New York the Palladium, the "Temple of the Mambo" on Broadway and Fifty-second Street, attracted high-voltage fans like Gillespie and Marlon Brando. Jazzers working down the street at Birdland ran up between sets to check out the Cuboppers, and the Latin musicians eagerly returned the favor.

In popular culture as in all aesthetic realms, innovation and expansion usually lead to consolidation and retrenchment, and the 1950s mambo explosion was no exception. Even as mambo held sway, classic *charanga* was being revived and adapted by Johnny Pacheco and by the Joe Cuba Sextet, which in 1966 had a million-selling crossover hit with "Bang Bang." (The *charanga* revival was only reinforced when Castro took power and more than 100,000 Cubans, among them many members of *charanga* groups, fled to the United States.)

Facing competition from rock-and-roll, the mambo big bands died out. And so, paralleling the earlier shift in jazz from swing bands to bop combos, as big bands like Machito's became less economically viable, smaller Latin-jazz combos with instrumentation more like that of jazz than that of *charanga* (trombones replaced violins, for instance) took their place. Key pioneers were Mongo Santamaria (*Afro Roots*, from Prestige) and Cal Tjader (*Latin Kick*, from Fantasy).

FROM THIS STEW of pop hybrids came salsa, in the 1970s in New York. Originally a word Cuban musicians used more or less the way jazzers use "swing," "salsa" now refers to a fusion of *son* vocals, jazz improvisa-

SWIM AT HOME



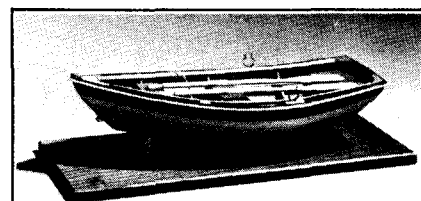
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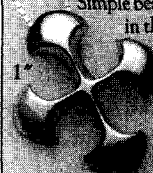
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L	U	P	I	N	E	C	U	★	D	C	I
A	T	T	E	S	T	A	N	D	Y	A	N
R	E	D	R	E	S	S	T	Y	I	N	G

"CELESTIAL NAVIGATION"

1. ARISTARCHUS (anag.) 2. DYAN (hidden) 3. A-VA-TAR 4. MEN-TO-R 5. B-AS-TARDY
6. P(LAY)ACT 7. L(UP)INE 8. PLIE(d) 9. STA(R)VES 10. LAW-N 11. TABULAR (anag.)
12. STAR(T)LING 13. BUS-TARD (rev.) 14. (f)ATTEST 15. STU(R)DY 16. CARDS
(double def.) 17. MENSA (anag.) 18. M(E)CC-AS 19. BAN(IS)TER 20. COSTA RICAN
(anag.) 21. DU-L-L 22. YANKEE (hidden) 23. (pr)AIRIE-R 24. POLK-AS 25. C(US-T)ARD
26. STOLE (double def.) 27. GAUL (homophone) 28. T-RYSTER (Terry's anag.)
29. STARE-TS 30. CANOEIST (anag.) 31. A-CUTE 32. TO(I)L (lot rev.) 33. DIN-G
34. STA(RKNA)KED (rank anag.) 35. WIN-TRY 36. A-RID 37. E(PAUL)ET (tee rev.)
38. CORNSTARCH (anag.) 39. TYING (hidden) 40. UPS-TART 41. OVER(HUN)T
42. TENT(H)S 43. REDRESS (double def.) 44. MU(STAR)D (rats rev.)

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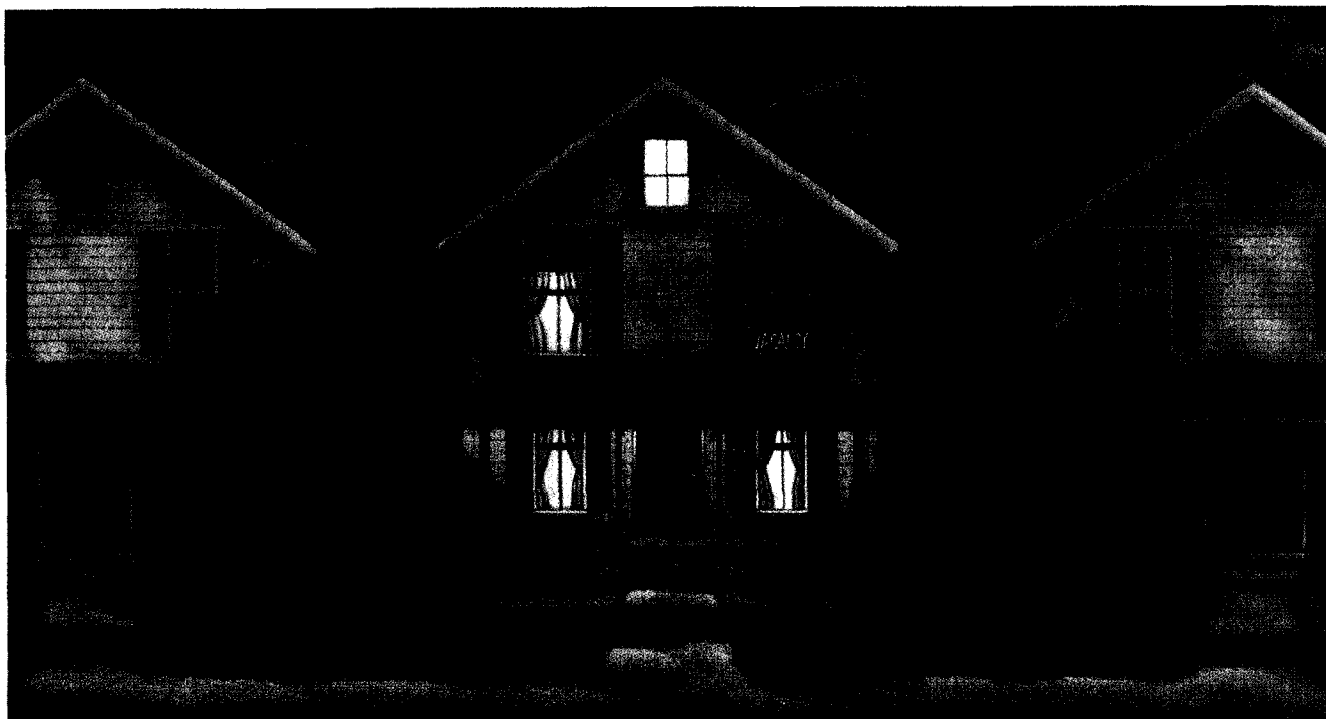
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tion and voicings, Cuban rhythms, and rock chord sequences and often electric instruments. Over the past two decades it has developed into a lingua franca for musicians from all over the Hispanic world—including, naturally, Cuba, despite the isolation the United States has tried to impose on it. First among Cuban *salseros* is the fourteen-strong Los Van Van, led by the composer, bassist, and vocalist Juan Formell, which mixes trombones and violins with synthesizers, unison vocals with call-and-response, and jazzy solos with shimmering beats. (Los Van Van can be heard on *Cuban Dance Party*, from Rounder; *Songo*, from Mango; and *Dancing Wet*, from World Pacific.) Next is NG (Nueva Generación) La Banda, led by a Los Van Van veteran, the composer and flautist José Luis Cortés; its taut, whipsaw rhythms and ensemble work, and snaky vocals by Issac Delgado and Tony Calá, sparkle on *En la Calle* (Qbadisc).

Like pre-war U.S. blues, *son* demands that singers improvise. *Nueva trova*, an urban folk music, extends that tradition. The idolized singer-songwriters Silvio Rodríguez (*Canciones Urgentes*, from Luaka Bop) and Pablo Milanés (*Canconero*, from World Pacific) combine bitter-sweet romance and sharp sociopolitical insights as they move from acoustic guitar to furious salsa.

Modern Cuban jazz finds its foremost exponent in the pianist Gonzalo Rubalcaba. Classically trained from childhood, Rubalcaba mixes expansive romantic lyricism with Cuban rhythms and hurtling improvisation. After the bassist Charlie Haden jammed with him in 1986, Haden suggested to the Blue Note label that it sign Rubalcaba. Treasury Department rules forbade that, so Rubalcaba signed with Japan's Toshiba-EMI, and Blue Note licensed his albums for release. *The Blessing* (Blue Note), which teams him with Haden and the drummer Jack DeJohnette, is a good introduction.

In early April, Rubalcaba was granted a U.S. visa to perform at Lincoln Center the next month. Los Muñequitos de Matanzas, a folkloric group, got visas late last year, and U.S. record companies are growing increasingly interested in a potentially big market. Perhaps cultural sanctions imposed on Cuba by the United States are winding down. Once the two soulmates can rejoin, wait for the fireworks. □



Home on the Road

Even business travelers may find they enjoy bed-and-breakfasts

by Philip Langdon

IN 1971 MY wife and I spent most of our summer-long honeymoon hitchhiking through the British Isles. At the end of a day's travel we often checked into a local bed-and-breakfast. B&Bs were cozy and reasonably priced, and they provided what in Britain was usually the best meal of the day.

When at last we flew home, our bed-and-breakfast days ended: B&Bs were all but unheard of on this side of the Atlantic. Then, about five years ago, a friend told me about the wonderful stay he'd enjoyed at a B&B in the Dorchester section of Boston. I was traveling frequently on business, and my friend insisted that I should try American B&Bs, which had been proliferating since the early 1980s.

It was a fine idea. In a little more than four years I've stayed at twenty-four B&Bs—in Richmond, Charleston,

Savannah, Miami, Austin, San Antonio, Anaheim, Rancho Cucamonga (California), San Francisco, Berkeley, Sacramento, Portland (Oregon), Louisville, Cincinnati, Cleveland Heights, Brookline (Massachusetts), and a half dozen other places. Once, during peak tourist season on Nantucket, I paid \$110 for a night's lodging, but in most parts of the country I've been able to obtain comfortable lodging and a filling breakfast for half that amount. For two, the price usually goes up \$10 or so.

The key to staying happily at B&Bs, whether on business or pleasure trips, is to approach them with the attitude of an explorer. A B&B is an opportunity to experience some of the character of an area, in many instances while paying less than a hotel would charge for a room that only its architect can remember. Being by nature frugal, I've more

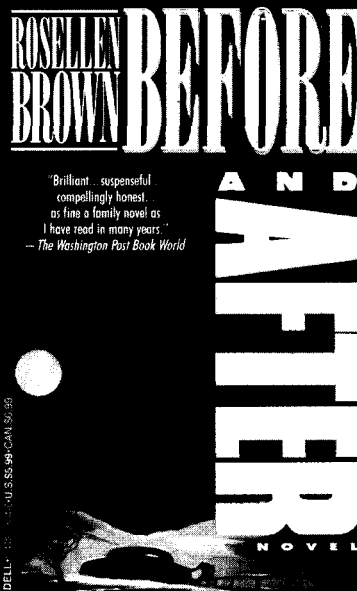
often than not paid \$45 to \$55. Although that has frequently meant doing without a private bath, it has saved me from the overly genteel atmosphere that people sometimes complain of encountering in more expensive B&Bs.

One of the first B&Bs I stayed at was the Bed & Breakfast Inn in Savannah's "Gordon Row," a block of four-story 1850s row houses whose curving steps lead to front doors a floor above ground level. There I had a high-ceilinged room looking out toward the live oaks and Spanish moss of placid Chatham Square. The room, which shares a bath with one other room, now has a rate of \$47. For \$76 there are carriage apartments at the back of the property, each containing a private bath, a kitchen, and a living room. Many B&Bs offer more than one level of accommodation and more than one rate.

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My third-floor bedroom in Savannah had an alcove containing a TV—the majority of B&Bs I've visited have a TV in every bedroom—but there was no need to turn it on, because the room was well stocked with books that I never would have found time to read back home. I happened to pick up a collection of essays from H. L. Mencken's *American Mercury*, and before I knew it the evening was gone, the old book magnifying the pleasure of being in a city where the past pervades everything.

B&Bs are not the right choice for someone who wants to be alone from check-in to check-out. It's expected that you'll talk to someone at breakfast—the owner if it's a small house, other guests if it's a larger establishment. In Savannah guests assembled at three large tables in the dining area for ample buffet-style breakfasts. Some guests initially appeared uneasy about what to say to strangers at their table. But one humorous remark is all it takes to break the dam of inhibition, and then the talk usually turns interesting.

I ENJOYED meeting and listening to the other guests in Savannah so much—there were bright, well-educated people from all over the eastern United States—that I resolved to stay only at large B&Bs. This proved to be impossible. Most B&Bs, I discovered, are small—operated by homeowners who have one to four spare bedrooms available. After staying at a few of them, I began to appreciate that small B&Bs, known in the lodging business as "homestay" bed-and-breakfasts, have solid virtues of their own. Hosts with only one or two spare bedrooms are often grateful to have visitors and income, and they may behave more generously than a traveler has any right to expect.

In Oak Park, Illinois, a couple of blocks from the much-visited Frank Lloyd Wright Home and Studio, for \$45 a night I had a handsome room with extensive oak woodwork and a private bath just outside the door. Early one evening, when I entered the house through the kitchen, Gloria Onischuk, the proprietor, asked if I'd had dinner. I hadn't. "Would you like some of the soup I made today?" she asked. I gladly consumed a large bowl of it at the long table in the kitchen, amid family conversation. The soup was tasty, and thick with vegetables.

My eye, however, was on the home-made apple pie that was cooling on a counter; in a few minutes a broad slice of it came my way. At breakfast the next day the pie shrank further. Extras like this build repeat business for homestay B&Bs.

At most small B&Bs guests are asked whether what's being planned for breakfast sounds agreeable. Quite a few owners will adjust their timing to fit guests' schedules. This makes it possible for people on business trips to keep morning appointments, though a hindrance to business travelers remains: an absence of phones in the rooms at most B&Bs.

Old houses bursting with antiques have shaped the prevailing notion of what a bed-and-breakfast should be. In a beautiful section of Louisville, I was given a suite at the top of a grand staircase in a Victorian mansion worthy of a robber baron. At breakfast, laid out next to a tall bay window, the host supplied my table with an elaborate silver service that accentuated the architectural splendor. In truth, however, B&Bs operate in houses of all kinds. Once, in California, I stayed in a ten-year-old tract house complete with spa and my own private deck and garage-door opener.

A NUMBER OF B&B guidebooks have been published in the past ten years. Among the most comprehensive is Phyllis Featherston and Barbara Ostler's 553-page *Bed & Breakfast Guide* (\$16.95), sponsored by the National Bed & Breakfast Association, in Norwalk, Connecticut. Now in its sixth edition, the guide contains more than 1,660 listings and contact information for eighty-eight reservation services. Another thick guide, edited by Julia M. Pitkin, is *The Annual Directory of American Bed & Breakfasts*, whose 1,423 pages contain more than 6,000 listings (Rutledge Hill Press, Nashville, \$18.95). These guides and most others are better on small towns and resort areas than on major cities; readers will find more listings for Lancaster, or Gettysburg, or even Ephrata, Pennsylvania, than for Philadelphia. Most guidebook compilers feel compelled to mix factual information with syrupy atmospherics. If I had a dollar for every time the words "gracious," "elegant," "lovely," and "special" are used, I could stay at the Ritz-Carlton for a month.

In response to puffed-up or misleading descriptions (sometimes written by the B&B owners themselves), efforts are under way to evaluate B&Bs objectively. The American Bed & Breakfast Association, in Richmond, Virginia, has inspected its member B&Bs in the United States and Canada, rejecting some of them and giving the rest ratings ranging from "acceptable, meets basic requirements" to "outstanding." The results appear in a guide called *Inspected, Rated, & Approved Bed & Breakfasts/Country Inns* (\$16.95). Unfortunately, the number of B&Bs covered is small: about 450.

Rather than rely on guidebooks, I prefer to call a reservation service in the area I'll be visiting and ask what's available in the price range and location I'm looking for. I've had good luck with several local reservation services affiliated with Bed & Breakfast: The National Network. For a brochure, write to the network at Box 4616, Springfield, Massachusetts 01101. Another association, which covers a larger number of reservation services, is Bed & Breakfast Reservation Services Worldwide. Requests for Worldwide's brochure, which costs \$3.00, should be sent to Box 606, Croton on Hudson, New York 10520. Reservation services sometimes require a deposit, which may be only partly refundable. One major point in favor of reservation services is that they usually examine each B&B before sending travelers to it. (Many national guidebooks are not so discriminating.) Another advantage is that they include many homestay B&Bs not found in guidebooks.

The smallest B&B I've experienced so far has been a two-bedroom, 750-square-foot house in Berkeley, where I stayed five nights for the sum of \$180. In such compact surroundings traveler and owner progress well beyond pleasantries. Over a breakfast of delicious scones fresh from a bakery down the street, the owner, a left-leaning woman in her late fifties, fretted about American military adventurism, the wasting of California's water, Berkeley's horde of panhandlers, the neighborhood's overdevelopment, and other problems. "I've been thinking I'd like to move to Oregon and raise goats and live in a yurt," she said.

With a slice of life like that to occupy a B&B guest's attention, a mint on the pillow would be superfluous. □

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Israel's "Right to Exist"

Is it important that the Arabs acknowledge it?

In the on-again/off again Mid-East Peace Conference, the Arabs, insist that meetings take place in Madrid, in Washington or some other locale far from the area of conflict. The Israelis wanted to convene in the respective capitals of the involved parties. It seemed like a reasonable suggestion. After all, Jerusalem is only 150 miles from Damascus, Syria, and only 80 miles from Amman, Jordan. But the Arabs did not accept that suggestion and insisted on a site as far away from home as possible. Why would they wish to impose such inconvenience on themselves? They believed that meeting with Israel in their respective capitals might by inference be considered as their recognition of Israel's existence.

What are the facts?

A Denial of Reality: Despite decisive military defeats in the wars that they have launched against the Jewish state, the Arabs deny the existence of the country that has inflicted such severe and repeated punishment on them. When it becomes inevitable to mention the Jewish state at all it is insolently referred to only as "the Zionist entity". This non-acknowledgement of Israel's existence is not simply a matter of semantics. Arab maps do not show Israel, but a vast area labeled as "Palestine". Cities such as Tel Aviv and Haifa simply don't exist. Arab

school children have no "official" knowledge of the existence of Israel. Schedules of foreign airlines that show Israel on their route maps or that list Israeli destinations are not allowed in most Arab countries. Foreign publications print special editions for the Arab countries, since no publication carrying advertising of Israeli firms may appear in those countries. And, of course, tourists of any nationality may not enter most Arab countries if their passports show evidence that the holders have ever visited Israel, the "non-existent country".

Israel Exists because it Exists: As an inducement to Israel for yielding lands that are absolutely indispensable for the country's defense, the "West Bank" and the Golan Heights, the Arabs now and then offer the possibility of the "recognition" of Israel's existence. The sad and almost incomprehensible aspect of that is that many well-meaning people in the U.S., and in other countries believe that this might be an acceptable bargain for Israel. But it's a self-defeating exercise. Israel's existence is in no

"Israel's existence is in no way dependent on the recognition of any Arab state. It's simple: Israel exists because it exists."

way dependent on the recognition of any Arab state. It's simple: Israel exists because it exists. There-

fore, suppose that meaningful meetings came about between Israel and an Arab country, and suppose that an Arab diplomat would ask what Israel would be prepared to "give" if that Arab country would consider acknowledging Israel's existence. Israel should reply that it in turn would consider acknowledging that Arab country's existence. Or, Israel could declare a boycott of the Arab world and could offer to relax or to rescind such boycott in consideration of parallel gestures by that Arab country.

The bizarre concept of Israel's "non-existence" has been around for over forty years. Many have been led to believe that Israel should bring substantial sacrifices, so as to get the Arabs to acknowledge Israel's existence. It is often said that Israel needs to be "recognized" by the Arabs in order to "normalize her condition". But need not the Arabs, too, live in "normalized conditions"? And Israel is often promised that, in return for yielding vital strategic territory to the Arabs, she would be assured of "safe and secure borders". But don't the Arabs also need borders that are safe and secure? The Arab countries have come to believe that peace is only good and desirable for Israel. But it is surely at least as important for the Arabs, who have lived through five wars with Israel—the "non-existent country". Peace and prosperity can and will come to this troubled region only when the Arabs accept the reality of Israel's existence and negotiate with her in good faith.

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An Icon of Englishry

by Geoffrey Wheatcroft

PHILIP LARKIN: A WRITER'S LIFE

by Andrew Motion.

Farrar Straus & Giroux, \$35.00.

WHEN PHILIP LARKIN was on holiday in 1962 in the Borders, where England meets Scotland, his girlfriend took a photograph of him on the northern side of the border, sitting on a large signpost that reads ENGLAND. The photograph (which appears among the illustrations in the 1982 fest-schrift *Larkin at Sixty*) is droll but telling, and a little disturbing. Larkin is wearing his comically formal leisure clothes—tweed jacket, shirt, and tie—with spectacles perched on wintry, batrachian features from which a half smile seems to have been just wiped. He looks more than ever like a provincial bank manager, or like the librarian of a provincial university that he was. Perhaps he was aware of his appearance, and his significance: the photograph is self-conscious and self-mocking at once. In the year of his fortieth birthday, with only two slight books of poetry so far published (and one even slighter privately printed), and known only to a discerning literary elite, Larkin sat on that signpost somehow conscious that he was on his way to becoming an English talisman.

Over the remaining twenty-three years of his life he became more talis-

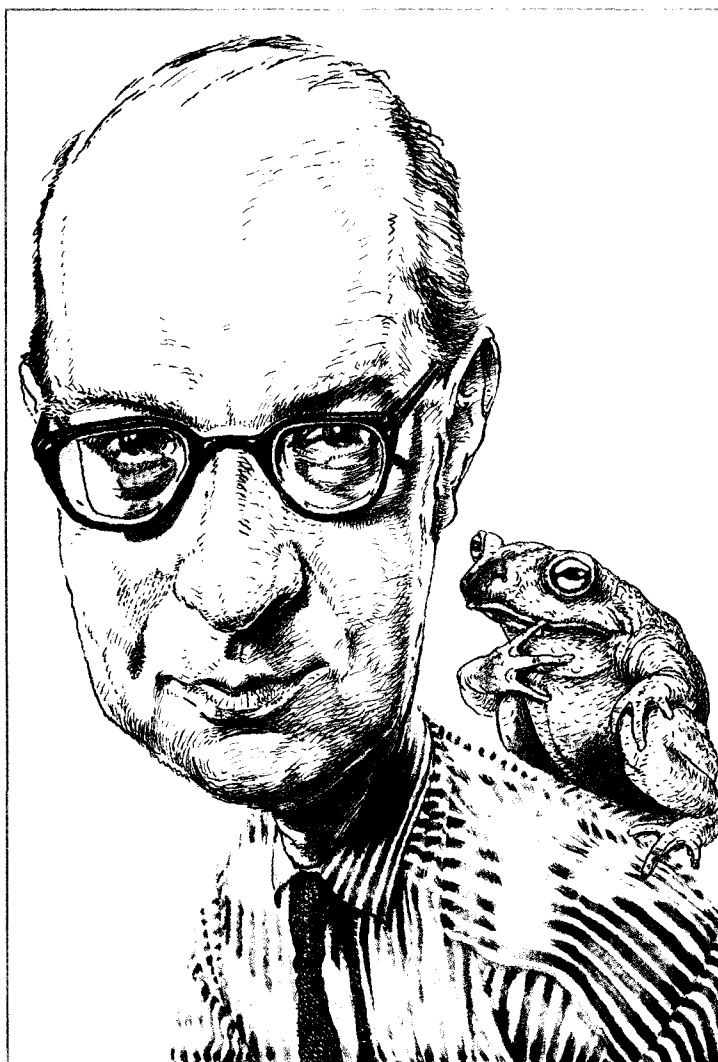
manic, and far more famous. That itself was striking in view of how exiguous his output was. There was something English also (again, maybe too self-consciously so) about that exiguity—a statement, as it were, that *we* don't have to write big books and lots of them, like the Americans or the Russians; we can get away with four pamphlets of no more than forty-eight pages each, produced at decennial intervals from 1945 to 1974, the poems themselves understated, stoical, bleak. In England it worked. Honors were showered on him: Commander of the Order of the British Empire (given his politics, that quaintly named award was maybe less inappropriate for him than for some others) and Companion of

Honour, Oxford doctorate, Queen's Gold Medal for Poetry. He was offered, but refused, the poet laureateship in 1984.

That refusal was prompted in part by his consciousness of declining powers, in part by his self-image. He pretended to be impossibly shy, gauche, and reclusive, hiding away from the metropolitan bright lights. No doubt this expressed a truth about one side of his personality, but with hindsight it also looks like a deliberate act. He played the part before interviewers on the rare occasions he met them (two interviews are republished in his anthology of journalism, *Required Writing*). Asked if he didn't feel the need to be at the center of things, he would say, "Oh no,

I very much feel the need to be on the periphery of things. . . . I've never been to America, nor to anywhere else, for that matter. . . . I hate being abroad."

And yet this insular misanthrope had by then become the best-known English poet since Auden. He had achieved that rare and enviable feat of combining critical acclaim and the admiration of fellow writers with popular success. He was about the only serious poet of his age who was read by a large public; striking an emotional chord all their own, many of his poems are uniquely memorable (he is also the only English poet since Auden a certain amount of whose work I know by heart). Perhaps there was a price to pay for this success. Larkin was well aware of the way in which the English turn their writers into characters and emblems, and aware of the way it was happening to him. He was befriended by John Betje-



WHY ALL AMERICANS SHOULD SUPPORT A MORATORIUM ON IMMIGRATION

FACT: More alien workers entered the U.S. labor market in 1992 than jobs were created, according to Immigration Service and Department of Labor statistics. America's disadvantaged workers suffer disproportionately from the steady influx of low-skilled, low-wage labor. The Zoe Baird incident was only the tip of the iceberg.

FACT: The Census Bureau now projects that there will be 383 million Americans in 2050, largely because of what *The Washington Post* describes as "massive immigration." That's 50 percent more Americans than there are today, and 83 million more than the Census Bureau projected just four years ago.

FACT: Thousands of illegal immigrants enter the country every day—2 million to 3 million a year. The law admits more immigrants and other workers than the economy can absorb. Fake documents are easily obtained, providing access to benefits meant for legal residents.

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man, and he saw that he was taking over from the older man as England's poetic mascot. In Andrew Motion's words, "The national bosom returned an echo to his work as surely as it did to Betje-man's," and late in life Larkin himself observed that Kingsley Amis was "becoming the E. Waugh de nos jours, me the J. B. I suppose."

Then Larkin died of cancer, in late 1985, at sixty-three and after a long literary silence. No book had appeared since *High Windows*, in 1974, and he had in fact written little except "Aubade," his magnificent poem about the fear of death. When a writer dies, a reaction notoriously sets in, with the stock falling for a time at least. In Larkin's case the reaction was delayed—and a time bomb had been left behind. His *Collected Poems* was published in 1988, including not only the published volumes but also a great quantity of previously unpublished work, most of which should have been left unpublished. His diaries were destroyed on his instructions, but his letters survived, to be published in London last year; the American edition comes out in December. They give a very different portrait from the Larkin of popular image, from the poet who for all that he may have been a solitary and melancholy old kvetch was surely lovable beneath it all. The letters are wonderfully readable, much the most enjoyable since Evelyn Waugh's, but they are more besides. After he had written a hostile review of those very Waugh letters, castigating them for their lack of charity, Larkin "wondered how my own wd rank for 'charity'—not very highly, I shd imagine." This anticipated all too accurately the reception of the letters, whose picture of a man in many ways far from lovable is fleshed out in Andrew Motion's enormous biography.

THE MAN IT describes is an English talisman, all right—but what an England! Here are the symptoms of the "English disease" displayed by a terminal patient: not only the bleak unhappiness and sense of loss that Larkin admitted as his subject matter ("after all, most people *are* unhappy, don't you think? . . . Deprivation is for me what daffodils were for Wordsworth") but narrowness and bigotry, resentment and self-pity. The publication of letters and life has caused a fierce controversy in the poet's country. An

anti-Larkin brigade has ridden exultantly into action, attacking on two fronts: Larkin was a despicable racist and reactionary; and he was simply not much good, a minor or marginal writer whose importance was grotesquely exaggerated in a way that showed up the essential triviality of contemporary English culture. Both charges deserve to be examined.

Good and bad, much of the man was hereditary. He came from middle England, geographically, socially, and emotionally. Philip Arthur Larkin was born in 1922, in the historic Midlands town of Coventry; he was christened in the old cathedral, which was destined to be wrecked by the Luftwaffe eighteen years later (the air raid inspired a scene in his novel *Jill*). His father was from Samuel Johnson's home city of Lichfield, nearby, and became a local government official. Larkin later portrayed the years when "my childhood was unspent" as dim and uneventful: "Nothing, like something, happens anywhere." And he famously began a poem, "They fuck you up, your mum and dad" (so famously that he was dogged by the line, which "will clearly be my Lake Isle of Innisfree. I fully expect to hear it recited by a thousand Girl Guides before I die"). At the same time he would sometimes mitigate the description of his childhood, if only to say, "I've completely forgotten it," and he was very touchy if others said that his home life had been unhappy.

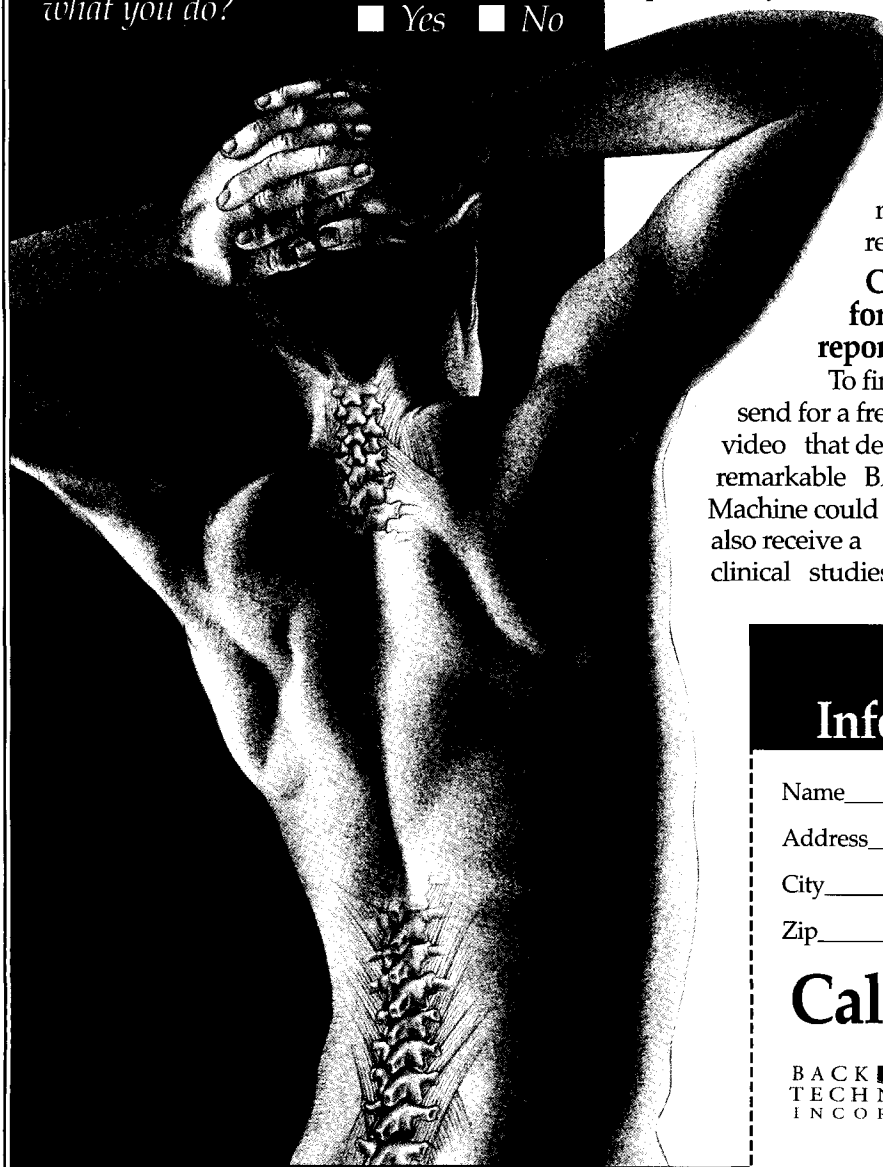
Motion describes a prolonged row that preceded the publication of *Larkin at Sixty*, when one chapter (cutely titled "The Young Mr Larkin") was written by Noel Hughes, a friend of Larkin's from their days at King Henry VIII School, in Coventry. To Larkin's consternation, Hughes laid on thick the sorrows of Larkin's family life and, just as disconcertingly, the eccentricities of Sydney Larkin's politics. All his life Philip Larkin was proud to call himself a conservative, identifying the right "with certain virtues and the Left with certain vices . . . thrift, hard work, reverence, desire to preserve—those are the virtues, in case you wondered: and on the other hand idleness, greed and treason." But there is right and right. He also said, "My father was keen on Germany for some reason," which was disingenuous. The reason was his father's admiration for National Socialism. In the 1930s father took son

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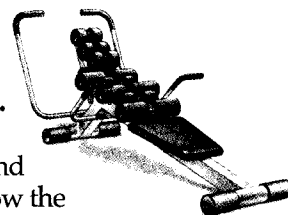
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to Germany to see the New Order in action, and he decorated his office with Nazi regalia until asked to remove it when war broke out in 1939 (given the climate of the time, he was quite lucky not to be imprisoned).

From school Philip went on to St. John's College, Oxford, where he met a new group of friends that included Amis. Their generation was sociologically interesting. The 1944 Butler Education Act is sometimes supposed to have opened up higher education for the first time to humbly born English children, but the groundwork had already been laid. Larkin was a grammar-school boy—that is, he was what Americans call middle-class and the English lower-middle-class (a significant semantic difference). This contrasted him and his chums with the upper-class (or, in Waugh's case, would-be upper-class) "Brideshead generation" of twenty years earlier. Larkin claimed to be terrified of public-school boys; he detested Oxford camp and moneyed affectation. To understand the man it is important to understand this; his particular kind of cultural and political conservatism was not the haughty contempt of a grandee sneering at the canaille from a country house or a St. James's Street club but a frustrated yearning for an England of lost (and maybe imaginary) provincial virtues and suburban decencies.

After Oxford he became a librarian and remained in the trade until his death. He worked at a public library and then as an assistant at the university libraries in Leicester (1946–1950) and Belfast (1950–1955) before moving as head librarian to Hull, where he died thirty years later. These are three of the least picturesque or romantic cities in the British Isles, which helped shade the portrait of Larkin the drab outsider, rather as if Robert Lowell had spent his life working in Cleveland and Duluth. But then again, it was a job; Larkin was a conscientious librarian; and the steady income gave him the freedom to write poetry. He originally wanted to be a novelist, and published two early novels, *Jill* (1946) and *A Girl in Winter* (1947). The latter was published by Faber & Faber, but only seventeen years later did that famous house, with T. S. Eliot a director as well as a leading author, become the publisher of Larkin's verse. It didn't help a young writer trying to make his name that his

first book of poetry, *The North Ship*, was published in 1945 by a firm whose main line was soft pornography. Not that he had by then found his own voice: he later described the time as his "William Butler Larkin" phase, and the influence of Yeats is unmistakable. Larkin paid for *XX Poems* to be printed in 1951, and *The Less Deceived* was published in Hull in 1955 by another obscure firm. It was, all the same, the book that established his reputation, after his poems had begun to appear in magazines like the *Listener* and the *Spectator*. Then, in 1964, with *The Whitsun Weddings*, he emerged as the outstanding poet of his generation, and after *High Windows* he was, as I have suggested, something like a national figure.

THAT MADE THE posthumous revelations the more startling. First there was his sex life. Despite hints to the contrary (see the poem "Talking in Bed"), part of the Larkin myth had been the hermit bachelor, the hopeless sexual and emotional cripple, the author of "Annus Mirabilis": "Sexual intercourse began / In nineteen sixty-three / (Which was rather late for me)..." Letters and biography do reveal a man who was sexually complicated and awkward, and in some dispiriting ways. We learn that he and Robert Conquest (yes, that Robert Conquest, the famous Sovietologist) haunted the dirty-book shops of Soho together. Spanking magazines were Larkin's specialty, and he was candid about the purpose of pornography: to help him masturbate. More surprising is to discover from Motion just how far this solitary avocation was from being his only sexual activity. He may not have gone to bed with a woman until he was twenty-three—sexual intercourse began for him in 1945, to be precise—but after that he had a regular succession of women, sometimes two at once, and for a time three.

For the best part of forty years he had an on-and-off relationship with Monica Jones, the dedicatee of *The Less Deceived*. She emerges as a kindly, long-suffering, embarrassing woman. (Kingsley Amis's first novel, *Lucky Jim*, was partly inspired by Larkin's circumstances, and Monica appears in it as a portrait straight from life, her voice, looks, clothes, "ridiculed on page after page"; in the first draft Amis even

called this character "Margaret Beale," just in case Monica Margaret Beale Jones didn't get the point.) Larkin's relationship with her is itself embarrassing to read about. Other people's sex lives are usually easier to condemn than to understand, and in any case Larkin described himself ruthlessly enough: "too selfish, withdrawn, / And easily bored to love." Even so, forty years does seem a long time to string someone along. He two-timed Monica with, among others, Maeve Brennan, who herself felt betrayed because he had "given little in return" for "all the anguish he has caused me." But in the end it was Monica who was with Larkin when he died—when, as Motion grimly says, she was left "a widow without even the consolation of that title."

Heartlessness toward women and love of pornography are not, however, what have most exercised Larkin's critics. They are more disgusted—though, one suspects, also gratified—by the confirmation in his letters that Larkin was a casual bigot. He told one friend that his political anthem would be

"Prison for strikers, / Bring back the cat, / Kick out the niggers— / How about that?" That might be seen as an ironic, self-parodying joke, but it is harder to make that excuse when he told another friend that he no longer enjoyed going to watch cricket at Lord's, in London, because there were "too many fucking niggers about." All this is powerful evidence for the Larkin-bashing brigade. Their brigadier is the poet and critic Tom Paulin, a man who combines left-wing political correctness with dour Ulster Protestant humorlessness (and that's some combination). He has called Larkin's letters "a distressing and in many ways revolting compilation which imperfectly reveals and conceals the sewer under the national monument Larkin became."

This is strong language, but obviously Paulin has a *prima facie* case (legal language seems appropriate). It is true that he is peculiarly ill-equipped to understand this or to understand Larkin, being himself a man for whom light and shade, nuance and irony, are closed books. All the same, let us state the ob-

vious: even making allowances for the fact that Larkin was showing off and letting off steam when he wrote to friends (through the continual school-boy obscenity as much as the politically incorrect language), letters and life do reveal a very dark side to him, of which his meanness, his prejudices, his envious denigration of friends as well as foes, and his unsatisfactory dealings with women were all manifestations. I should record that Larkin was a surprisingly likable man to meet, charming, courteous, and companionable. But it isn't easy to like him more after reading Motion's book.

Indeed, I can't help thinking that the PC police have missed a trick by concentrating on Larkin's taste for ethnic slurs. As often with writers, what is most damning to Larkin is the contrast between his public attitudes and his private conduct. Odious as those ethnic slurs are, Larkin had never pretended to be any kind of progressive multiracialist. But look at another contrast. He turned eighteen, coming of military age, in 1940, the year of his country's

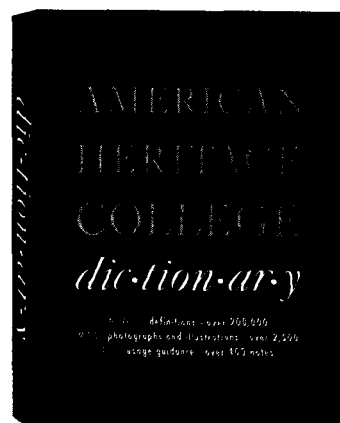
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greatest crisis and trial. Philip Larkin's own finest hour was to spend three years at Oxford and then become a librarian, after failing his army medical with intense relief; "I was fundamentally," as he put it, "uninterested in the war." This was the man who twenty-seven years later (see his feeble 1969 squib "Homage to a Government") railed interminably at the idleness, greed, and treason of Labour politicians who cut defense spending. *Tu quoque*, chickenhawk!

Given what he wrote in private, it might seem perverse to defend him on a charge of racism. And yet the very word is at once so loaded and so general that it misses the point. Well aware as I am that complacency and self-congratulation are another two symptoms of the English disease, I call as witness Janet Daley, an American journalist who has been living in London for twenty-eight years. She said recently that in her view—and in specific comparison with her fellow countrymen—the English weren't really racist, just arrogant and xenophobic. I think that verdict is fair and accurate, and that Larkin illustrates it very well. Larkin's racial bigotry was a by-product of an inner rage. He was quite capable of showing kindness to, for example, individual Indian scholars, as one has recently testified, and I don't think that he really hated black people in the way that the true racist does. His fulminations against "coloured immigrants" were fear of the new, and misery at some private loss.

YES, LARKIN WAS an icon of Englishry, and a fine specimen of its complexes and neuroses: not only arrogant and xenophobic but also inward-looking, frightened, and depressive. The continual impression Motion's book leaves is not only of bleakness but of emptiness and unresponsiveness, too. For a highly intelligent man and a subtle poet, Larkin's artistic and intellectual interests were remarkably limited. His reading was relentlessly middlebrow, and although his hatred of abroad may have become self-parodic ("Who's Jorge Luis Borges?"), it was real enough in the first place. Apart from his adolescent visits to Germany, and a school trip to Belgium, he appears to have gone to the Continent just twice in forty-five years, to Paris for a few days in 1952,

and to Germany again in 1976, to receive a prize in Hamburg. Ah, well. There is no point in trying to persuade his shade that one of the consolations of living in our damp little island is its proximity to Europe, fine food, delicious wines, and pretty pictures.

But then, he seems to have had no feeling whatever for visual art. Judy Egerton, an old friend from Belfast, became a curator at the Tate Gallery, in London, where she arranged a wonderful exhibition of one of the greatest of English painters, George Stubbs. Larkin went to see the show, and afterward wrote politely to Egerton, remarking on the pictures' "super-fine finish." It's a wonder he didn't say that the horses' eyes followed you around the room. Again, given his general disposition, he ought to have shared the hostility to modern architecture which is nowadays a touchstone of aesthetic fogginess in England (see the Prince of Wales on the subject). As it was, Larkin cheerfully presided over the construction of the Brynmor Jones Library, in Hull, a foursquare Stalinist barracks of such gruesome ugliness that no sane follower of Wright or Mies could admire it. He was clearly a man who did not even begin to notice his physical surroundings.

Then there was music. Larkin and his Oxford friends made a cult of jazz, which Larkin kept up all his life. He was the jazz critic of the *Daily Telegraph* from 1961 to 1971, and set himself up as a standard-bearer for anti-modernism; his reviews were collected in *All What Jazz*, whose introduction reappears in *Required Writing*. Charlie Parker is linked with Picasso and Pound as the loathsome modern age incarnate, destroyers of order and beauty. On top of that Larkin wrote about jazz in painful terms: "[Far] from using music to entertain the white man, the Negro had moved to hating him with it. . . . The Negro is in a paradoxical position: he is looking for the jazz that isn't jazz."

Rereading *All What Jazz*, I think I see the problem. It was not that Larkin was a reactionary or a racist. He just wasn't musical. There was no reason why he should have liked John Coltrane—that was a matter of taste—but his loathing of all contemporary jazz was revealing. The musicologist Wilfrid Mellers hit the nail on the head when he reviewed the book: Larkin's

inability to respond to any jazz played after 1945 casts doubt on the genuineness of his response to any played before. It might seem surprising to say this of someone who made such a parade of his music-loving, but to imagine that you love music while you are in fact unmusical is a much more common condition than is generally realized. Larkin seems, significantly, to have had almost no interest in other music: just one visit to the opera is recorded, to hear *Tristan und Isolde* (in Dublin, oddly enough), and he never went to concerts. Even jazz he described in essentially trite and unmusical terms. He complained that it had ceased to be what it had been in the 1920s, "the music of happy men," forgetting not only a few facts about black American life seventy years ago but also what Schubert supposedly once said when he was asked at a party to "play some jolly music": "There is no jolly music, dear lady. All music is sad."

AND FROM all this numbness and emptiness came those poems. His detractors dismiss them as grossly overrated and symptomatic of English decline. The accusation was foreshadowed in 1973, when Larkin published his anthology *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*, edited in a defiantly conservative spirit. Donald Davie pilloried it for its "perverse triumph of philistinism, the cult of the amateur, the wrong kind of post-modernism, the weakest kind of Englishry," which looked like a veiled attack on Larkin's own verse. To a degree the charge is circular: there is a sense in which Larkin's literary conservatism makes him almost willfully "minor" and "marginal." His poems speak for themselves. They don't need explaining, studying, or teaching, which may upset English lit professors like Davie, but not us who still read for pleasure rather than academic duty. They are there to be read and enjoyed or not, as the reader chooses. Their deliberate avoidance of experiment and blatant technical virtuosity disguises their very great skill, which was recognized by other poets as diverse as Auden, Betje-man, and Lowell. Larkin knew exactly what he was doing, and he understood just what defines poetry: the tension between the formality of meter and the informal rhythm of speech, which ten-

sion disappears when all semblance of metrical rules is abandoned. Several dozen of his poems are masterly, and however they stand in the canon of the ages, I suspect they are about as good as it was possible to write in his time and place. Cultures and civilizations do rise and fall, and if the best that could be done in England in the second half of the twentieth century was marginal or minor, then maybe the country and its culture were also by then in a silver or even a bronze age.

If Larkin's enemies misunderstand him, there is something ludicrous about the "Larkin industry" of his devotees. Far from needing expansion into a "collected" edition of more than 300 pages, Larkin's published work needed pruning back to those few dozen masterpieces, from "If, My Darling," in 1950, to "Aubade," in 1977. There is something even more preposterous about the way his four little books are completely overshadowed and outweighed by the 790 pages of the letters and by Motion's 570 pages. His biography is very good of its kind, though I am inclined to add, like the man in an old cartoon, "but goddamn its kind." It is thoroughly researched and sympathetic. All the same, it illustrates the truth that great artists have always been less and done more than the public wishes to believe. If Philip Larkin survives, it will be because of what he wrote rather than anything the rest of us have written about him. □

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on-the-Brazos whose leading members used to have pretty definite ideas about what a real Texas writer's main themes ought to be.

McMurtry's third novel, *The Last Picture Show*, had a rural setting, but its tone was a mix of elegy and exposé (for example, in one scene a troop of high school boys bugged a heifer). He followed that with a book of essays, *In a Narrow Grave*, which contained a daring and hilarious debunking of the holy trinity of Texas literature, J. Frank Dobie, Roy Bedichek, and Walter Prescott Webb. Then McMurtry—always a model of West Texas industriousness—rapidly published three long novels set in Houston, which was the ultimate heresy: cities were considered fundamentally un-Texan, un-western. In 1981 he wrote a dyspeptic essay in *The Texas Observer* in which he reiterated his long-standing conviction that “the country—or Western, or cowboy—myth” had become “an inhibiting, rather than a creative, factor in our literary life,” and that “there was really no more that needed to be said about it.” The future of Texas literature was urban: “Now what we need is a Balzac, a Dickens, even a Dreiser.”

The muse is ungovernable, though, and soon McMurtry was coming out with novels about the rural West again. The best-known and arguably also the best of all his books, *Lonesome Dove* (1985), was not just rural and western, it was a heroic (if offhandedly so) historical novel about a cattle drive—precisely what the McMurtry of the 1981 essay would have sneered at.

Then came another unforeseen development. McMurtry had always been able to maintain his position as the bad boy of western letters by keeping his fictional pictures deliberately unrosy, with plenty of boredom, disease, and bad food, bad sex, and bad weather. In the mid-1980s a school of “new western historians” emerged, led by the funny, theatrical Patricia Nelson Limerick, of the University of Colorado, to insist that the Old West had been much more completely terrible than anyone previously had imagined. Though the new western historians didn't attack McMurtry, he found himself in effect on the other side of the line they had drawn in the sand, over with J. Frank Dobie and Louis L'Amour. (It must have been particularly galling for McMurtry, who is one

of the few male novelists who have consistently been able to create three-dimensional female characters, that a central accusation of the new western historians is that western writers have purveyed an exclusively male vision.) In a 1990 essay in *The New Republic* he complained that the new western historians were stating the obvious when they wrote about “how violent, how terrible, and how hard winning the West actually was,” and made a tightly limited defense of Old Westerners on the grounds of their appealing “Quixotism”: their tenacity, despite much countervailing reality, in clinging to “the dream of the West as a place of freedom and opportunity.”

In undertaking, as he has with *Streets of Laredo*, to produce a sequel to *Lonesome Dove*, McMurtry is, then, in a tricky position—just the kind of tricky position he'd have fun putting one of his characters into. He's the old campaigner returning to the scene of his greatest triumph, but conditions have changed in such a way that the triumph would appear to be impossible to repeat. In recent years McMurtry has produced sequels to two earlier books, *The Last Picture Show* and *Terms of Endearment*; both of the earlier books set the world on fire, but neither of the sequels did. McMurtry had made following up *Lonesome Dove* an especially difficult job by killing off in the end its best character, Augustus McCrae, a retired Texas Ranger with a Twain-like volubility and humor. And Patricia Limerick is on the trail, so to speak, of white male western writers like him, waiting for them to slip into the attitude that McMurtry, making fun of her, calls “Triumphalist.”

MCURTRY NOVELS always carry a strong sense of the way in which fiction develops an independent life as it's being written: they begin with a situation whose intellectual and narrative purpose is plain, and then veer off into deeper territory that seems less planned than felt. In the early chapters of *Streets of Laredo*, McMurtry seems to have it in mind to evoke the period after the defeat of the Indians and the fencing of the open range, when eastern capitalism turned the West into a colony—and to demonstrate that he understands western violence, sexism, and despoliation far better than the new western historians do.

Taciturn, valorous Woodrow Call, McCrae's partner, now an aging professional bounty hunter, is hired by the railroad, in the person of an accountant from Brooklyn, to kill a Mexican bandit named Joey Garza, a remorseless murderer who uses high-tech weaponry—a rifle with a telescopic sight—to hold up trains along the border.

The presence of the accountant provides the Gilded Age historical reverberations McMurtry is after. The location of the robberies sets the book in one of the poorest, most barren and desperate parts of the West—the trans-Pecos, which, though parts of it are beautiful to the contemporary eye, even today feels like the end of the earth. The plot device gives the book a classic western's rhythm, the long buildup to a climactic showdown.

In the early going McMurtry occasionally lets himself slip into uncharacteristic pulpy sentimentality ("Pea Eye loved little Laurie with all his heart"; "She was eager for him, more eager than she had ever been before"). Also, he has to work out the problem of hav-

ing a main character who doesn't talk, which he does through interior monologues and by surrounding Call with people who do talk; the real historical figures of Charles Goodnight and Judge Roy Bean sub for Gus McCrae as purveyors of gruff humor. Before long McMurtry has settled into a loping, down-home, familiar pace—obviously he's still comfortable riding the range. Every so often he ladles out some matter-of-factly gruesome material about how extremely non-Triumphalist the West really was:

The bullet had taken off much of the cowboy's skull. The man wore a large pistol, which Joey used to smash the skull open a little more. Then he took a cup from the dead man's saddlebags and filled it with his brains. When it was darker still, he walked into town, holding the cup full of brains. He went to the jail and carefully set the cup inside the door. The deputy who had only one ear was there, but he had his boots off and was sleeping soundly. Joey planned to cut the man's throat, if he woke up, but he didn't wake up, and

on impulse, Joey stole his boots. He left the dead cowboy's false teeth in the cup of brains. Then he rode off happily.

This has a slightly unreal, cartoonish quality—true horror doesn't seem to be the intention. But as *Streets of Laredo* develops internal momentum, its central concerns become much more primal and deadly: it's a war novel, the *Iliad* to *Lonesome Dove's Odyssey*. The godforsaken Mexican border town of Ojinaga and the surrounding wilderness become the book's center stage. The secondary characters start to drop out of sight. McMurtry begins sounding magic-realist (or Homeric) notes having to do with oracles and an animal that seems to possess supernatural powers. Word reaches Call that another supervillain is in the area, Mox Mox, whose pleasure in life is to burn people alive, especially children. All this darkens the tone of the book and relentlessly narrows the focus, until nothing matters except whether the aging Call will kill Joey and Mox Mox or not.

In the background McMurtry turns

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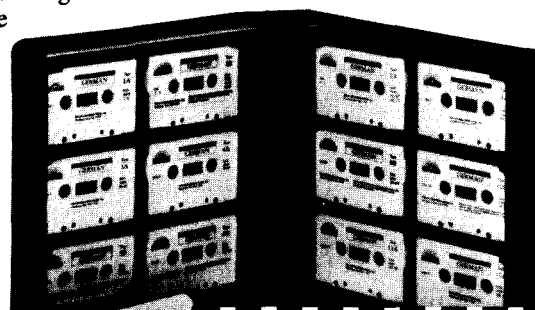
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the social (or, more accurately, antisocial) tableau increasingly bleak: the West here is a hell in which murder after murder, rape after rape, mutilation after mutilation, leave one feeling spiritually emptied. There is a redemptive force, however, and it's a powerful one: not the Quixotism about "freedom and opportunity" of McMurtry's *New Republic* essay but the exhilarating possibility that bad killers will be done in by good killers. It's impossible to read *Streets of Laredo* without beginning to wish very hard, almost obsessively, for Joey Garza and Mox Mox to die—without feeling, in fact, that if they die it will mean that westerning, despite all, amounted to something. The title McMurtry has chosen seems to underscore the point: "The Streets of Laredo," probably the most famous of the old cowboy songs, is all about coffins, bullets, and shrouds, treating them not as occupational hazards but as the heart of the cowboy culture.

WITHOUT GIVING away the ending, it can be said that McMurtry makes clear that killing is the alpha and omega of the type of western life that is his subject here. Call's role—warrior—is fundamentally incompatible with the world of women, agriculture, and families. A couple of times he has characters muse that they have left civilization behind, but in these pages that doesn't carry a positive connotation, as it does in Rousseau or Thoreau; the state of nature is pure brutality, at least where men are concerned. (Only a couple of female characters manage to combine puissance with humanity in a trans-Pecos setting, and it's clear that if they want to keep the combination going, they'd better not remain in the area for very long.)

McMurtry's "Quixotism" defense of the West made a perfect fit with *Lonesome Dove*, in which the grandeur of the characters' dreams far outweighed the failure of those dreams to come true. *Streets of Laredo* in effect represents a defense of the West on completely different grounds: pure valor—some combination of skill, toughness, luck, courage, and singlemindedness—somehow rose out of the moral swamp there. It didn't dominate, exactly, but it existed and it was admirable. As in Clint Eastwood's *Unforgiven*, however sincere the renunciations of West-glo-

rification are at the outset of *Streets of Laredo*, finally the central characteristic of the grizzled hero is his performance in battle. At the very end McMurtry brings the owner of the railroad down from New York and puts him briefly onstage. He's a Darwinian predator too, who spends his life vanquishing weaker creatures (it seems that such people will dominate in the American age that

is dawning), but he lacks Call's nobility, partly because he, unlike Call, is looking for a tangible payoff. It will be interesting to see whether McMurtry keeps up his custom of distilling the message of his fiction into essay form. *Streets of Laredo* gets down to a nub of the western experience so raw that it would be difficult to state it outright in the daylight prose of criticism. □

Brief Reviews



THOMAS JEFFERSON: A Life by Willard Sterne Randall. Holt/John Macrae, \$35.00. It is regrettable that Jefferson was ever dubbed "The Sage of Monticello." The word "sage" seems to imply age, solemnity, and a long gray beard, along with, of course, wisdom and study. Jefferson was highly intelligent and fiercely studious, but he was also a redheaded Virginian with a passion for good wine, fast horses, music, architecture, acreage, and experiment. Much of the experiment was agricultural. At one point Jefferson and John Adams made a tour of famous English estates, where Jefferson studied gardening designs and methods, and Adams observed that "temples to Bacchus and Venus are quite unnecessary, as mankind have no need of artificial incitement to such amusements." That junket occurred while Jefferson was minister to France, where his primary purpose—in the intervals between conversing with liberal philosophes and advising Lafayette on the composition of the French constitution—was to transfer the bulk of American trade from England to the Continent and the Middle East. As a tobacco grower, Jefferson was grimly aware of the company-store economic system that the British had imposed on their colonies. Much of the trade project involved diplomatic discussion, but Jefferson was not above what amounted to espionage and theft. One can only wonder what sort of international uproar would have arisen had the American minister to France been caught, in disguise, smuggling unmilled rice out of Piedmont—a crime that carried the

death penalty. Mr. Randall has done justice to both Jefferson the republican idealist opposed to slavery and Jefferson the pragmatic lawyer, slaveholder, politician, and expansionist. The former was the thinker, the latter was the doer, and in a crisis the latter controlled the partnership. He is also the more interesting of the two. Mr. Randall has written a fair-minded, thoroughly researched, lucidly constructed biography, presenting an extraordinary man against the well re-created circumstances of his time.

WHOREDOM IN KIMMAGE by Rosemary Mahoney. Houghton Mifflin, \$21.95. Ms. Mahoney's report on "Irish Women Coming of Age" has nothing to do with whoredom. She met advocates of divorce, abortion, and women's rights. She interviewed lesbians and Mary Robinson, the President of the Republic. She attended meetings of a society for the propagation of traditional Catholic doctrine, the membership consisting mostly of shabby old men with, presumably, nothing better to do. She also lived alone for some months in a semi-renovated (the electricity worked but the walls leaked and vegetation sprouted in unsuitable places) fifteenth-century keep on the edge of the Burren, "250 square kilometers of exposed limestone and one of Ireland's eeriest and most beautiful geological wonders." From that base she haunted a small, mildly eccentric village pub where she was usually the only female on the premises and the regular clientele ran to elderly bachelors, for in rural

Ireland "an alarming number of men" never marry. Those locals were hospitable, courteously flirtatious, never quite sober, and given to conversations that leaped wildly from point to point, sometimes erupted into disagreement and vituperation, and invariably subsided into the establishment's normal ambiance of wistful gentleness. Ms. Mahoney paid much attention to the drinkers of Dillon's Pub, who deserve it, and to the madness of Irish weather. She writes admirably of both. She has an acute eye for effective detail, from the gold of a cloud to the fray of a shirt cuff, and a sharp ear for the turns of Irish speech, including those derived from Gaelic. This is a delightful book, but it never explains how Irish women came to surrender all public influence to the likes of the Irish men Ms. Mahoney describes. Perhaps she was lucky and met the wrong sort.

A MOST DANGEROUS METHOD by John Kerr. Knopf, \$30.00. Mr. Kerr tells "The Story of Jung, Freud, and Sabina Spielrein." Spielrein came to Jung, early in his career, as a patient combining hysteria and the ambition to enter medical school. Predictably, she fell in love with her therapist, who was unable to counteract the condition. He did not, in truth, try very hard to do that until his wife and Spielrein's mother intervened. Spielrein left in a huff for Vienna and became a disciple of Freud and eventually a psychological practitioner, even achieving some standing as a contributor to Freudian theory. Mr. Kerr surrounds Spielrein's personal history with all the debates, squabbles over terminology, negotiations for precedence, and knifings in the back which accompanied the development of the various psychoanalytic schools. Much of this action would be funny if it were not for the seriousness of the participants and their honest desire to create a useful and reliable science. Mr. Kerr concludes that the failed attempt to create such a science was the root cause of disension, but that "psychoanalysis survives down to the present . . . still viable enough to attract men and women of talent and generate anew its internal controversies . . . even on occasion helping people."

THE HIDDEN LIFE OF DOGS by Elizabeth Marshall Thomas. Houghton Mifflin, \$18.95. Ms. Thomas began with two

U.S. Population Growth, Do We Really Want To Stop It?

As Mark Twain said, "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it." The same could be said of U.S. population growth.

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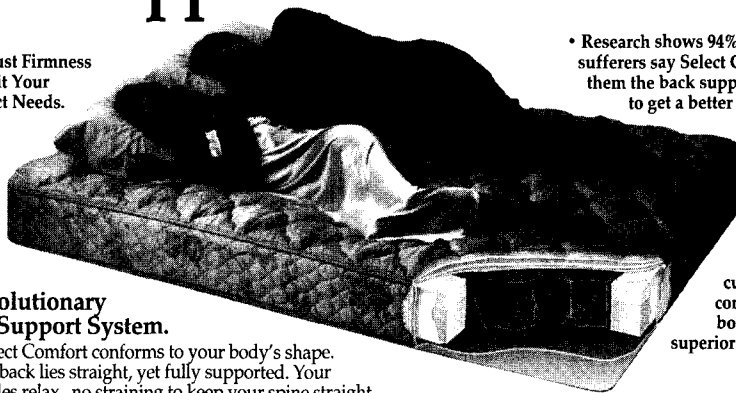
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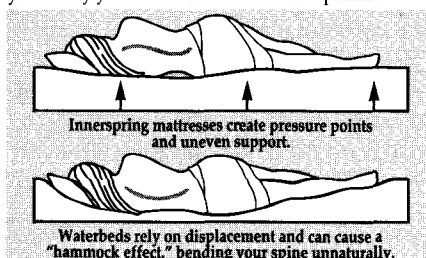
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pugs and ended with a small pack of dogs which included Siberian huskies and a dingo. She did not subject her animals to elaborate training, preferring to observe their creation of a canine society. Her account of what the dogs did when left to do things their way is precise, sympathetic, and fascinating. It includes examples of imagination, decision-making, and good canine manners, and one case of extempore imitation of human manners. The author is aware that she may be accused of anthropomorphism and points out that in attempting to understand animal action, anthropomorphism is all we have to go on. She herself wished "to enter into the consciousness of a non-human creature," and clearly, insofar as that is possible, she did. She takes the reader with her on a delightful and enlightening trip.

SADE by Maurice Lever. Farrar Straus & Giroux, \$35.00. Mr. Lever has located some previously unpublished letters concerning the wicked marquis and used them in his biography of the socially rebellious libertine author who spent much of his life in jails and lunatic asylums. The new material adds little information to what is generally known of De Sade, but does elucidate the operations of French law before the Revolution, when the wire-pulling of influential connections counted for much more than the statutes. Mr. Lever gives considerable space to De Sade's father, on the ground that his dishonesty in office and his adherence to the troublesome house of Condé led the authorities to pursue his son for conduct only marginally worse than that of many another nobleman. The marquis's family, particularly his mother-in-law, had reasons based on property and inheritance rights for preferring to keep him out of action. The sexually violent fictions that he managed to publish outraged the pious, whether they had actually read the work or not. His biographer deals efficiently with the large cast of De Sade's enemies, relatives, and victims, and with the convolutions of French justice and finance, and quotes effectively from correspondence. The marquis was a master of epistolary denunciation, impressively imaginative if quite unrelated to fact. As an author, De Sade has been admired by Flaubert and Baudelaire, and as a rebel, he has been claimed as a forerunner by Dadaists and Surrealists. Despite

his erratic and impractical conduct, De Sade was undoubtedly intelligent, and perhaps he can fairly be considered the result of personal intelligence incongruously surviving in a putrescent society—for such is the society that Mr. Lever has vividly described.

NOAH'S GARDEN by Sara Stein. Houghton Mifflin, \$21.95. Ms. Stein, who grew up in the country, became the owner of a property that she manicured to such a degree of plush-lawned suburban perfection that birds, butterflies, insects, and animals disappeared. "He makes a solitude and calls it—peace" rather covered the condition. It was too peaceful for Ms. Stein, who decided to restore the natural ecology of her territory. Her report of that enterprise is written with unpretentious grace and infectious enthusiasm, but it is no panacea for lazy gardeners. Reintroducing weeds and wilderness requires study, the tracking down of small nurseries with native plant stocks, and hard work. It even suggests the old adage about pears: you plant them for your heirs. And those heirs had better be lovers of lightning bugs and connoisseurs of blueberries and resistant to foreign beauties.

THE LIBERTY CAMPAIGN by Jonathan Dee. Doubleday, \$22.00. Gene Trowbridge, the narrator of Mr. Dee's intelligent novel, is a successful advertising executive on the verge of retirement, with no regrets because he believes that advertising serves a good purpose and knows that he has done a sound job in his field. He has also led an orderly life devoid of professional chicanery, unpayable bills, adultery, and feuds with the neighbors. Then Trowbridge makes the acquaintance of a reclusive neighbor from Brazil—likes him, finds him congenial—and discovers that this new friend was, as a young man in his native country, a police officer supervising official torture. Trowbridge is confronted with the ethical problem of what to do with his knowledge and with the inexplicability of barbarous cruelty by a man seemingly much like himself. As Trowbridge worries the question of how a civilized man can commit uncivilized horrors, so, nervously, does the reader. Understated in style, unpretentiously commonplace in setting, this is a thoroughly disturbing novel.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

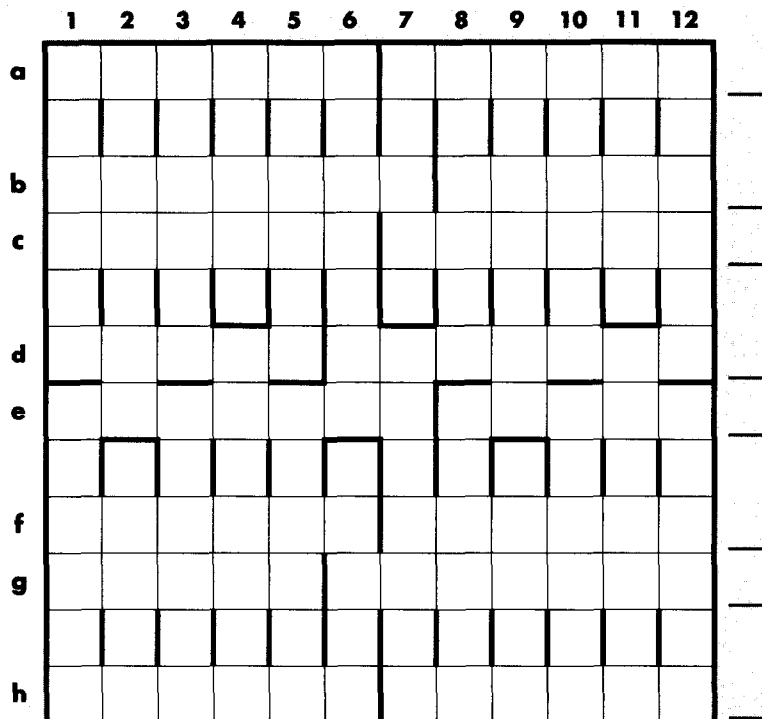
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

CROSSWORD SCHOOL

Eight students, in the form of Across rows of entries, make their way through crossword school from the first grade to the twelfth. This class of students is unusual in that four of the eight skip a grade (don't include one of the letters in a Down column), while the other four repeat a grade (use one letter from the Downs twice). The letters that are skipped or repeated, when written on the blanks to the right of the diagram, show what these students have in common. Unfortunately, each grade (Down column) has one dropout—a single letter that drops out of the diagram to the blank below its grade. Taken together, these letters will indicate what the dropouts have in common. Clues are given (with lengths withheld) in order as they occur within their rows and columns. Answers include five proper nouns.

See page 112 for Puzzler contest details.
The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 100.



STUDENTS

- a. Audited rough part of a curriculum
Spoil average grade attained by the two
- b. In southern high school, runner possibly shows a lack of knowledge
Campus radicals taking French for the means of coasting
- c. Asylums include polar opposites
Political organization broken apart after a coup's ending
- d. Determination that hurts tree
Best boy in *A Christmas Carol* wearing birthstone
- e. Sail with yachting groups in the sound
One log turned white
- f. Olympian ate primarily chicken in Barcelona
Swimmer sees about plunge
- g. Health food restaurant finally returned saucer?
Stuff sprayed by police sarge at riots (*two words*)

- h. Cincinnati team has legal case for compensation
Least accident-prone aircraft out-side of Air Force One, ultimately

GRADES

1. Munch, eating a small nut
Teach inaccurately about past Republican episode
2. Harlot reformed by mythic maiden's seducer
Pronounced correctly in Spanish and English
3. Figure out moving van rule
Put a cover over cross containing iron
4. Short Romans use modified rakes
Wrong initiated by degenerate lout!
5. Swallowing a drink of booze, pictured a city in Michigan
Following leader, bullies meanly give bad treatment (*hyphenated*)
6. Oiliness affected dropouts?
Good deal on American narcotic
7. Elementary rock—before its time?
With gym equipment turned around, notice low points
8. Tooth's lost outside piano bar that's very popular (*two words*)
Force return of first man after arrival
9. Expansion—capriciously put a lid on it
Part of a letter terminates the wrong way
10. Article with more outrageous proposition
Joke left principal of elementary swallowing last of her mouthwash
11. Broadcaster's sound is particularly wooden?
Some Americans unfortunately sank at sea
12. Unfriendly to audience in lodge
Eating perch, mind weight problem

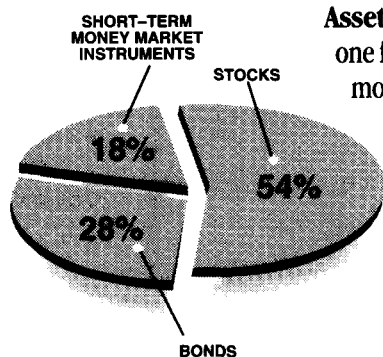
NOTE: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped long envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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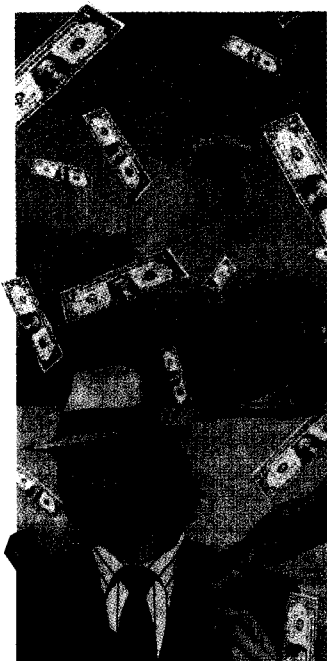


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For a retirement fact kit and more complete information on Fidelity Asset Manager including charges and expenses, call for a fund prospectus. Read it carefully before you invest or send money. ¹Morningstar proprietary ratings reflect historical risk-adjusted performance as of 6/30/93. The ratings are subject to change every month. Morningstar ratings are calculated from the fund's three year average annual return and a risk factor that reflects fund performance relative to three-month Treasury Bill monthly returns. Ten percent of the funds in an asset class receive five stars. ²The fund commenced operations on 12/28/88. Total returns for the period ended 6/30/93 are historical and include change in share price and reinvestment of dividends and capital gains. Share price and return will vary and you may have a gain or loss when you sell your shares. ³This offer applies when you invest in certain Fidelity retirement plans marketed and distributed directly by Fidelity. Fidelity Magellan® Fund, Fidelity New Millennium™ Fund and Fidelity Select Portfolios® are excluded. ⁴For Fidelity mutual fund IRAs, the \$10 annual IRA maintenance fee will be waived for mutual fund IRA accounts of \$5,000 or more at the time of the fee billing. For Fidelity Self-directed IRAs, the fee is \$20, and will be waived if any Fidelity mutual fund position in the account is \$5,000 or more at the time of the fee billing. ⁵For 1993, the waiver is based on trades from 11/1/92 through 10/31/93 and applies to any two trades made in retirement accounts in your name. Trades in mutual funds and limited partnerships are excluded. You must have a Fidelity prototype plan with an FDIC insured custodian/trustee to qualify. Fidelity Distributors Corporation. Fidelity Brokerage Services, Inc. ("FBSI"), 161 Devonshire Street, Boston, MA 02110. Member NYSE, SIPC.

WORD HISTORIES

BY CRAIG M. CARVER



bribe

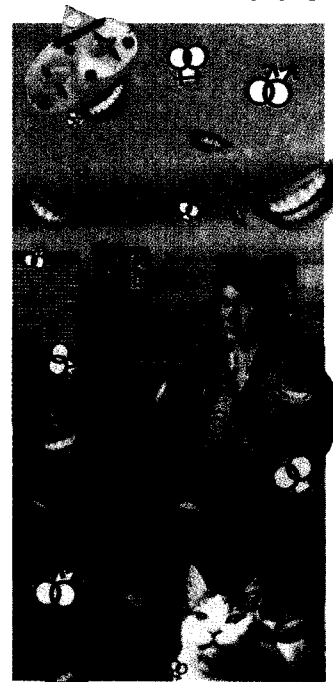
During the investigation of business and political wrongdoing in Italy earlier this year a source told the *London Times*, "Gianni Agnelli [the head of Fiat] has almost been mortally wounded by the *bribe* and corruption scandal." Although the ulterior origin of *bribe* is unknown, the word can be traced back to the Old French *bribe*, "a morsel of bread," which came to refer more specifically to a scrap of bread given to a beggar. This sense led to the

French *briber* or *brimber* (to beg) and *bribeur* or *brimbeur* (a beggar, mendicant). These forms spread through several parts of Europe, leading to the Walloon *brib* (alms), the Spanish *bribon* (vagabond), the Italian *birba* (vagabond's trade), and the Middle English *bribour* or *briber* (impostor, thief, scoundrel). *Bribe* thus acquired the meaning "to steal or rob" ("For ther is no thef withowten a lowke, / That helpeth him to wasten and to sowke / Of that he *brybe* kan, or borwe may"—Geoffrey Chaucer, *The Cook's Tale*, ca. 1386). Subsequently a *bribe* became the thing stolen, and a *briber* was a robber or thief ("To lette *brybers* that wold a robbed a ship undyr color of my Lord of Warwyk"—J. Paston, *The Paston Letters*, 1461). A judge or governor who exacted monetary favors from petitioners came to be called a *briber* ("A judge were better be a *briber* than a respecter of persons; for a corrupt judge offendeth not so lightly as a *facile*"—Francis Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*, 1605). Later the receiver of extorted money or *bribes* became confused with the giver, and eventually the former meaning died out. Likewise the meaning of *bribe* gradually shifted from "money extorted" to "money given for the purpose of corruptly influencing someone."

gay

The controversy attending President Clinton's support for homosexuals' serving openly in the military has put *gay* (homosexual) regularly in the media. *Gay* is probably from a Germanic root that found its way into Old French as *gai* (merry, light-hearted) and was adopted into English around the thirteenth century. Merriment being often linked with hedonism, *gay* came to mean "given to dissipation," as in *gay Lothario*. By the nineteenth century *gay* when applied to women referred to prostitution ("The *gay* women . . . are worse off than American slaves"—James Ritchie, *The Night Side of London*, 1857). Randolph Trumbach, in *Hidden From History: Reclaiming the Gay and Lesbian Past*, says that slang terms for prostitutes have historically been "appropriated for sodomites (e.g., queen, punk, gay, faggot, fairy, and fruit)." But no evidence that *gay* meant "homosexual" in the 1800s has ever surfaced. Alternatively, *gay* with this meaning may have come from the American hobo slang *gay cat*, "a young or inexperienced tramp" ("Nothing arouses [the hobo's] scorn more than the dilettante, or '*gay-cat*,' as he calls him"—Josiah Flynt in *Forum*, 1897). *Gay* in this compound originally denoted the hobo's carefree life, while

cat—a frequently stray animal—was standard for a hobo or an itinerant worker. An older hobo commonly took on a *gay cat* as an apprentice, and the two were often sexually intimate. Thus *gay cat* came to refer to a homosexual. By the 1930s *gay* was sufficiently current to be used in the movie *Bringing Up*



Baby (1938): Cary Grant, answering the door dressed in a flouncy nightgown, declares to the bewildered woman standing there, "I just went *gay* all of a sudden."

hectic

Early last year the Recording Industry Association of America announced that starting this April compact disks would be shedding some of their wasteful packaging, though the shift to smaller boxes would take five or six months. "It's a *hectic* transition," said Jim Donio, the communications director of the National Association of Recording Merchandisers. *Hectic* (characterized by feverish activity or haste) is from the Indo-European root **segh-* (to hold), which yielded the Greek *ekhein* (to

have, hold, continue) and eventually *hexis* (habit). (*Habit* itself is from the Latin *habere*, "to hold, have.") From *hexis* came the Greek *hektikos*, "contin-



uous, habitual," which by the early seventeenth century was used to refer to wasting diseases, because of their persistent symptoms. Through the

Latin *hecticus* the word came into Old French as *étiq*, meaning "consumptive, feverish," which the English adopted to mean the fever itself ("Like the *Hecticke* in my blood he rages, / And thou must cure me"—Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, 1603). Sometimes *hectic* referred specifically to the hot, dry flush accompanying a fever ("One man's cheek kindled with the *hectic* of sudden joy"—Thomas De Quincey, *The Spanish Military Nun*, 1847). Not until early in this century was *hectic* used metaphorically to describe feverish activity.

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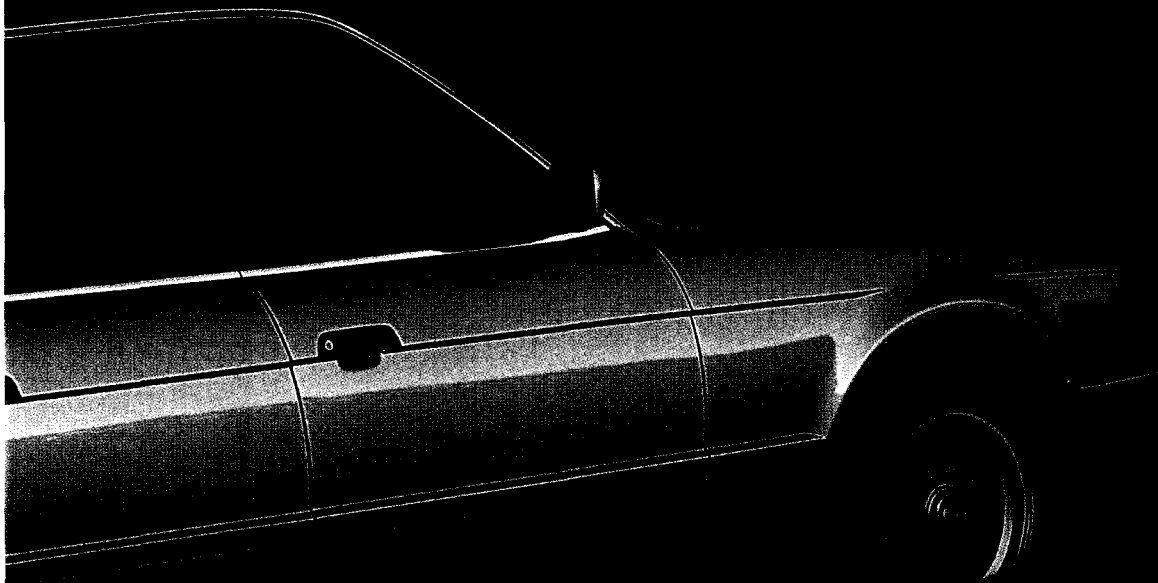
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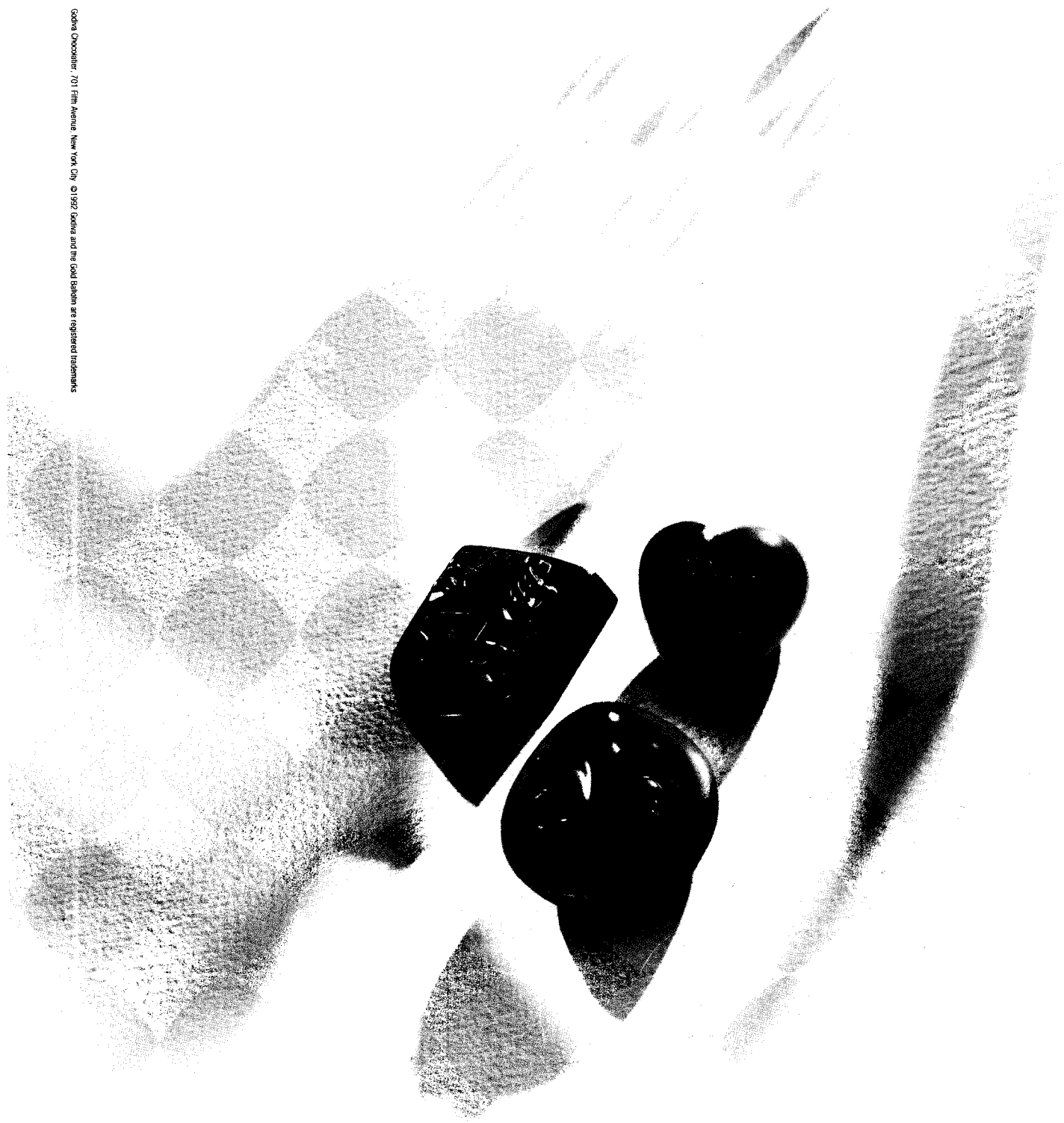
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